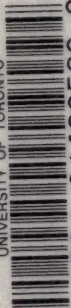
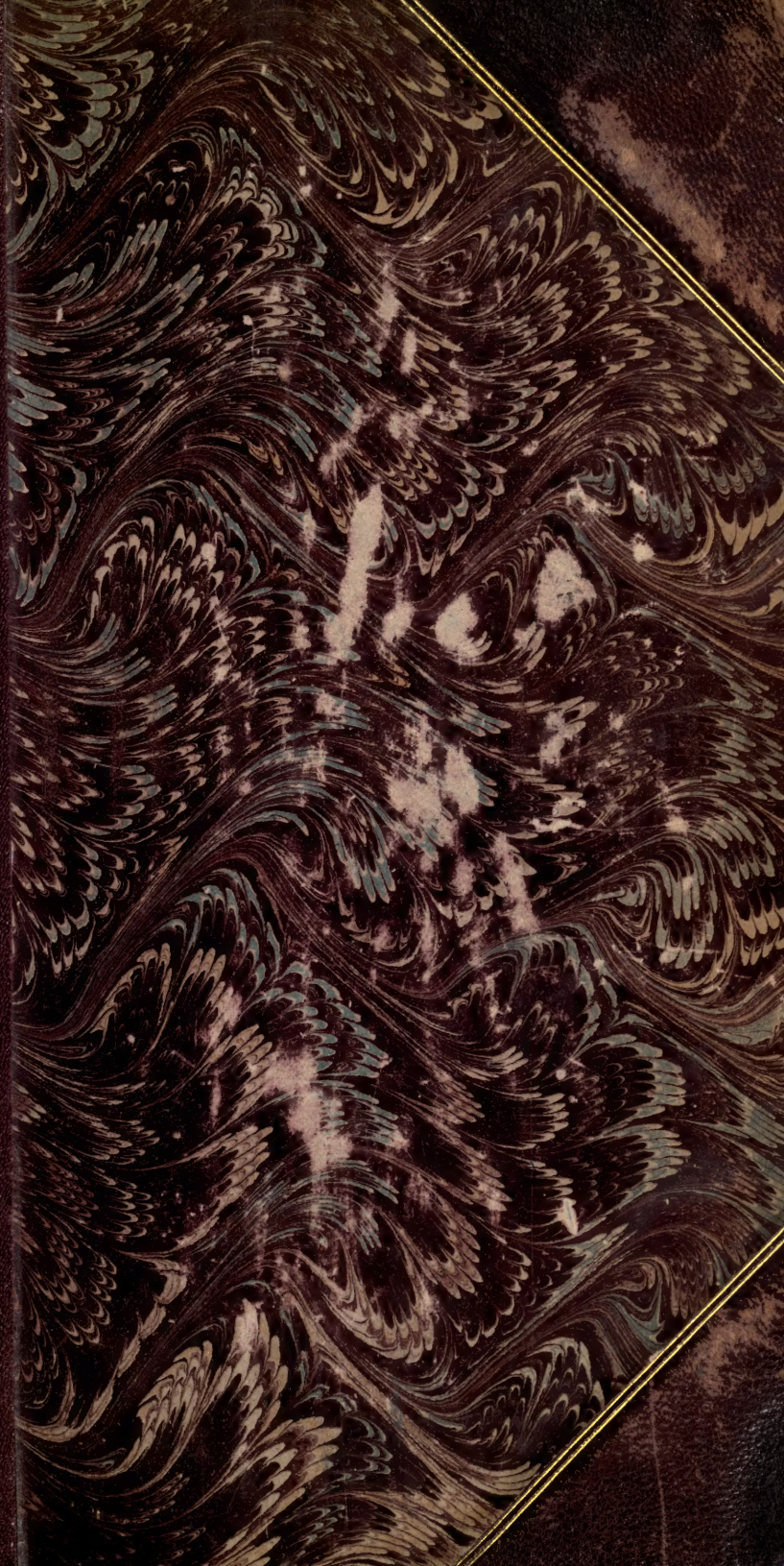


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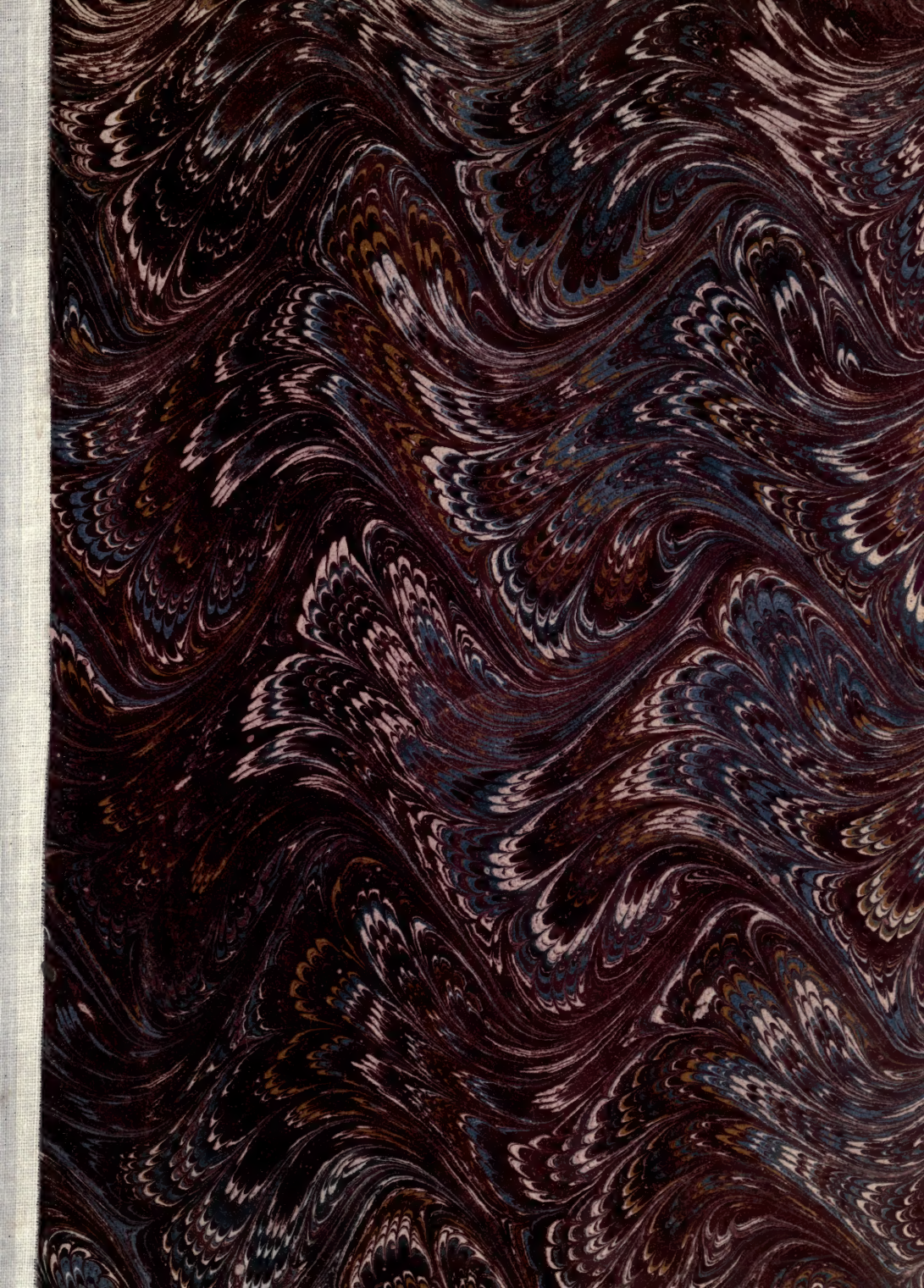


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A BOOK OF MEMORIES.



A BOOK OF MEMORIES

OF

GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE AGE,

FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., ETC.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

"We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our World's business, how they have shaped themselves in the World's history, what ideas men formed of them, what Work they did."—CARLYLE: HERO WORSHIP.

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TO
THE FRIENDS
WHO YET REMAIN TO ME,
I Dedicate
THESE MEMORIES
OF
THE FRIENDS
WHO HAVE PASSED FROM EARTH.



INTRODUCTION.



Y opportunities of personal intimacy with the distinguished men and women of my time have been frequent and peculiar. There are few by whom the present century has been made famous with whom I have not been acquainted—either as the editor of works to which they were contributors,* as associates in general society, or in the more familiar intercourse of private life.

It will be obvious that there are not many to whom the task I undertake is possible. To have been *personally* acquainted with a large proportion of those who head the epoch, infers a youth long past, yet passed under circumstances such as could have been enjoyed by few. Some of whom I write had “put on immortality” before the greater number of my readers were born: one generation has passed away, and another has attained its prime, since the period to which I take them back; for I write only of the Departed—only of those who, bequeathing to us the rich fruitage of their lives,—

“Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,”—

teach from their tombs, for ever and for ever, Peoples, Nations, and Ages—the millions who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

My aim has been to do with the pen what the Artist does with the pencil—to supply a series of WRITTEN PORTRAITS—a purpose that may be accomplished,

“Whether the instruments of words we use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues;”

and thus to bring before my readers mighty “makers” of the past; empowering

* The *Amulet*, from 1826 to 1836. The *New Monthly Magazine*, from 1830 to 1836. The *Book of Gems of Poets and Artists* (1838), to which nearly all the then living Poets contributed autobiographies. The *Art-Journal*, from 1839 to 1871.

them to realise, or correct, the portraits they have drawn in their minds of the Authors whose works have been sources of their solace, their instruction, their amusement, or their joy. With that view I have not only given my own recollections of the persons pictured, but the descriptions of others.

If in these "Memories" there be found any value, it will be in this—the leading feature of the Work.

I do not forget that at the Feast of Poets my seat was below the salt; but

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

As the on-looker at a banquet will observe much the guests may fail to see—so I hope I have noted, and can communicate, many incidents and facts that will interest those who, when they read the Works of immortal Authors, desire to know something of "the outer man."

I have generally abstained from reference to the Works of those of whom I give "Memories," assuming that the reader is sufficiently acquainted with them.*

These "Memories" will derive much of their value from the aid I receive from my wife. We have worked together for more than forty years: with very few exceptions my acquaintances were hers. I have had no hesitation in availing myself of her co-operation in this undertaking; have freely quoted her views of the characters I depict; and occasionally called upon her for her "Memories" to add to mine. We have avoided reference to ourselves, except in cases where such reference was necessary to elucidate the text. It was impossible to describe our intercourse with the people we have known—with whom we have been, more or less, associated—and to ignore the circumstances by which such intercourse was induced and continued.

We anticipate, however, full acquittal of egotism or presumption.

* I have frequently given to literary Institutions these "Memories" condensed as a "Lecture." Several of them have been published in the *Art-Journal*. Such I have carefully revised; in several instances subjecting them to the corrections of persons often the nearest and dearest to those whose portraits I have given—by whom I have been materially assisted, and whose comments have greatly encouraged me in my interesting task; taking due care—as far as it was possible—to secure accuracy for my statements, descriptions, and details. Thus, I submitted proofs—of Moore to Mrs. Moore and her nephew; of Southey to his daughter and son-in-law; of Coleridge to his son, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge; of Wordsworth to his two sons; of Campbell to his physician and executor, Dr. Beattie; of Wilson to his daughter, Mrs. Gordon; of Montgomery to his friend, John Holland; of Allan Cunningham to his two sons; of Thomas Hood to his son and daughter; of Maria Edgeworth to her brother and her nephew; of Horace Smith to his daughter; of James Hogg to his biographer; of Lady Morgan to her niece and her biographer, Geraldine Jewsbury; of Mrs. Hemans to her son and the husband of her sister; of Leigh Hunt to his son and biographer, &c. &c. &c.

It may be desirable to add that we have never kept notes, not having foreseen a time when our Recollections of the "Great People" with whom it was our privilege to be acquainted might become interesting and instructive. Moreover, we have preserved but few of the many letters we received. It was our rule to destroy such as we thought ought not to be retained; we have given freely to collectors of Autographs; while, with a carelessness we deplore, we have destroyed manuscripts and communications we would now give much to have kept.

The homage I offer is to the past; the heroes I worship are the departed; the friends I call to memory are those of whom all mankind are heirs,—Men and Women who for the World's behoof have "penned and uttered wisdom," and who, "by written records" which the Destroyer can never "raze out," have inculcated the great lesson so happily conveyed in four expressive lines by one on whom their mantle has descended, and who is the poet of England no less than of America :—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time."

Be theirs the "Perpetual Benedictions" of which the greatest of them all speaks—theirs, who have made mankind their debtors to the end of Time!

S. C. HALL.



MEMORIES

(FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE)

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MEMORIES.



THOMAS MOORE.



ANY years have gone—nearly half a century, indeed—since I had first the honour to converse with the poet THOMAS MOORE. Afterwards it was my privilege to know him intimately. He seldom, of late years, visited London without spending an evening at our house; and in 1845 we passed a week at his cottage, Sloperton—his happy home in Wiltshire.

“In my kalendar
There are no whiter days!”

The poet has himself noted the time in his Diary (Nov., 1845), and the terms in which he refers to our visit cannot but gratify us much.

In the year 1822 I made his acquaintance in Dublin, while I was a casual resident there. Moore was in the full ripeness of middle age: then, as ever, “the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own.” As his visits to his native city were few and far between, the power to see him, and especially to hear him, was a boon of magnitude. It was, indeed, a treat when, seated at the piano, he gave voice to the glorious

"Melodies" that are justly regarded as the most valuable of his legacies to mankind. I can recall that evening as vividly as if it were not a seven-night old; the graceful man, small and slim in figure, his upturned eyes and eloquent features giving force to the music that accompanied the songs, or rather, to the songs that accompanied the music.

Dublin was then the home of much of the native talent that afterwards found its way to England; and there were some—Lady Morgan especially—whose "Evenings" drew together the wit and genius for which that city has been always famous. When I write a Memory of "Sydney, Lady Morgan," I may have something to say of the brilliancy of those evenings, although then (as now) there were two "societies" which rarely mingled the one with the other. In Ireland it never has been as it is in England, where public differences seldom interrupt private intercourse, and where cordial friendships exist between persons of very opposite opinions in both religion and politics. But the poet Moore was an "influence" that rendered powerless, for a time, the evil spirit of Party; and it was not difficult, on such occasions as that I describe, to attract around him all that was most eminent and distinguished in the Irish capital. I was then very young—a hero-worshipper, as I have been from that day to this; and though he was to me "a star apart," I remember his cordial reception with an amount of gratitude that time has neither lessened nor weakened. It is a great privilege—the belief that I may repay some portion of the debt, nearly fifty years after it was contracted.

Among the guests on the evening to which I make special reference were the poet's father, mother, and sister—the sister to whom he was so fervently attached. The father was a plain, homely man;* nothing more, and assuming to be nothing more, than a Dublin tradesman. The mother evidently possessed a far higher mind. She, too, was retiring and unpretending; like her great son in features; with the same gentle yet sparkling eye, flexible and smiling mouth, and kindly and conciliating manners. It was to be learned, long afterwards, how deep was the affection that existed in the poet's heart for these relatives—how fervid the love he bore them—how earnest the respect with which he invariably treated them—nay, how elevated was the pride with which he regarded them, from first to last.

The sister, Ellen, was, I believe, slightly deformed; at least, the memory to me is that of a small, delicate woman, with one shoulder "out." The expression of her countenance betokened suffering, having that peculiar "sharpness" which usually accompanies continuous bodily ailment.† I saw more of her some years afterwards, and knew that her mind and disposition were essentially lovable. She was the poet's friend as well as sister.

To the mother—Anastasia Moore, *née* Codd, a humbly-descended, homely, and almost uneducated woman‡—Moore gave intense respect and devoted affec-

* Mrs. Moore—writing to me in May, 1864—told me I had a wrong impression as to Moore's father; that he was "handsome, full of fun, and with good manners." Moore calls him "one of Nature's gentlemen."

† Mrs. Moore wrote to me that here also I had a wrong impression. "She was only a little grown out in one shoulder, but with good health: her expression was feeling, not suffering." "Dear Ellen," she added, "was the delight of every one who knew her—sang sweetly—her voice very like her brother's. She died suddenly, to the grief of my loving heart."

‡ She was born in Wexford, where her father kept a "general shop." Moore used to say playfully that he was called, in order to dignify his occupation, "a provision merchant." When on his way to Bannow, in

tion, from the time that reason dawned upon him to the hour of her death. To her he wrote his first letter (in 1793), ending thus:—

"Your absence all but ill endure,
And none so ill as—THOMAS MOORE."

And in the zenith of his fame, when society drew largely on his time, and the highest and best in the land coveted a portion of his leisure, with her he corresponded so regularly that at her death she possessed (so Mrs. Moore told me) four thousand of his letters. Never, according to the statement of Earl Russell, did he pass a week without writing to her *twice*, except while absent in Bermuda, when franks were not to be obtained, and postages were

*Tell'd with balm the gale sighs on
—Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath*

Shopton Cottage

Thomas Moore

May 27th 1842.

costly. When a world had tendered to him its homage, still the homely woman was his "darling mother," to whom he transmitted a record of his cares and triumphs, anxieties and hopes, as if he considered—as I verily believe he did consider—that to give her pleasure was the chief enjoyment of his life. His sister—"excellent Nell"—occupied only a second place in his heart; while his father received as much of his respect as if he had been the hereditary representative of a line of kings. All his life long "he continued," according to one of the most valued of his correspondents, "amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve his home fireside affections true and genuine, as they were when a boy."

1835, to spend a few days with his friend, Thomas Boyse—a genuine gentleman of the good old school—he records his visit to the house of his maternal grandfather. "Nothing," he says, "could be more humble and mean than the little low house that remains to tell of his whereabouts."

I visited this house in the summer of 1864. It is still a small "general shop," situate in the old corn-market of Wexford. The rooms are more than usually "quaint." Here Mrs. Moore lived until within a few weeks of the birth of her illustrious son. We are gratified to record that, at our suggestion, a tablet has been placed over the entrance door, stating in few words the fact that there the mother was born and lived, and that to this house the poet came, on the 26th August, 1835, when in the zenith of his fame, to render homage to her memory. He thus writes of her and her birthplace in his "Notes" of that year:—"One of the noblest-minded, as well as most warm-hearted, of all God's creatures was born under that lowly roof." (I have used the words "at our suggestion," but, in fact, it was at our sole cost that the tablet was so placed. We had thought it in better taste to erect it by subscription; but the attempt to raise money for the purpose was a failure.)

To his mother he writes of all his facts and fancies; to her he opens his heart in its natural and innocent fulness; tells her of each thing, great or small, that, interesting him, must interest her—from his introduction to the Prince, and his visit to Niagara, to the acquisition of a pencil-case, and the purchase of a pocket-handkerchief. "You, dear mother," he writes, "can see neither frivolity nor egotism in these details."

Evidences of his deep love and veneration for his mother are sufficiently abundant. I add to them one more. The nephew of Mrs. Moore, Charles Murray, recently gave to me a small MS. volume of early poems, "written out" for his mother (it has no date): it is thus prefaced:—

"For her who was the critic of my first infant productions, I have transcribed the few little essays that follow. The smile of *her* approbation and the tear of *her* affection were the earliest rewards of my lisping numbers; and however the efforts of my maturer powers may aspire to the applause of a less partial judge, still will the praises which she bestows be dearer—far dearer—to my mind than any. The critic praises from the head—the mother praises from the heart. With *one* it is a tribute of the judgment; with the *other* it is a gift from the Soul."

In 1806 Moore's father received, through the interest of Lord Moira, the post of Barrack-master in Dublin, and thus became independent. In 1815 "retrenchment" deprived him of that office, and he was placed on half-pay. The family had to seek aid from the son, who entreated them not to despond, but rather to thank Providence for having permitted them to enjoy the fruits of office so long, till he (the son) was "in a situation to keep them in comfort without it." "Thank Heaven," he writes afterwards of his father, "I have been able to make his latter days tranquil and comfortable." When sitting beside his death-bed (in 1825) he was relieved by a burst of tears and prayers, and by "a sort of confidence that the Great and Pure Spirit above us could not be otherwise than pleased at what He saw passing in my mind."†

When Lord Wellesley (Lord Lieutenant), after the death of the father, proposed to continue the half-pay to the sister, Moore declined the offer, although he adds, "God knows how useful such aid would be to me, as God alone knows how I am to support all the burthens now heaped upon me," and his wife was planning how "they might be able to do with one servant," that they might be the better able to assist his mother.

The poet was born at the corner of Aungier Street, Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779, and died at Sloperton, on the 25th February,‡ 1852, at the age of seventy-two. What a full life it was! Industry a fellow-worker with Genius for nearly sixty years!

He was a sort of "show-child" almost from his birth, and could barely walk

* The book is written in a somewhat boyish hand—that of Moore in his youth. On a fly-leaf, in the later hand of the poet, is this passage: "Very juvenile poems indeed."

† At a grand dinner given to him in Dublin (his father and mother being both present), on the health of Mr. Moore, sen., being given, Moore said—"If I deserve (which I cannot persuade myself I do) one-half of the honours you have this day heaped upon me, to *him*, and to the education which he struggled hard to give me, I owe it all. Yes, gentlemen, to him and to an admirable mother—one of the warmest hearts even this land of warm hearts ever produced—whose highest ambition for her son has ever been that independent and unbought approbation of her countrymen, which, thank God, she lives this day to witness."

‡ I find in Earl Russell's Memoir the date given as the 26th February; but Mrs. Moore altered it (in a letter to me) to February 25.

when it was jestingly said of him he passed all his nights with fairies on the hills. "He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." Almost his earliest memory was his having been crowned king of a castle by some of his play-fellows. At his first school he was the show-boy of the schoolmaster; at thirteen years old he had written poetry that attracted and justified admiration. In 1797 he was "a man of mark" at the University. In 1798, at the age of nineteen, he had made "considerable progress" in translating the Odes of Anacreon; and in 1800 he was "patronised" and flattered by the Prince of Wales, who was "happy to know a man of his abilities," and "hoped they might have many opportunities of enjoying each other's society."*

His earliest printed work, "Poems by Thomas Little," has been the subject of much, and perhaps merited, condemnation. Of Moore's own feeling in reference to these compositions of his thoughtless boyhood it may be right to quote three of the dearest of his friends.

Thus writes Lisle Bowles of Thomas Moore, in allusion to these early poems—

"———— Like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy earthly shrines"—

"Who, if in the unthinking gaiety of premature genius, he joined the syrens, has made ample amends by a life of the strictest virtuous propriety, equally exemplary as the husband, the father, and the man; and as far as the muse is concerned, *more* ample amends, by melodies as sweet as scriptural and sacred, and by weaving a tale of the richest Oriental colours which faithful affection and pity's tear have consecrated to all ages." This is the statement of his friend Rogers:—"So heartily has Moore repented of having published 'Little's Poems,' that I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them." And thus writes Jeffrey:—"He has long ago redeemed his error; in all his later works he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity, and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty, and honour."

I allude to his early triumphs only to show that while they would have "spoiled" nine men out of ten, they failed to taint the character of Moore. His modest estimate of himself was from first to last a leading feature in his character. Success never engendered egotism; honours never seemed to him only the recompense of desert: he largely magnified the favours he received, and seemed to consider as mere "nothings" the services he rendered, and the benefits he conferred. That was his great characteristic—all his life. I have myself evidence to adduce on this head. In illustration, I print a letter I received from Moore, dated "Sloperton, November 29, 1843:—"

* On the 9th of April, 1795, at a meeting of Roman Catholics in Dublin, the youth Thomas Moore made a speech. On that day Moore headed a large body of students of the University, and presented an address to Henry Grattan. Moore's address was energetic, eloquent, and impressive: it was a fervid demand for "emancipation," of which he was all his life long the earnest advocate. The following is a passage from that speech:—"In declaring their sensations on this day, at this important period, the youth of Ireland, the nation's rising sun, bursting from these clouds of bigotry, opacity, and darkness, with which they have been enveloped—give you—give Ireland—a solemn instance of uncorrupted honour and pure integrity; an instance at which the Minister of Britain, in his plenitude of power, must stand appalled, and conclude that the 'rising, as well as the passing generation,' unite in one voice—the voice of reason and justice—for your emancipation,—that basis of liberty, that pledge of reform."

"MY DEAR MR. HALL,

"I am really and truly ashamed of myself for having let so many acts of kindness on your part remain unnoticed and unacknowledged on mine. But the world seems determined to make me a man of letters in more senses than one, and almost every day brings me such an influx of epistles from mere strangers, that friends hardly ever get a line from me. My friend Washington Irving used to say, 'It is much easier to get a book from Moore than a letter.' But this has not been the case, I am sorry to say, of late; for the penny-post has become the sole channel of my inspirations. How *am* I to thank you sufficiently for all your and Mrs. Hall's kindness to me? She must come down here when the summer arrives, and be thanked *a quattr'occhi*—a far better way of thanking than at such a cold distance. Your letter to the mad Repealers was far too good and wise and gentle to have much effect upon such Rantipoles." *

The house in Aungier Street I have pictured. I visited it in 1864, and again in 1869. It was then, and still is, as it was in 1779, the dwelling of a grocer—altered only in so far as that a bust of the poet is placed over the door, and the fact that he was born there is recorded on a marble tablet.† May no modern "improvement" ever touch it!

"The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground."

This humble dwelling of the humble tradesman is the house of which the poet speaks in so many of his early letters and memoranda. Here, when a child in years, he arranged a debating society, consisting of himself and his father's two "clerks;" here he picked up a little Italian from a kindly old priest who had passed some time in Italy, and obtained a "smattering of French;" here his tender mother watched over his boyhood, proud of his opening promise, and hopeful, yet apprehensive, of his future; here he and his sister, "excellent Nell," acquired music, first upon an old harpsichord, obtained by his father in discharge of a debt, and afterwards on a piano, to buy which his loving mother had saved up all superfluous pence. Hither he came—not less proudly, yet as fondly as ever—when college magnates gave him honours, and the Viceroy had received him as a guest.

In 1835 he records "a visit to No. 12, Aungier Street, where I was born;" "visited every part of the house; the small old yard and its appurtenances; the small dark kitchen, where I used to have my bread and milk; the front and drawing-rooms; the bed-rooms and garrets—murmuring, 'Only think, a grocer's still!'" "The many thoughts that came rushing upon me while thus visiting the house where the first twenty years of my life were passed may be more easily conceived than told." He records, with greater unction than he did his visit to the Prince of Wales, his sitting with the grocer and his wife at their table, and drinking in a glass of their wine her and her husband's "good health."

* Alluding to a Letter I had printed concerning the Irish agitation for Repeal of the Union.

† I regret to say it *was* so recorded. I procured a white marble slab, had the fact of his birth in that house engraved upon it, and obtained the sanction of the owner of the house to put it over the door. I paid the expense of so fixing it. In 1869, on visiting the house, I found, to my surprise and indignation, that it had been removed. On my inquiring of the *then* occupier the cause of this outrage, he coolly informed me that when the house was repainted he took it down, and had not thought it worth while to restore it. I asked him if he would do so on my paying the cost; but he declined to give me any promise to that effect. I endeavoured to induce him to give me back the slab, but that also he refused to do.

I trust this note will draw the attention of some more powerful "intercessor" to the discreditable fact, and that an Irishman will do what I, as an Englishman, failed to do.

Thence he went with all his "recollections of the old shop about him" to a grand dinner at the Viceregal Lodge!

I spring with a single line from the year 1822, when I knew him first, to the year 1845, when circumstances enabled us to enjoy the long-looked-for happiness of visiting Moore and his beloved wife in their home—Sloperton.*



THE BIRTH-HOUSE OF THOMAS MOORE.

The poet was then in his sixty-fifth year, and had, in a great measure, retired from actual labour: indeed, it soon became evident to us that the faculty for continuous toil no longer existed. Happily it was not absolutely needed, for, with very limited wants, there was a sufficiency—a bare sufficiency, however, for

* Our intercourse was a result of his having quoted, in his "History of Ireland," some stanzas from a poem I had written, entitled "Jerpoint Abbey"—privately printed in 1823.

there were no means to procure either the elegancies or the luxuries which so frequently become necessities, and a longing for which might have been excused in one who had been the friend of peers and the associate of princes.

The forests and fields that surround Bowood, the mansion of the Marquis of Lansdowne, neighbour the poet's humble dwelling; the spire of the village church—the church of BROMHAM—beside the portals of which he now “rests”—is seen above adjacent trees. Labourers' cottages are scattered all about. They are a heavy and unimaginative race those peasants of Wiltshire; and, knowing their neighbour had written books, they could by no means get rid of the idea that he was the writer of *Moore's Almanack!* and perpetually greeted him with a salutation, in hopes to receive in return some prognostic of the weather that might guide them in arrangements for seed-time and harvest. Once, when he had lost his way—wandering till midnight—he roused up the inmates of a cottage in search of a guide to Sloperton, and found he was close to his own gate. “Ah! sir,” said the peasant, “that comes of yer sky-scraping!”

He was fond of telling of himself such simple anecdotes as this; indeed, I remember his saying that no public applause had ever given him so much pleasure as a compliment from a half-wild countryman, who stood right in his path on a quay in Dublin, and exclaimed, slightly altering the words of Byron, “Three cheers for Tommy Moore, the *pote* of all circles, and the *darlint* of his own.”

I recall him at this moment,—his small form and intellectual face, rich in expression, and that expression the sweetest, the most gentle, and the kindest. He had still in age the same bright and clear eye, the same gracious smile, the same suave and winning manner, I had noticed as the attributes of his comparative youth: a forehead not remarkably broad or high, but singularly impressive, firm, and full, with the organs of music and gaiety large, and those of benevolence and veneration greatly preponderating. Tenerani, when making his bust, praised the form of his ears. The nose, as observed in all his portraits, was somewhat upturned. Standing or sitting, his head was invariably upraised, owing, perhaps, mainly to his shortness of stature. He had so much bodily activity as to give him the character of restlessness; and no doubt that usual accompaniment of genius was eminently his. His hair was, at the time I speak of, thin and very grey, and he wore his hat with the “jaunty” air that has been often remarked as a peculiarity of the Irish. In dress, although far from slovenly, he was by no means particular. Leigh Hunt, writing of him in the prime of life, says, “His forehead is bony and full of character, with ‘bumps’ of wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes are as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves; his mouth generous and good-humoured, with dimples.” Jeffrey, in one of his letters, says of him—“He is the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefulest creature that ever set fortune at defiance.” He writes also of “the buoyancy of his spirits and the inward light of his mind;” and adds, “There is nothing gloomy or bitter in his ordinary talk, but rather a wild, rough, boyish pleasantry, more like nature than his poetry.” This is the tribute of Scott:—“There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good-breeding, about him, which is delightful.” In 1835 this portrait of the poet was drawn by the American, N. P. Willis:—“His eyes sparkle like a

champagne bubble ; there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek ; his lips are delicately cut, slight, and changeable as an aspen ; the slightly-tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression ; and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates."

"The light that surrounds him is all from within."

He had but little voice ; yet he sung with a depth of sweetness that charmed all hearers : it was true melody, and told upon the heart as well as the ear. No doubt much of this charm was derived from association, for it was only his own melodies he sung. It would be difficult to describe the effect of his singing.* I remember some one saying to me, it conveyed an idea of what a mermaid's song might be. Thrice I heard him sing "As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow"—once in 1822, once at Lady Blessington's, and once in my own house. Those who can recall the touching words of that song, and unite them with the deep yet tender pathos of the music, will be at no loss to conceive the intense delight of his auditors.

I occasionally met Moore in public, and once or twice at public dinners. One of the most agreeable evenings I ever passed was in 1830, at a dinner given to him by the members of "The Literary Union." That "club" was founded in 1829 by the poet Campbell. I may have to speak of it when I write a Memory of him. Moore was then in strong health, and in the zenith of his fame. There were many men of mark about him,—leading wits, and men of letters. He was full of life, sparkling and brilliant in all he said, rising every now and then to say something that gave the hearers delight, and looking as if "dull care" had been ever powerless to check the overflowing of his soul. But although no bard of any age knew better how to

"Wreath the bowl with flowers of soul,"

he had acquired the power of self-restraint, and could "stop" when the glass was circulating too freely.†

Moore sat for his portrait to Shee, Lawrence, Newton, Maclise, Mulvany, and Richmond, and to the sculptors Tenerani, Chantrey, Kirk, and Moore. On one occasion of his sitting he says, "Having nothing in my round potato face but what painters cannot catch—mobility of character—the consequence is, that a portrait of me can be only one or other of two disagreeable things—a *caput mortuum* or a caricature." Richmond's portrait was taken in 1843. Moore says of it, "The artist has worked wonders with unmanageable faces such as mine." Of all his portraits this is the one that pleases me best, and most forcibly recalls

* In 1806, Lucy Aitken thus wrote of the young poet:—"He sung us some of his own sweet little songs, set to his own music, and rendered doubly touching by a voice the most sweet, an utterance the most articulate, and expression the most deep and varied that I had ever witnessed."

† At the memorable dinner of the Literary Fund, at which the good Prince Albert presided (on the 11th May, 1842), the two poets, Campbell and Moore, had to make speeches. The author of the "Pleasures of Hope," heedless of the duty that devolved upon him, had "confused his brain." Moore came on the evening of that day to our house ; and I well remember the terms of deep sorrow and bitter reproach in which he spoke of the lamentable impression that one of the great authors of the age and country must have left on the mind of the royal chairman, then new among us.

It is gratifying to record that the temptations to which the great lyric poet—Thomas Moore—was so often and so peculiarly exposed were ever powerless for wrong.

him to my remembrance. It is the one I have engraved at the head of this Memory.

I soon learned to love the man. It was impossible not to do so, for nature had endowed him with that rare but happy gift—to have pleasure in giving pleasure, and pain in giving pain; while his life was, or at all events seemed to be, a practical comment on his own lines:—

“They may rail at this life: from the hour I began it,
I’ve found it a life full of kindness and bliss.”

I had daily walks with him at Sloperton—along his “terrace-walk”—during our brief visit; I listening, he talking; he now and then asking questions, but rarely speaking of himself or his books. Indeed, the only one of his poems to which he made any special reference was the “Lines on the Death of Sheridan,” of which he said, “That is one of the few things I have written of which I am really proud.”

The anecdotes he told me were all of the class of those I have related—simple, unostentatious. He has been frequently charged with the weakness of undue respect for the aristocracy; I never heard him, during the whole of our intercourse, speak of great people with whom he had been intimate; never a word of the honours accorded to him; and certainly he never uttered a sentence of satire, or censure, or harshness concerning any one of his contemporaries. I remember his describing with proud warmth his visit to his friend Boyse, at Bannow, in the county of Wexford; the delight he enjoyed at receiving the homage of bands of the peasantry gathered to greet him; the arches of green leaves under which he passed; and the dances with the pretty peasant-girls—one in particular, with whom he led off a country dance. Would that those who fancied him a tuft-hunter could have heard him! they would have seen how really humble was his heart.* Reference to his Journal will show that, of all his contemporaries—whenever he spoke of them—he had something kindly to say. There is no evidence of ill-nature in any case—not a shadow of envy or jealousy. The sturdiest Scottish grazier could not have been better pleased than he was to see the elegant home—evidence of prosperity—Abbotsford.

The house at Sloperton is a small cottage, for which Moore paid originally the sum of £40 a year, “furnished.” Subsequently, however, he became its tenant, under a repairing lease at £18 annual rent. He took possession of it in November, 1817. Bessy was “not only satisfied, but delighted with it, which shows the humility of her taste,” writes Moore to his mother; “for it is a small thatched cottage, and we get it furnished for £40 a year.”† “It has a small garden and lawn in front, and a kitchen garden behind; along two of the sides of this kitchen-garden is a raised bank,”—the poet’s “terrace-walk;” so he loved to call it. Here a small deal table stood through all weathers; for it was his custom to compose as he walked, and, at this table, to pause and write down his

* I have seen the following passage from the Journal quoted as evidence of the mean subserviency of Moore:—“Called at Lansdowne House, and was let in.” The generous critic overlooked another passage in the Journal as follows:—“Lord Lansdowne called, and was let in.”

† One of Mrs. Moore’s dearest friends informs me that Moore “almost entirely rebuilt the lower part of the cottage. The drawing-room remained as of old; the library had a small ante-room added to it, the wall and door being removed, the whole raised, and the ceiling arched.”

thoughts.* Hence he had always a view of the setting sun ; and I believe few things on earth gave him more pleasure than practically to realise the line—

“How glorious the sun looked in sinking !”

for, as Mrs. Moore informed us, he very rarely missed that sight.

In 1811, the year of his marriage, he lived at York Terrace, Queen's Elm, Brompton. Mrs. Moore told us it was then a pretty house : the Terrace was isolated and opposite nursery gardens.† Long afterwards (in 1824), he went to Brompton to “indulge himself with a sight of that house.” In 1812 he was settled at Kegworth,‡ and in 1813 at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in



SLOPERTON, THE DWELLING OF THOMAS MOORE.

Derbyshire. Of Mayfield, one of his friends, who, twenty years afterwards, accompanied him there to see it, remarks on the small, solitary, and now wretched-looking cottage, where all the fine “Orientalism” and “sentimen-

* He was always in motion when he composed. If the weather prevented his walking on the terrace, he would pace up and down his small study : the length of his walk was indicated by the state of the carpet ; the places where his steps turned were, at both ends, worn into holes.

† It is now part and parcel of a populous suburb—a house in a row. I regret that I cannot indicate the number, but believe it to be No. 5.

‡ His daughter, Anastasia Mary, was born here on the 4th February, 1813. Of Kegworth he writes :—“Bessy is quite pleased with our new house, and runs wild about the large garden, which is certainly a delightful emancipation for her, after our very limited domain at Brompton.”

talism" had been engendered. Of this cottage he himself writes—"It was a poor place, little better than a barn; but we at once took it and set about making it habitable." The rent Moore paid for it was £20 a year. It was then "within twenty-four hours' drive of town," *i.e.*, London. It is no better than a poor place now. I visited the house in the autumn of 1869, in company with my friend Llewellyn Jewitt, who furnishes me with the following description:—

"Situate only a couple of miles from Ashbourne, within walking distance of Dove Dale, and in the midst of most charming scenery, Mayfield Cottage may have become a delicious, though it was a homely, retreat. The cottage is a plain square building, with a hipped roof. In front is a small flower-garden, slightly terraced, and a path leads up to the front door, which is in the centre of the building, and is covered with a simple, trellised porch. There are only four windows—two on the ground floor, one in the 'houseplace,' and the other in the 'parlour;' and two upstairs in the bed-rooms. The rooms are small, and have brick floors, and have nothing 'cosy' or nice or inviting about them. There are also a kitchen and a dairy on the ground floor; for the cottage is now a small farm-house. The bed-rooms are, like the lower apartments, small and uninviting. The poet's own room—that in which he slept—is the one on the left, and on a pane of the window the following lines are scratched on the glass, and are said—though without any evidence—to have been so scratched by Moore himself:—

'I ask not always in your breast
In solitude to be;
But whether mournful, whether blest,
Sometimes remember me. —*Old Moore's Almanack.*

'I ask not always for thy smile,
Lot of some happier one;
But sometimes be with feelings fraught
O'er joys now past and gone.

'I ask not always for those sighs
Which make thy bosom swell,
But still in this fond heart of mine
Those strong affections dwell.'

I have placed a portrait of Moore over the chimney-piece in that room. The front of the cottage is partly overgrown with foliage, and is surrounded by trees; there is a small 'arbour,' where the poet was wont to sit and write, but the room he is said to have usually 'written in' is now used as a dairy: even when he resided there it must have been sadly unsuited to his mind."

At Mayfield "Lalla Rookh" was written, and here it was "little Barbara and I rolled about in the hay-field before our door, till I was much more hot and tired than my little playfellow." The district has other memories. Not far off resided for a time Jean Jacques Rousseau, and here he wrote his "Confessions;" Ward, the author of "Tremaine," here lived and worked: the Dove is consecrated to the memories of Walton and Cotton—here they studied the gentle craft; Congreve, not far off, penned his first drama; Dr. Johnson visited here his friend Dr. Taylor; Dr. Greaves, the author of "The Spiritual Quixote," had his home here; and here—or rather not far off—is laid the scene of one of the

most remarkable novels of modern time, "Adam Bede." Moreover, the Dove is one of the very loveliest rivers of England.

Moore had a public appointment. As Burns was made a gauger because he was partial to whiskey, Moore was made "Registrar to the Admiralty" in Bermuda, where his principal duty was to "overhaul the accounts of skippers and their mates." Being called to England, his affairs were placed in charge of a superintendent, who betrayed him, and left him answerable for a heavy debt, which rendered necessary a temporary residence in Paris. The debt, however, was paid—not by the aid of friends, some of whom would have gladly relieved him of it, but—literally by "the sweat of his brow." Exactly so it was when the MS. "Life of Byron" was burned: it was by Moore, and not by the relatives of Byron (nor by aid of friends), the money he had received was returned to the publisher who had advanced it.* "The glorious privilege of being independent" was indeed essentially his,—in his boyhood, throughout his manhood, and in advanced age—always!

In 1799 he came to London to enter at the Middle Temple. His first lodging was at 44, George Street, Portman Square. Very soon afterwards we find him declining a loan of money proffered by Lady Donegal. He thanked God for the many sweet things of this kind He had thrown in his way, yet at that moment he was "terribly puzzled how to pay his tailor." In 1811, his friend Douglas, who had just received a large legacy, handed him a blank cheque, that he might fill it up for any sum he needed. "I did not accept the offer," writes Moore to his mother, "but you may guess my feelings." Yet, just then, he had been compelled to draw on his publisher, Power, for a sum of £30, "to be repaid partly in songs," and was sending his mother a second-day paper, which he was enabled "to purchase at rather a cheap rate." Even in 1842 he was "haunted worryingly," not knowing how to meet his son Russell's draft for £100; and, a year afterwards, he utterly drained his banker to send £50 to his son Tom. Once, being anxious that Bessy should have some money for the poor at Bromham, he sent a friend £5, requesting him to forward it to Bessy, as from himself; and when urged by some thoughtless person to make a larger allowance to his son Tom, in order that he might "live like a gentleman," he writes, "If I had thought but of living like a gentleman, what would have become of my dear father and mother, of my sweet sister Nell, of my admirable Bessy's mother?" He declined to represent Limerick in Parliament, on the ground that his "circumstances were not such as to justify coming into Parliament at all, because to the labour of the day I am indebted for my daily support." He must have a miserable soul who could sneer at the poet studying how he might manage to recompense the doctor who would "take no fees;" or at his "amusement" when Bessy was "calculating whether they could afford the expense of a fly to Devizes;" or when he writes of his wife's "democratic pride," that makes her "prefer the company of her equals to that of her superiors;" or at his thinking she never looked so handsome as when (in 1830) sitting by his mother's side (in Abbey Street), and with his sister Nell, "just the same gentle spirit as ever"—"had a most happy family dinner;" and next day

* The recent statements of Mr. Murray are not of such a nature as to leave any doubt concerning this assertion. It is not disputed that the money he had received was paid back by Moore.

receiving the homage of a score of noted and dignified admirers. It was with many as it was with the poet Bowles, who "delighted to visit the Moores:" they "had such pleasant faces."

As with his mother, so with his wife: from the year 1811, the year of his marriage,* to that of his death in 1852, she received from him the continual homage of a lover; away from her, no matter what were his allurements, he was ever longing to be at home. Those who love as he did, wife, children, and friends, will appreciate—although the worldling cannot—such commonplace sentences as these:—"Pulled some heath on Ronan's Island (Killarney) to send to my dear Bessy;" when in Italy, "got letters from my sweet Bessy, more precious to me than all the wonders I can see;" while in Paris, "sending for Bessy and my little ones; wherever they are will be home, and a happy home, to me." When absent (which was rarely for more than a week), no matter where or in what company, seldom a day passed that he did not write a letter to Bessy. The home enjoyments, reading to her, making her the depository of all his thoughts and hopes,—they were his deep delights, compensations for time spent amid scenes and with people who had no space in his heart.† Ever, when in "terrible request," his thoughts and his heart were there—in

"That dear Home, that saving Ark,
Where love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark
And comfortless and stormy round."

This is the tribute of Earl Russell to the wife of the poet Moore:—"The excellence of his wife's moral character, her energy and courage, her persevering economy, made her a better, and even a richer partner to Moore than an heiress of ten thousand a year would have been, with less devotion to her duty, and less steadiness of conduct." The "democratic pride" of which Moore speaks was the pride that is ever above a mean action, always sustaining him in proud independence.

In March, 1846, his Diary contains this sad passage:—"The last of my five children is gone, and we are left desolate and alone; not a single relation have I in this world."‡ His sweet mother had died in 1832; "excellent Nell" in 1846; his father in 1825; and his children one after another, three of them in youth, and two grown up to manhood—his two boys, Tom and Russell, the first-named of whom died in Africa (in 1846), an officer in the French service, the other at Sloperton (in 1842), soon after his return from India, having been compelled by ill-health to resign his commission as a

* Moore was married to Miss Elizabeth Dyke, at St. Martin's Church, London, on the 25th March, 1811, and Mrs. Ellison writes to me—"She was given away by my father (Mr. Power), her mother, Mrs. Dyke, and her youngest daughter, being present. That sister afterwards became the wife of Mr. Murray, of Edinburgh, and the mother of the nephew who is Mrs. Moore's heir."

† In one of Moore's letters to me, dated Sloperton, August 23, 1844, he writes:—"I have been once in town since I saw you, and your name was foremost in the list of those I meant to call upon. But a sudden illness of Mrs. Moore caused me to hurry down here and leave business, calls on friends, and all other such pleasures and duties unattended to."

‡ The five children were,—Anne Jane Barbara, born in 1812 at Brompton; Anastasia Mary, born at Kegworth in 1813; Olivia Byron, born at Mayfield in 1814; Thomas Lansdowne Parr, born at Sloperton in 1815; John Russell, born at Sloperton in 1823.

lieutenant in the 25th Regiment. In 1835 the influence of Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell obtained for Moore a pension of £300 a year from Lord Melbourne's Government,—“as due from any Government, but much more from one, some of the members of which are proud to think themselves your friends.” The “wolf, poverty,” therefore, in his latter years, did not “prowl” so continually about his door. But there was no fund for luxuries—none for the extra comforts that old age requires. Mrs. Moore received, on the death of her husband, a pension of £100 a year, and she had also the interest of the sum of £3,000,—the sum paid by the ever-liberal friends of the poet, the Longmans, for the Memoirs and Journal edited by Lord John, now Earl, Russell—a “lord” whom the poet dearly loved.

When his Diary was published—as from time to time volumes of it appeared—slander was busy with the fame of one of the best and most upright of all the men that God ennobled by the gift of genius. For my own part I seek in vain through the eight thick volumes of that Diary for any evidence that can lessen the poet in this high estimate. I find, perhaps, too many passages fitted only for the eye of love, or the ear of sympathy; but I read *none* that show the poet other than the devoted and loving husband, the thoughtful and affectionate parent, the considerate and generous friend.

That these volumes contain many pages that are valueless is certain, but that they contain anything to the poet's discredit or dishonour is utterly untrue.

Those who read his Journal with generous sympathy cannot fail to have augmented esteem and affection for “the man.” His stern independence might have yielded to temptations such as few receive and very few resist: he preserved it to the last, under circumstances such as any of his many great and wealthy friends would have called “poverty.” Of luxuries, from the commencement of his career to its close, he had literally none: his necessities were at times severe, but they were never published to the world—nay, were never obtruded even on those who could, and certainly would, have made them less. In all the relations of life he was faithful, affectionate, and considerate: “at home” he was ever loving and beloved; there he was happiest by rendering his limited circle happy.

The biographers of poets are almost proverbial for diminishing the giant to the dwarf. With a few grand exceptions, we find the loftiest precepts humiliated by the meanest examples; social intercourse degraded by frequent inebriation; poverty callous to the “glorious privilege,” condescending to notoriety instead of suffering in solitude; so mingling the vices with the virtues, that worshippers eagerly draw the veil over genius in private life, willing to “make allowances,” and content with the record—“they are not as other men are.”

How few great men are heroes in their daily communion!

The poet Moore is one of the very few of whom we may think and speak without a blush. The cavils and sneers of those who do not or cannot understand him are limited to the “crimes” of his dining with lords and delighting in the courtesies of flatterers in rags. Had he been a sensualist like —, a drunkard like —, a pitiful borrower like —, a truckler for place like —, critics might have been less severe. Alas! my own experience might readily fill up these blanks: so may any one who has a large “literary acquaintance.”

I honour the memory of Moore for the virtues he had and the vices he had not.

When these Memoirs were first published, there were some critics who received them with a howl of derision : it was an Irish howl—unreasoning, bitter, malignant. It came almost exclusively from his own countrymen : a pamphlet was printed by Charles Phillips, sometime known as “the Irish orator,” who, having obtained a sort of renown at the Bar in Ireland, left the country, and practised chiefly at the Old Bailey in London. He obtained one of the Commissionerships in Bankruptcy, and was far more prosperous as to worldly circumstances than was Moore at any period of his life.*

The atrocious attack on the memory of Moore in the *Quarterly Review* was written by John Wilson Croker, who for many years held the lucrative post of Secretary to the Admiralty. There are many living who remember this busybody of the House of Commons. Small of person, active, energetic, and undoubtedly able, his party found in him a zealous and unscrupulous partisan. He is the “Crawley Junior” of the novel, “Florence Macarthy,” by Lady Morgan, who detested him, and she was “a good hater.” He was one of the originators of the *John Bull* newspaper, and from him it received its tone of private slander and public turpitude. It is, I believe, Madden who says of him, “His memory is buried beneath a pyramid of scalps.”

The article in the *Quarterly* was a shameful article. It was the old illustration of the dead lion and the living dog. Yet Croker could at that time be scarcely described as living ; it was from his death-bed he shot the poisoned arrow. And what brought out the venom ? Merely a few careless words of Moore’s, in which he described Croker as “a scribbler of all work,”—words that Earl Russell would have erased if it had occurred to him to do so. No doubt, however, long-pent-up wrath thus found vent : they were political opponents from the first ; and although of Moore it may be safely said, “He lacked gall to make oppression bitter,” it was the very opposite with John Wilson Croker.

His namesake (but no relative), Thomas Crofton Croker, was another of the assailants of Moore—when he was dead ; yet, while he lived, no man more eagerly coveted to worship even his shadow ; his very shoe-ties he would have been proud to unloose. By some means or other, but certainly in no way creditable, was published a series of letters that had passed between the poet and his song publishers, the Powers ; with whom, no doubt, he had occasional misunderstandings, but who were his firm friends to the last, the daughter of Mr. Power being one of the executors to the will of the poet’s widow, and, as I have stated, he it was who gave Mrs. Moore away at their marriage in 1811. The

* As I wrote and printed the following passages—in April, 1853—shortly after Phillips published his pamphlet, and of course while he was living, I need not hesitate to reprint them here. Phillips threatened to prosecute me for libel : he did not carry out his threat, but withdrew the pamphlet from circulation :—

“It has long been notorious that if it be desired to ruin an Irishman, you can easily find an Irishman to do it : nay, there is a sort of proverb—‘Put an Irishman upon a spit, and you’ll always find another Irishman to turn it.’ Mr. Phillips has added force to this opinion : an old man, in the self-reproach arising out of a career that has reflected, to say the least, no credit on his country, endeavours, as perhaps the latest act of his life, to prove the baseness and the wretchedness, nay, the infidelity, of a man as superior to his calumniator, in all that men esteem and venerate, as the light-giving sun is to the unwholesome vapours that sicken earth. Supposing for a brief moment all the statements of Counsellor Phillips to be as true as they are untrue, to what possible motive, except the very worst that may dishonour a gentleman, can their publication be attributed ? But few months have elapsed since the great poet and good man has been consigned to the grave—a humble grave in a remote churchyard of a country village ; his childless widow’s days of mourning are but commenced, when this infamous attack is made upon his memory, in the wretched hope and expectation that the world will abhor the name that for more than half a century has been respected and loved.”

title-page of this foolish, needless, and useless book states that its publication "was suppressed in London." A publisher was, however, found for it in America; and Crofton Croker prefaced it by an "Introductory Letter." It is not worth while now to confute the statements made in that preface—an example of "safe malignity;" but they might be confuted easily.

I knew Crofton Croker during many years of his life: he was a small man—small in mind as well as in body; doing many little things, but none of them well: his literary fame rests on his "Irish Fairy Legends"—a book of which he was only the editor. Most of the stories—and those the best—were written by Dr. Maginn, Joseph Humphreys (a Quaker), Pigot (the present Irish Chief Baron), Keightly, and Charles Dodd—subsequently the compiler of the "Parliamentary Guide." I was the writer of two of them.

I might take note of other Irishmen who, when the poet Moore was dead, and therefore an adversary who could be insulted safely, did their best to dishonour his name and cast a slur upon his memory; but the subject is not a pleasant one. Is it not Macaulay who speaks of "abject natures whose delight is in the agonies of powerful spirits, and in the abasement of immortal names?"

Of a truth it was well said, "A prophet is never without honour save in his own country." The proverb is especially true as regards Irish prophets. Assuredly Moore was, and is, more popular in every part of the world than he was, or is, in Ireland. The reason is plain: he was, so to speak, of two parties, yet of neither; the one could not forgive his early aspirations for liberty, uttered in imperishable verse; the other could not pardon what they called his desertion of their cause, when he saw that England was willing to do, and was doing, "justice to Ireland."

Let it be inscribed on his tomb, that ever, amid privations and temptations, the allurements of grandeur and the suggestions of poverty, he preserved his self-respect; bequeathing no property, but leaving no debts; having had no "testimonial" of acknowledgment or reward; seeking none, nay, avoiding any; making millions his debtors for intense delight, and acknowledging himself paid by "the poet's meed, the tribute of a smile;" never truckling to power; labouring ardently and honestly for his political faith, but never lending to party that which was meant for mankind; proud, and rightly proud, of his self-obtained position; but neither scorning nor slighting the humble root from which he sprang.

He was born and bred a Roman Catholic; but his creed was entirely and purely Catholic. Charity was the outpouring of his heart: its pervading essence was that which he expressed in one of his Melodies,—

"Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?"

His children were all baptized and educated members of the Church of England. He attended the parish church, and according to the ritual of that church he was buried. It was not any outward change of religion, but homage to a purer and holier faith, that induced him to have his children brought up as members of the English Church. "For myself," he says, "my having married

a Protestant wife gave me opportunity of choosing a religion at least for my children ; and if my marriage had no other advantage, I should think *this* quite sufficient to be grateful for."

Moore was the eloquent advocate of his country when it was oppressed, goaded, and socially enthralled ; but when time and enlightened policy removed all distinctions between the Irishman and the Englishman—between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic—his muse was silent, because content ; nay, he protested in emphatic verse against a continued agitation that retarded her progress, when her claims were admitted, her rights acknowledged, and her wrongs redressed.*

The poetry of Thomas Moore has been more extensively read than that of any modern poet : those who might not have sought it otherwise, have become familiar with it through the medium of the delicious music to which it has been wedded ; and it would be difficult to find a single educated individual in Great Britain unable to repeat some of his verses. No writer has enjoyed a popularity so universal ; and if an author's position is to depend on the delight he produces, we must class the author of "Lalla Rookh" and of the "Irish Melodies" as "chiefest of the bards" of modern times.

But reference to the genius of Moore is needless. My object in this Memory is to offer homage to his moral and social worth. The world that willingly acknowledges its debt to the poet has been less ready to estimate the high and estimable character—the loving and faithful nature—of the man. There are, however, many—may this humble tribute augment the number!—by whom the memory of Thomas Moore is cherished in the heart of hearts ; to whom the cottage at Sloperon will be a shrine while they live ; the grave beside the village church of Bromham a monument better loved than that of any other of the men of genius by whom the world is delighted, enlightened, and refined.

Two years and two months—mournful years and months—Moore may be said to have lain on his death-bed—dying all that weary time ; his mind almost obliterated ; restorations to reason being only occasional, and very partial. His disease was softening of the brain. Sometimes he knew and recognised his "Bessy ;" generally she was an utter stranger to his soul until it was released from its earth-fetters. During the whole of that sad period she was never for an hour out of his room.† She told us that when intelligence was at all active, he would ask her to read the Bible, but his great delight was to hear her sing ; that his frequent desire was for a hymn, "Come to Jesus," in the refrain of which he always joined, and which he often asked her to sing for him a second time. Almost his last words—and they were frequently repeated—were, "Lean upon God, Bessy ; lean upon God !"

It was, in truth, a mournful sight, but few saw it ; none, indeed, except the

* Moore's friend, Thomas Boyse of Bannow, thus wrote to me on the eve of Moore's death :—"I know not whether you are aware that he whose loss we are soon to deplore would never join in the frantic movement of O'Connell for Repeal, and that therefore (what a therefore!) the then omnipotent *Tribune* at once whispered down the name and fame of our friend 'from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear.' O'Connell denounced him as an enemy to freedom, and an apostate from the cause of Ireland! You are aware of what effects must result from such a sentence, pronounced by such a tribunal."

† The following passage I find in one of her letters to Mrs. Hall :—"I write in his room, but can hardly see : my eyes are very weak."

"dear wife," one attendant, and the clergyman of the parish and his daughter, the loved and trusted friend of both the poet and his wife. A great man, so clinging unwillingly to earth, so awaiting patiently, and yet eagerly, the call of his Master,—it is sad, but not altogether sad, to contemplate: it is better, nevertheless, to draw a veil over the "last scene of all."

A statue, in bronze, of the poet was erected on a space of ground that faces Trinity College, and in October, 1857, it was inaugurated. It was the first statue ever raised in a public thoroughfare of the Irish metropolis to an



THE GRAVE OF THOMAS MOORE.

Irishman ; and although as a work of art it is but a poor affair, it is at least a record that Ireland was not altogether oblivious of the great man who will be for all time one of its glories. On that occasion one of the most eloquent of Irishmen mourned over the melancholy fact—that fame acquired by an Irishman creates no thrill of joy in the hearts of his countrymen ; that honours accorded to him by every part of the world are accepted in that country without response. These are the impressive words of Baron O'Hagan :—"It is the sorrow and the shame of Ireland—proverbially *incuriosa suorum*—that she has been heretofore too much in this respect an exception amongst the civilised kingdoms of the

earth. And the sorrow and the shame have not been less because she has been the parent of many famous men—of thinkers, and poets, and patriots, and warriors, and statesmen—whose memory should be to her a precious heritage, and of many of whom she might speak in the language of the Florentine of old—

‘Tanto nomini nullum par eulogium.’”

The orator hoped for a more auspicious future for Irishmen; but as yet it has not come, although he is himself one of the most emphatic proofs that England has done “justice” to Ireland. When Baron O’Hagan was born—and he is not an old man—no Roman Catholic could have been even a Queen’s Counsel. He, a Roman Catholic, is Lord High Chancellor of Ireland; eight Roman Catholics wear the ermine in their own country; and a Roman Catholic has recently been a Judge in England. A hundred pages could not add weight to this single fact with a view to illustrate the changed condition of Ireland, and the altered sentiments of England as regards Ireland. I believe that Moore is now, and was during his lifetime, less worthily appreciated and truly honoured in Ireland than in any other country of the world.

While a Scottish man is, so to speak, born to an annuity—for his countrymen ever lend him “a helping hand,” and consider they share, though it may be but a tiny part, of the fame he achieves—it is mournful, yet very true, to say of Ireland, that with its people it is the opposite.

Moore, at least in the latter part of his life, knew and bitterly felt that dismal truth.

“That God is Love,” writes his friend and biographer, Earl Russell, “was the summary of his belief; that a man should love his neighbour as himself seems to have been the rule of his life.” The good Earl of Carlisle, inaugurating the statue of the poet, bore testimony to his moral and social worth “in all the holy relations of life—as son, as brother, as husband, as father, as friend;” and on the same occasion Baron O’Hagan thus expressed himself:—“He was faithful to all the sacred obligations and all the dear charities of domestic life—he was the idol of a household.”

Perhaps a better, though a briefer, summary of the character of Thomas Moore than any of these may be given in the words of Dr. Parr, who bequeathed to him a ring:—“To one who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his exquisite sensibility, for his independent spirit, and incorruptible integrity.”

On the 4th of September, 1865, the estimable wife of the poet died. She rests beside her beloved husband and three of her children in the churchyard of Bromham. I have said enough to show how highly we estimated her worth—as wife, mother, friend, and benefactress; for the small means at her disposal were ever ready for distribution among the neighbouring poor. I have quoted Earl Russell’s testimony to her many virtues.

Some Recollections of this excellent lady, by Mrs. Hall, will, I think, be acceptable to the reader; and I print them.

The first time I saw Mrs. Moore was at our own cottage, “The Rosary,” Old Brompton. We had heard it was considered expedient that their second son,

Russell, should visit London for medical advice. We were going to Ireland for two or three months, and it seemed a small thing to offer the poet the use of our cottage. It is the characteristic of all sensitive minds to exaggerate attentions for services received. Mr. Moore wrote me a letter expressing warm gratitude, but declined the offer, "because just then it was impossible to move Russell until he got better. He hoped soon to thank us." The son who, Mrs. Moore afterwards assured me, had never given them one hour's uneasiness, did not "get better"—until he died; but soon afterwards, some engagement calling Mr. Moore to town, Mrs. Moore accompanied him, and came to see us.

"There!" he said, as I entered the room, "there is my Bessy; and I know you two ladies are prepared to love each other!"

And so we were. Though her early beauty had faded under the influence of time and anxiety, enough was left not only to tell of what she had been, but to excite love and admiration then. Her figure and carriage were perfect; every movement was graceful; her head and throat were exquisitely moulded; and her voice, when she spoke, was soft and clear. Moore once said to me, "My Bessy's eyes were larger before she wept them away for her children." But when I knew her, the sockets were large, but the soft, brown eyes fell, as it were, back. All her other features were really beautiful; the delicate nose; the sweet and expressive mouth; the dimples, now here, now there; the chin so soft and rounded; the face a perfect oval. Even at that time no one could have entered a room without murmuring, "What a lovely woman!"

She spoke of Russell's illness—hopefully; but the quivering lips, and eyes suffused with tears, did not sustain her words. While walking with me round our little garden, she laid bare her heart in a few words. "I do not suffer his father to believe how ill he is; he will know it time enough. Lover painted a charming portrait of him. You will see it when you come to Sloperton, but you will never see *him*."

Poor Russell! he was, as his mother knew he would be, in Bromham Churchyard before our return from Ireland; and more than a year elapsed ere we paid our first visit to Sloperton. We were there a week, and during that time Russell's name was never mentioned by either Mr. or Mrs. Moore; but one morning she called me into her bed-room, pointed to a picture, and left me alone with Russell's portrait.* The boy must have been very like his mother. Their eldest son Tom was, if I may judge from a miniature of him, remarkably handsome. Poor lad! he fell early into the ways of folly: he had great temptations, and yielded to them. At his death there were debts owing by him: they were paid out of the limited "means" of his parents; and when his father had expended every farthing he could command for that purpose, his mother gathered together her most valuable trinkets, took them into Bath, and sold them, rather than that the taint of an unpaid debt should rest on their son's name.† Moore

* In one of Lover's letters to me he writes concerning this portrait:—"You ask me to give you some description of Russell Moore. You know how hard, or rather how impossible, it is for words to convey any notion of lineaments. All children's faces are, to a certain extent, round; but Russell's might have been remarked for roundness even among children—nose, though *retroussé*, nicely defined about the nostril; a pretty mouth, well-marked eyebrows, and dark brown eyes of remarkable beauty, with a certain expression of archness that reminded one of his father (you remember what brilliant and vivacious eyes his were); in short, Russell Moore's face would have been a good model for a painter who wanted a suggestion for a little Cupid."¹³

† Tom was undoubtedly possessed of abilities. He obtained a prize at the Charter-House. On his

passed the mornings in his library, the largest room in the cottage, whose pleasant window commanded a view of the fields and the high road: it contained his books, his piano,* and two Irish harps, various chairs and tables, which, if not hallowed by long residence in the poet's room, would have been called "mean;" a few pictures, which Mr. Moore did not care for—as pictures: they were valued from association. He was strangely indifferent to art. "His friends at Bowood," Mrs. Moore said, "would have made a connoisseur of him had it been possible, but it was not. Scenery he enjoys fully, but a painted one strikes no chord in his heart."

Even then, though it was November, and we were seated enjoying his cheerfulness round the drawing-room table, he seemed to have an instinctive perception that the sun was about to set. He left the room, and a story unfinished, and we saw him pass the window on his way to the terrace-walk. "Sunset," said Mrs. Moore, laughing,—"he will finish his story when he returns." That raised terrace-walk, enclosing two sides of his little domain—the exquisitely-kept garden—gave the poet never-ceasing enjoyment. There were seats in three or four places, but the favourite one was beneath a group of, I think, *elm* trees, and there stood the little green wooden table which dear Mrs. Moore bequeathed to me, and which is the most highly honoured of all my mementoes of departed friends. The poet would pace up and down that walk for hours, and pause to write whatever thoughts he considered worth recording. Between those trees we caught glimpses of Bromham Church. Mr. Moore was becoming very absent, and at times Mrs. Moore seemed pained by the efforts she made to recall, as it were, his mind to our conversation. Even at table she frequently exclaimed—"Tom, Tom, what are you thinking of?" His absence of mind was, indeed, so great, that it gave *me* uneasiness; but Mrs. Moore took it as a matter of course.

I never knew any one with such active and genial affections as Moore, except his wife. Her nature was quite as sympathetic as that of her husband; and while her reverence for that husband amounted to devotion, she watched over him as a mother watches over a tender and beloved child. It was the most wonderful blending of admiration, duty, and lovingness I ever witnessed or could fancy. At times, even then—though, as her husband tenderly said, she had wept her eyes away crying for her children—she looked radiantly beautiful.

When silent, Mrs. Moore's mouth was charmingly expressive. It was not small, but it was beautifully formed; the lips full, yet delicate, and quivering like a child's with any sudden emotion, giving birth to little fleeting dimples, and at times the upper lip would upturn with such pretty disdain, that it seemed a pleasure to make her a little angry:—

"The short passing anger but seemed to awaken
New beauties, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken."

During many succeeding months I heard frequently from Mrs. Moore.† She

death, a French general wrote to Mr. Moore to say he would have received the Cross of the Legion of Honour had he lived awhile longer; and among the few remains sent to his parents were note-books and drawings concerning many of the countries of Europe.

* That piano was a special legacy from Mrs. Moore to her grand-niece, with an injunction that it was always to be kept in the family: "never to be parted with." A few months ago we were gratified by hearing this grand-niece (the daughter of Charles Murray, Esq.) play one of her grand-uncle's pieces on this piano.

† Her letters to me always contained flowers, and occasionally a sprig of bay. I have just opened one of them; the leaves are dry and dead, but there are loving words to keep memory green in the soul.

sent me several little commissions for biscuits of some particular kind, "he was so fond of them." She seemed to me to watch the advertisements, and to obtain everything nourishing or new to tempt him. As time passed, his mind passed with it. She was slow to realise the agonising fact; she had put it from her, hid it away, invented reasons: "his stomach was out of order;" "he wanted change;" "he had been working too hard;" "the summer always tried him—he would be better in the winter;" or "the winter was too cold, he always bloomed out with the flowers."* One reason was the right one; like Scott and Southey, "he had worked too hard." Imagination, thought, memory, were worn out. At last—at last—she knew it; the greatest trial of her sorely-tried life had come. Her idol, whom she worshipped with perfect enthusiasm—he of whose genius she was so proud, to become what he was—still tender and gentle, but mindless as an infant. She could not bear any one to see him in that state; day and night, night and day, for months and months she *alone* ministered to him, at his desire singing him scraps of hymns. We can easily imagine how the perpetual watching and waiting preyed on a constitution already enfeebled by sorrows, which it had been her chief care to prevent *his* feeling in their intensity. She was ever at her post. The sick room was the heart of the house; the life-blood beat there, more and more feebly, but still it beat; and then there was no longer need for watching: the end came—the end here!

After a time she collected his books, and gave them and his Irish harp to the Royal Irish Academy, on condition that a room should be appropriated to them—now and always. That has been done. About six months after his death she asked me to come and spend a few days with her. "The light of the house is gone," she said, "but you can recall it as it was." I found her changed, yet not more so than I expected, and I perceived that the only pleasure she seemed to have was talking about HIM. While the morning was yet grey, about half-past five, I heard her voice in the garden, directing her old gardener, and immediately after breakfast she took her seat at the dining-room window, which she opened, and waited there for the poor villagers, who never failed to present themselves for what they wanted—medicine, or soup, or articles of clothing, or books, to be lent or given, or often for a bit of advice, from "Madam Moore." This occupied from one to two hours, and then she would go upstairs, unlock and enter his library, where she would sit alone for another hour, never inviting or permitting any one to enter it. I was never in it during either of my visits to her. She swept and dusted it herself, and then sat down with at least outward calmness at the window. If I had gone for a walk into the beautiful lanes, or through the fields to visit the tomb in Bromham Churchyard, and looked up at the bowery window as I entered the gate, she would nod and smile at me, and in the course of a little time come down to the drawing-room, and take up her patchwork, or her knitting, or doll-dressing (for she had always some bazaar-work on hand), or cushions, or slippers to make for a friend; and it

* One of her touching notes is now at my side. "My dearest Mrs. Hall,—He is now sitting up with the window open, and the sun shining on him. I can hardly believe that I write the truth. His sleep is excellent, and in all ways he improves daily. I am not at all well, and begin to feel I require rest, which I will take if I can. But he is yet too feeble to be left, and I do not like to bring a stranger about him. Your affectionate, B. M.—He is sitting close by me, and is anxious to walk."

often seemed to me strange how the last great sorrow had tided over all others,—all except one. The eldest son, Tom, was known to have died in Africa; they had received confirmatory letters and all his “things” long ago, but *she* retained fragments of broken hope that he would yet return. One particular evening we had been sitting still and silent a long time, when suddenly the garden gate was thrown open, her pale cheek flushed, she started up and looked out, then sank into her chair. “What was it, dear?” I inquired. “You will think it a weakness,” she said, “or perhaps insanity, but I have never quite believed in our son’s death, and I seldom hear the garden gate opened at an unusual hour without a hope that it is my boy.”

She was then beginning to suffer from an internal complaint, that persecuted her to the last, and which her medical advisers said had been brought on by stooping over and turning—lifting, in fact—her helpless husband.

Suffering of her own had not exhausted her sympathy for others. She was warmly sympathetic to the last, retaining her taste for the beautiful, which most manifested itself in her care and love of flowers. Her cheeks would flush if you brought her a new or beautiful flower; and whenever she obtained a rare plant, her first thought was how it could be divided. Her garden was like the widow’s cruse—tiny place though it was!—yet such clumps of lily of the valley—such roots of marvellous polyanthus—such fragrant violets—such “striking” of the wonderful “Tara ivy,” which was flourishing when I paid my first visit to Sloperton!

I had visited her four times between the death of her husband and her own, and promised her, on my return from Germany, that I would spend some few autumn-days with her; but that was not to be; and dearly as I loved her, I could not regret her release from the intense suffering she endured, and which had so much increased of late as to render her once beautiful person a complete wreck. But when hardly able to stand, she would creep into the garden to see that *his* favourite terrace-walk was free from weed or pebble, and that his Tara ivy, and whatever he loved, was duly cared for. In our early friendship, Mr. Hall had sent Mrs. Moore some standard roses; two or three of those were the poet’s especial favourites. I was there when one of them showed symptoms of decay; it was painful to witness her anxiety about that tree. Every species of “compo” was applied to its roots; I might almost say she watered it with her tears. Thoughtlessly, I told her Mr. Hall would send her another of the same sort. “No, no,” she said impatiently; “he cannot send me a tree on which my darling looked, or from which he gathered a blossom.”

She is with him now!

On the death of Mrs. Moore, she directed some relics connected with her illustrious husband to be sent to us; she had, indeed, told us that she would do so.* To Mrs. Hall she sent an inkstand, presented to Moore by the sons of George Crabbe, and the small deal table to which I have referred as standing

* It is pleasant to know, and to record, that the nephew of Mrs. Moore, Charles Murray, Esq., to whom she left all she had to leave, excepting such memorials as she desired to bequeath to dear friends—and all these were carefully labelled and marked to secure their due delivery—sacredly preserves the relics he inherited, and honours all that recalls the memory of his aunt and the husband she adored. He has recently placed a memorial window in the church at Bromham.

in the terrace-walk, at which it was "his custom to pause and write down his thoughts." To me she sent some MSS. of the poet.

Among the MSS., all in his handwriting (the major part, however, being notes, chiefly for the "History of Ireland"), is one that contains this prefatory passage:—"The first rudiments of the 'Loves of the Angels,' which it is clear I began and meant to continue in prose. T. M." The following is the fragment; there are also some fragments of poetry, hitherto unpublished:—

"The world had been created about a thousand years, and the Deity had not yet repented of his work. But corruption spread fast among the nations of the earth, and the day was at hand when Justice could no longer sleep. There appeared about this time some Youths of extraordinary beauty, who excited in a strong degree the attention and the interest of the world. They had something in their air which the eye had never witnessed before, which was just heavenly enough to awe, and just mortal enough to captivate. Yet a strange kind of melancholy always hung over them; they appeared to look back upon times of glory and happiness that were past; and bright and lovely as they were, they seemed but the ruin of something more bright and more lovely. It was to the women of earth they particularly addressed themselves, and therefore the smile of love was to them by no means a stranger. Yet the light which it threw was cold and tremulous. Like moonlight upon a temple of former days, it was but a faint illumination of grandeur in decay. There were various opinions with respect to their nature and origin. By some they were thought to have sprung from the female genii, who, according to the absurd belief of that period, had stolen into Paradise with Adam before the formation of Woman; while others supposed they were beings of a purer order, who had been placed in Eden when our primitive parents were expelled, and like them had lost it by disobedience and pride. Two of these youths, who called themselves Zaraph and Rubi, and surpassed even the rest in dignity and grace, became enamoured of the sisters Lilis and Issa, maidens who were almost as distinguished among women as their youthful lovers stood peerless among men. But the minds of these sisters had little or no resemblance to each other. Issa had that kind of sanguine and impetuous spirit which is so much misplaced in the female bosom, and will seldom lead to anything that is admirable except at the expense of everything that is amiable. The best feelings of such a woman become, by their violence, much more dangerous than the hatred of another. Her very love is to be dreaded, and the ancient picture of Cupid with a thunder-bolt in his hand is the aptest emblem of such formidable affection. The ambition, too, of Issa was boundless; nor could Rubi have gained her heart, if he had not at the same time satisfied her pride. She saw that he was a creature superior to the rest of mankind: she found ample inspiration from his look; and thoughts of more than mortal shone so spiritually through him, that she felt them ere he spoke, and grew more than mortal while she communed with him. These were the sublime impressions which made Rubi dear to Issa, nor could she set any limit to the power which a love so supernatural seemed to promise to her ambition.

"Such was by no means the disposition of Lilis. She was one of those meek, feminine spirits to whom love is everything that this world has to bestow. She looked to her Zaraph for happiness, not for greatness, and to know that she was beloved was the only knowledge necessary to her heart. While the eyes of the world were turned upon these extraordinary youths, an opportunity occurred to Issa of proving triumphantly to her sex how Rubi bowed before her, and how the multitude bowed before Rubi. The growth of impiety in those days was dreadful, and gave gloomy presage of the ruin that awaited mankind. Among the numerous heresies that arose, there was one which the giants patronised, and which spread, of course, rapidly under such powerful influence. This creed contained some blasphemous tenets, which were most of them luckily lost at the Deluge; but they believed that God was a giant like themselves—that men and women were inferior angels, whom the Deity had bewildered by some intoxicating power, and then sent upon earth to exhibit their folly for his amusement. The giants and philosophers grew sober much sooner than others, &c., &c. We may presume, however, it was then—as it has always been ever since—that the power of these infidels was much more obnoxious than their errors; for religion may wear her mantle of any colour she likes, so long as she is not suspected of hiding a sceptre under it. The nations rose in arms against the giants, but strength was on the side of the impious, and the nations were discomfited. This was the moment for the lover of Issa to distinguish himself, and her heart beat high in the expectation of the glory

he might acquire. But Rubi was cold and insensible to all that earth could offer. Languishing enamoured by her side, in dreams of melancholy and love, he seemed to gaze on her as something to which heaven itself might be sacrificed, and it was not till the aspiring virgin made victory the price of her charms that he woke from his trance and rushed to combat with the infidels. 'Shall I then,' he exclaimed, while his eyes turned wildly upward, 'shall I dare to be thy champion, O God! I, who have abandoned thy glories?' The sadness of despair was on his brow even amid the splendours of conquest. The smile of Issa alone seemed necessary to reconcile him to the honours he had won. That smile was not wanting; her arms opened to receive him, and Love and Ambition joined their trophies over them.

"This is the first instance which occurs in the annals of the world of a war undertaken professedly in defence of religion, and it appears that religion was the last thing considered in it.

"Zaraph had fought by the side of Rubi, while the trembling Lilis wept and prayed for his safety; but the triumphs of Zaraph were of a gentler nature. He went among the vanquished; he loosed the chains of the captive; he shed light over the minds of the infidels; he spoke to them the language of nature and of truth; and it was thus for the first time that mankind felt the magic of eloquence. With eyes that expressed the very anguish of humility, nor dared even to cast one look to that heaven whose wonders he proclaimed, and whose spirit seemed to burn upon his tongue, so pious and sublime were the attributes in which he clothed the divinity, so touching was his appeal to the misguided souls of the unbelieving, that doubt dissolved beneath his words, and every heart opened to the truth."

This is followed by a number of detached notes, which have reference chiefly to the Platonic loves of saints of comparatively recent ages. Although interesting, they are mere fragments. One of them relates the story of St. Jerome, who, complaining of the slander of his enemies, wrote that "if the gratification of sense had been his pursuit, he would naturally have selected some of those fair wantons of Rome, whose persons charmed the eye by every embellishment of beauty and of art; but that, on the contrary, the objects of his attachments were women who, by fasting and humiliation, had not alone ruined the attractions of their forms, but suffered neglect to obscure even its decencies."

This apology suggested the following lines:—

"THE SAINT'S LOVE.

"She sleeps among the pure and blest;
But oh! believe me when I swear
That while a spirit thrills my breast,
Her worth shall be remembered there.

"My tongue shall never hope to charm,
Unless it breathes Blesilla's name;
My fancy ne'er shall beam so warm
As when it lights Blesilla's fame.

"On her, where'er my pages fly,
My pages still shall life confer,
And every wise or beauteous eye
That studies me, shall weep for her.

"For her the widow's tear shall fall
In sympathy of single love,
And holy maids shall learn to call
On her who blooms a saint above.

"And many a learned and lonely sage,
And many a monk, recluse and hoary,
Shall love the lines and bless the page
That wafts Blesilla's name to glory."



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



POETRY has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward;' it has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, it has endeared solitude, it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." These eloquent and impressive words prefaced a book of poems bearing date "May, 1797," and up to a summer morning in 1834, when, "under the pressure of long and painful disease," he yielded to the universal conqueror, and joined the beatified spirits who praise God without let or hindrance from earth, the comfort and consolation thence derived had brought continual happiness to Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Yet was the joy of his heart and mind drawn from a far higher source. He lived and died a Christian, seeking salvation "through faith in Jesus, the Mediator," and earnestly and devoutly teaching "thanksgiving and adoring love," ending his last will and testament with these memorable words—"HIS STAFF AND HIS ROD ALIKE COMFORT ME."

It is a rare privilege to have known such a man. The influence of one so

truly good as well as great cannot have been transitory. It is a joy to me now—nearly forty years after his departure. I seem to hear the melodious voice, and look upon the gentle, gracious, and loving countenance of “the old man eloquent,” as I write this Memory, a memory of him who,—

“in bewitching words, with happy heart,
Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel.”

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at St. Mary Ottery, on the 21st October, 1772, and was thus a native of my own beautiful county—the county of Devon. His father, the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of Ottery, and head master of Henry VIII.'s Free Grammar School — “the King's School”—was a man of considerable learning, and also of much eccentricity. Many singular stories are told of him: among others, that he occasionally addressed his peasant congregation in Hebrew.

Coleridge was a solitary child, the youngest of a large family. Of weakly health, “huffed away from the enjoyments of muscular activity; driven from life in motion to life in thought and sensation,” he had “the simplicity and docility of a child, but not the child's habits,” and early sought solace and companionship in books. In *The Friend* he informs us he had read a volume of “*The Arabian Nights*” before his fifth birthday. Through the interest of Judge Buller, one of his father's pupils, he obtained a presentation to Christ's Hospital, and was placed there on the 18th July, 1782. Christ's Hospital—the Bluecoat School—was in 1782 very different from what it is in 1870. The hideous dress is now the only relic of the old management that made “such boys as were friendless, depressed, moping, half-starved, objects of reluctant and degrading charity.” There is little doubt that the treatment he received induced a weakness of stomach that was the parent of much after-misery. The head master was the Rev. James Bowyer. Coleridge writes of him:—He was “a sensible, though a severe master,” to whom “lute, harp, and lyre, muses and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene, were abominations.” De Quincey considers his great idea was to “flog;” “the man knouted his way through life from bloody youth up to truculent old age.” And Gillman relates that to such a pitch did he carry this habit, that once when a lady called upon him on “a visit of intercession,” and was told to go away, but lingered at the door, the master exclaimed, “Bring that woman here, and I'll flog *her*!” Leigh Hunt thus describes the tyrant of the school:—“His eye was close and cruel;” “his hands hung out of the sleeves of his coat as if ready for execution.” He states that Coleridge, when he heard of the man's death, said “it was lucky the cherubim who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way.”

Among his schoolfellows were Charles Lamb and, later, Leigh Hunt. The friendship with Lamb, then commenced, endured unchangingly through life. In one of the pleasantest of his essays he recalls to memory “the evenings when we used to sit and speculate at our old Salutation Tavern upon pantisocracy and golden days to come on earth.” Wordsworth told Judge Coleridge that many of

his uncle's sonnets were written from the "Cat and Salutation,"* where Coleridge had "imprisoned himself for some time;" and Talfourd tells us it was there Lamb and Coleridge used to meet, talking of poets and poetry, or, as Lamb says, "beguiling the cares of life with poetry,—

'Our lonely path to cheer, as travellers use,
With merry tale, quaint song, or roundelay.'"

Yet full draughts of knowledge Coleridge certainly took in at Christ's Hospital. Before his fifteenth year he "had translated the eight hymns of Synesius from the Greek into English anacreontics;" he became captain of the school; and in learning soon outstripped all competitors. "From eight to eighteen," he writes, "I was a playless day-dreamer, clumsy, slovenly, heedless of dress, and careless as to personal appearance, treated with severity by an unthinking master, yet ever luxuriating in books, wooing the muse, and wedded to verse."

At the age of eighteen, on the 7th of February, 1790, after much discomfort and misery, he left Christ's Hospital for Jesus College, Cambridge. His fellow-scholars even then anticipated for him the fame which many of them lived to see. "The friendly cloisters and happy groves of quiet, ever-honoured Jesus College" he quitted without a degree, although he obtained honours—poetical honours, that is to say. His reading was too desultory; in mathematics he made no way; there was, consequently, little chance of the University providing him with an income, and he had to take his chance in the world. During his residence at Cambridge occurred that romantic episode with which all readers are familiar.

* In the several memoirs of Coleridge and of Lamb, the inn is described as being in Smithfield; I believe, however, it is in Newgate Street, No. 17. Peter Cunningham so states. Cunningham adds that "here Southey found out Coleridge, and sought to move him from the torpor of inaction," Lamb, in his famous letter to Southey, reminds him of their meetings at the old tavern.

*For in this mortal frame
Crown'd as the Reptiles' lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold mortals making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things, whereon we feed.*

*J. J. Coleridge
30 April, 1830.*

Having come up to London greatly dispirited, on the 3rd of December, 1793, he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons, under the name of Silas Tomkin Cumberbatch. The story is told in various ways. Joseph Cottle, who professes to gather the facts from several "scraps" supplied by Coleridge at various times, infers that he enlisted because he was crossed in love. He made, of course, a bad soldier, and a worse rider. He did not long remain in the army. According to Cottle, he was standing sentry when two officers passed who were discussing one of the plays of Euripides. Coleridge, touching his cap, "corrected their Greek." * Another account is that one of the officers of the troop discovered some Latin lines which Coleridge had pinned up to the door of a stable. The discovery of his scholarship was made, however; his discharge was soon arranged; and he was restored to the University. Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections," states that the arrangements for his discharge took place at her father's house at Reading, where the 15th was then quartered, and adds that it was much facilitated by one of the servants who "waited at the table" agreeing to enlist in his stead.

What motive swayed the judgment, or what stormy "impulse drove the passionate despair of Coleridge into quitting Jesus College, Cambridge, was never clearly or certainly made known to the very nearest of his friends." De Quincey, who writes this, adds that he enlisted "in a frenzy of unhappy feeling at the rejection he met with from the lady of his choice." In 1836 I published in the *New Monthly Magazine* an article entitled "A letter from Wales by the late S. T. Coleridge." It was addressed to Mr. Marten, a clergyman in Dorsetshire. Coleridge being at Wrexham, standing at the window of the inn, there passed by, to his utter astonishment, a young lady, "Mary Evans, *quam afflictum et perditum amabam*—yea, even to anguish." "I sickened," he adds, "and well-nigh fainted, but instantly retired. God bless her! Her image is in the sanctuary of my bosom, and never can it be torn thence but with the strings that grapple my heart to life." May not this incident, which seems to have been unknown to his biographers, supply a key to the motive of his enlistment, as surmised by both Cottle and De Quincey?

After his return to Cambridge he formed, with Southey, the scheme of emigrating to America. Southey, in a letter to Montgomery long afterwards, thus briefly explains it:—"We planned an Utopia of our own, to be founded in the wilds of America, upon the basis of common property, each labouring for all—a PANTISOCRACY—a republic of reason and virtue." And Joseph Cottle writes:—"In 1794 Robert Lovell, a clever young Quaker, who had married a Miss Fricker, informed me that a few friends of his from Oxford and Cambridge, with himself, were about to sail to America, and on the banks of the Susquehanna to form a 'social colony,' in which there was to be a community of property, and

* In 1837, after the death of Coleridge, a volume of "Early Recollections" of the poet was published by Joseph Cottle, the bookseller of Bristol, by whom the poems of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge were originally published in 1794. The book is not "to be entirely depended upon." So, at least, Southey says. Yet it is full of curious and most interesting matter, and, beyond doubt, the publisher was the attached, and generous, and sympathising friend of the three immortal men whom he may be said to have introduced to the world. James Montgomery's view of this work seems to me a just one: "that the reminiscences had not printed a single remark that was either dishonourable to himself or derogatory to the friendship that had existed between him and the highly-gifted individuals." Cottle's bookshop stood at the N.E. corner of High Street; the house was burnt down long ago, and has been rebuilt. His residence was Firfield House, Knowle, near Bristol, where he died in 1853, in his eighty-fourth year.

where all that was selfish was to be proscribed." Two of the "patriots" were introduced to the more prudent bookseller: one of them was Coleridge, the other Southey. It was speedily ascertained that their combined funds, instead of sufficing to "freight a ship," would not have purchased changes of clothing; and very soon the Pantisocratic trio were necessitated to borrow a little money from the bookseller to pay their lodgings, which were then at 48, College Street, Bristol (the house is still standing, and remains in nearly its original condition). The scheme was, of course, abandoned, and Coleridge and Southey married the two sisters of Mr. Lovell's wife, resolved to settle down, for the present at least, at Bristol, with the intention of devoting themselves to literature.*

The shades of Chatterton, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Davy, Cottle, Lloyd, and of many others who are "famous for all time," consecrate the streets of Bristol. A dark cloud has for ever settled over the proud church of the Canynges, although a monument recalls the memory of the "marvellous boy" whose birthplace is but a stone's throw off—whose grave is past finding out among the accumulated rubbish of a graveyard in London. In Bristol great Southey was born, and there (in the city jail) Savage died, his grave, in one of the churchyards, yet unmarked by a memorial stone.† Here immortal Wordsworth first saw himself in print; here Humphry Davy had a vision of a lamp of greater worth than that of the fabled Aladdin; here dwelt the profound essayist, John Foster; here Robert Hall glorified a Nonconformist pulpit; here Hannah More taught to the young imperishable lessons of virtue, order, piety, and truth; here the sisters, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, dwelt in early youth and in venerated age; and here the artists Lawrence, Bird, Danby, Pyne, and Muller earned their first loaves of dry bread. But Bristol was never the nourishing mother of genius; the birds from her nest, as soon as full-fledged, went forth—thenceforward uncared for; they obtained no affection, and manifested no attachment. Here and there a few lines of tributary verse, and a gracious memory, bear misty records of friendships formed and services accorded in the great city of commercial prosperities; but Bristol has assuredly not honoured, neither has she been honoured by, the worthies who in a sense belong to her, and of whom all the rest of the world is rightly and justly proud.

While at college Coleridge imbibed Socinian opinions, and his mind became "terribly unsettled." In his *Monody on the Death of Chatterton* ("sweet harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy") he thus indicated his sad and perilous forebodings:—

"I dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom."

He tells us that before his fifteenth year he had bewildered himself in metaphysics and theological controversy, "and found no end, in wandering mazes lost." One of the experiments as to his future was to become a preacher. He was looked upon by the Bristolians as the rising star of Unitarianism, and he did actually, on a few occasions, preach. He preached indeed, but in so

* The miserable sneer of Byron will be remembered; but the "three sisters" were of Bristol, and not of "Bath;" in "*Don Juan*" they were transferred to Bath because the word suited better than Bristol for the rhyme of the poet.

† I suggested to a respected merchant of Bristol the removal of this reproach from the city, and I rejoice to say it has been recently done.

odd a dress and so out of the usual routine, that it was quite clear, as a minister, "he would not do."* Yet Hazlitt thus describes one of the sermons of the "half-inspired speaker:"—"I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and philosophy had met together; truth and genius had embraced under the eye, and with the sanction, of Religion."

It was not long, however, before he struggled through the slough of Socinianism, and was freed from the trammels of infidelity. Cottle records how "he professed the deepest conviction of the truths of Revelation, of the fall of man, of the divinity of Christ, and redemption alone through His blood," and had heard him say, in argument with a Socinian minister, "Sir, you give up so much, that the little you retain of Christianity is not worth keeping." He is also represented as saying of Socinians on another occasion, that "if they were to offer to construe the will of their neighbour as they did that of their Maker, they would be scouted out of society;" and he eagerly protested against the theory that there was "no spiritual world, and no spiritual life in a spiritual world." He had "skirted the howling deserts of infidelity," but he had found a haven—one that sheltered him in pain, in trouble, even in the agonies of self-reproach. He became a thorough Christian, and ever after, in all his speakings and writings, was the advocate of the Redeemer, proclaiming in a memorable letter to his godson, Adam Steinmetz Kinnaird, and on many other opportunities, that "the greatest of all blessings, and the most ennobling of all privileges, was to be indeed a Christian." This passage is from his last will and testament (dated September 17, 1829). A few of the small things of earth he had to leave he bequeathed to Ann Gillman, "the wife of my dear friend, my love for whom, and my sense of unremitting goodness and never-wearied kindness to me, I hope, and humbly trust, will follow me as a part of my abiding being in that state into which I hope to rise, through the merits and mediation, and by the efficacious power, of the Son of God incarnate, in the blessed Jesus, whom I believe in my heart, and confess with my mouth, to have been from everlasting the way and the truth, and to have become man, that for fallen and sinful men He might be the resurrection and the life."

In 1796 he started a publication which he called the *Watchman*, the motto of which was, "That all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free." The first number was issued on the 5th of February, 1796, to be published every eighth day, at the price of fourpence. It soon died, involving its editor in a heavy debt, which, happily, a friend discharged. In the "Biographia Literaria" there is a lively account of his travels in search of subscribers, mingled with some painful reminiscences of "those days of shame and regret," the degrading anxieties of his canvass. He was reminded by one to whom he applied, that twelve shillings a year was a large sum to be bestowed on one person, when there were so many objects of charity; a noble lord, whose name had been given him as a subscriber, reproved him for impudence in directing his pamphlets to him; a rich tallow-chandler was "as great a one as any man in

* Joseph Cottle says—"He preached twice at the Socinian chapel in Bath, in blue coat and white waistcoat, once on the Corn Laws and once on the hair-powder tax!" The witty answer of Charles Lamb will be called to mind. Coleridge asked him, "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else," was the reply.

Brummagem for liberty and them sort of things," but begged to be excused; while an opulent cotton-dealer in Manchester was "overrun with these articles," and another "had no time for reading, and no money to spare." At the ninth number he "dropped the work," and had the satisfaction of seeing his servant light his fires with the surplus stock, recording the event in this expressive line—

"O Watchman, thou hast watched in vain!"

But, in truth, he soon disgusted all his Jacobin supporters by attacking "modern patriotism," and raising a warning voice against it. Like "Balaam, the son of Beor," he blessed where he was employed to curse. Instead of advocating infidelity and the freedom that France was then brewing in her infernal caldron, French morals, and French philosophy, he "avowed his conviction that national education, and a concurring spread of the Gospel, were the indispensable condition of any true political amelioration." Loyalty is now the easiest of all our duties—thank God! It was not so when Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth were Republicans. While residing at Stowey, and having Wordsworth for his constant companion, Coleridge and his friend were suspected of being Jacobins; they were actually placed under surveillance, and a spy was ordered to watch their movements. They were guilty of talking to each other "real Hebrew Greek," and of wandering about the hills with papers in their hands; but nothing more formidable being urged, they remained at large.

The help of Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood—worthy sons of a great father, honoured be the name!—by settling on Coleridge an annuity of £150, placed him at comparative ease. "Thenceforward," he writes, "instead of troubling others with my own crude notions, I was better employed in attempting to store my own head with the wisdom of others." By that help "I was enabled to finish my education in Germany." In September, 1798, he sailed with Wordsworth and his sister from Great Yarmouth to Hamburg. He was but fourteen months absent, and returned to London in November, 1799. The fruits of his journey were seen in his translation of "Wallenstein," which he wrote at a lodging in Buckingham Street, Strand. His travels in Germany, entitled "Fragments of a Journey over the Brocken," &c., he gave to me in 1828, for publication in the *Amulet* (one of the then popular "Annuals," of which I was editor from the year 1825 to the year 1836); they were subsequently reprinted by Mr. Gillman, in his *Life of Coleridge*.^{*} They contained the well-known poem—

"I stood on Brocken's sov'ran height."

He was soon afterwards engaged in the literary department of the *Morning Post*. Subsequently he visited Malta, Rome, Naples, and other parts of Italy, from which, however, he made a rapid exit, an order for his arrest having been sent, it is said, by Buonaparte, in consequence of his writings in the *Morning Post*.

^{*} In 1835 I printed, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which I was then the editor, three letters from Coleridge to his wife (his "dearest love," from her "faithful husband"), dated May, 1799, which contain more details of his tour than are found in the "Fragments." I cannot call to mind from whom I received them: a prefatory note states that they were given to the writer by Mr. Coleridge in 1828. It would appear that Wordsworth and Coleridge did not long travel together: Coleridge names his companions—Wordsworth is not among them. One of them, Dr. Clement Carlyon, F.R.S., published in 1836 a volume entitled "Early Years and Late Recollections," a principal part of which is occupied with details of this tour; it contains very little of any value. He states, however, that the beautiful poem, "I stood on Brocken's sov'ran height," was certainly written at the inn at Wernigerode.

The Friend, another literary venture, was published weekly; it reached its twenty-seventh number, and, like the *Watchman*, ceased from want of support. It was unfortunately printed at Penrith, and Coleridge was actually induced to set up a printer there, to buy and lay in a stock of type, paper, &c. The result was assured; the printer failed, and Coleridge had to sustain a severe pecuniary loss.

The circumstances that kept Coleridge apart from his wife during the greater portion of his life form one of those hidden mysteries into which it is not our business to inquire. Coleridge was married to Miss Sara Fricker on the 4th of October, 1795, at the church of St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol. There is abundant testimony to the amiable qualities and pure character of Mrs. Coleridge. De Quincey, perhaps, is the best authority on the subject:—"She was in all circumstances a virtuous wife and a conscientious mother." Moreover, she was by no means common-place: the affection borne for her by her sister's husband, Southey, and her long and close companionship with the high-souled Laureate, would suffice as evidence on that head. De Quincey records that, wishing her daughter to learn Italian, and in her retirement at Keswick finding it impossible to procure the aid of a master, she resolutely set herself to the task of acquiring the language, that she might teach it to her child; and Cottle prints a poem written by her of more than ordinary merit. I received the following note concerning Mrs. Coleridge from one who knew her well and loved her dearly:—"She was a woman of rare qualities, very clever and accomplished, witty, and possessed of taste and judgment in no common measure; extremely industrious, labouring for the mental and bodily needs of her children through a long life. Frugality in her reached to a great virtue. She was of transparent truthfulness, in thought, word, and deed. Her unusually clear statements were very striking both in writing and speaking. She probably withheld her 'candid admiration of her husband's intellectual powers,' which she undoubtedly was quite capable of appreciating, for she was *impatient* of what she conceived to be his impractical habits in matters of daily life, and that by which it must be clothed and fed. I have heard her speak sadly on that point; and I have often heard her speak *most* emphatically of his purity, of his uncommon gifts, and of his unlikeness to ordinary men. They took a pride in each other to the last. The mystery of their long separation can better be solved by the very common-place facts of difficulties in matters of L. S. D. than in any of the guesses that meet one on every side. Had Samuel Taylor Coleridge been a rich—or even moderately well-off—man, he and his wife would have undoubtedly ended their days under the same roof. An unromantic explanation, but nevertheless the true one. They now rest side by side in Highgate Churchyard."*

The three children of that marriage have all been, or are, distinguished in the world of letters. The eldest was Hartley Coleridge, who died young, but not until he had given to the world many poems that place his name among the poets of the century, giving him rank, indeed, beside his great father. He was

* These lines are from a poem addressed by Coleridge to his "pensive Sara," not long after their marriage:—

"Meek daughter in the family of Christ,
Well hast thou said, and holily dispraised
These shapings of the unregenerate mind,
Bubbles that glitter as they rise, and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-bubbling spring."

tenderly beloved in life by the Laureate, Robert Southey, who alludes to him in "The Doctor," as his "wife's nephew;" and by William Wordsworth, who had depicted him, when a child, as one "whose genius from afar was brought;" and who, when his mortal remains were to be laid in Grasmere Churchyard, selected the place for his burial close to his own allotted resting-place, saying, "Hartley, I know, would like to lie near me." Sara, the only daughter, married her cousin, H. N. Coleridge, and edited some of her great father's works, inheriting, indeed, much of his genius. Ample proof of this is given in her notes to the "Biographia Literaria," and the Introductory Essay to the "Aids to Reflection." Those who knew her describe her as lovely in person and in mind. Derwent Coleridge, the youngest of his children, is happily still with us, in healthy vigour. He has written a memoir, and edited the works, of his friend Mackworth Praed. He has long been recognised as a ripe scholar, and was formerly the Principal of St. Mark's College, Fulham: he is now the rector of Hanwell. His name is associated with that of his brother as his biographer and editor of his writings; with that of his father as the latest editor of his principal works. He has also published works on his own account, which evince his merit as a divine and critic, and, above all, as an educationist. Thus the name of Coleridge has been continued in honour and in usefulness, and no doubt it will be so to another generation; for not long ago, a grandson, Herbert Coleridge, achieved eminence, and was called away; and there are others who are bearing it with distinction. Genius is sometimes, though not often, hereditary.

It is unnecessary to name the Right Hon. Sir John Taylor Coleridge, or his distinguished son, the present Solicitor-General, Sir John Duke Coleridge, who represents in Parliament the city of Exeter, and who has high renown as one of the soundest lawyers and most eloquent of the men of the House of Commons.

The cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol, in which the young couple went to reside, heedless of all the requirements of life, and with literally nothing "to begin life"* upon, is still standing, and is one of the "lions" of the place. The village was then essentially rural; it is now a fashionable watering-place. The cottage, which the poet thus describes—

"Low was our pretty cot—our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber window;
 In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed, and across the porch
Thick jasmynes twined"—

is now common-place enough. "The white-flowered jasmine" and the "broad-leaved myrtle" ("meet emblems they of innocence and love") no longer blossom there; but the place has a memory; for there, out of "thick-coming fancies," were planned and penned some of the sweetest and grandest poems in our language—poems that have given joy to millions, and will continue to delight as long as that language is spoken or read. It is now called "Coleridge Cottage," and is depicted in the accompanying woodcut. The Bristolians love the place

* He seems to have faced and dared matrimony on an offer made him by the Bristol bookseller. "I told him," says Cottle, "I would give him one guinea and a half for every hundred lines he would give to me, whether rhyme or blank verse." That, in the estimation of the sanguine poet, was a certain income; for when a practical friend, with an eye rather to market prices than the Muses, asked him, "How was he to keep the pot boiling?" he answered, "Mr. Cottle had made him such an offer that he felt no solicitude on that head."

for its fresh sea-breezes and airs redolent of health that come from heath-covered downs. Will no generous hand restore as well as preserve it, that thither the young and hopeful and trustful may make pilgrimage, that there the aged may think calmly over a troubled past,

“And tranquil muse upon tranquillity?”

Subsequently he removed to a cottage at Allfoxden. The rent of the cottage was but seven pounds a year. William Howitt describes it as a poor place; but the nightingales sing there yet, and traces of past pleasantness may be noted;



COLERIDGE COTTAGE AT CLEVEDON.

the orchard trees, and the “lime-tree bower,” in which the poet thought and wrote, flourish there still.

In 1816 the wandering and unsettled ways of the poet were calmed and harmonised in the home of the Gillmans at Highgate, where the remainder of his days—nearly twenty years—were passed in entire quiet and comparative happiness. Mr. Gillman was a surgeon, and it is understood that Coleridge went to reside with him chiefly to be under his surveillance, to break himself of the fearful habit he had contracted of eating opium; a habit that grievously impaired his mind, engendered terrible self-reproach, and embittered the best

years of his life.* He was the guest and the beloved friend, as well as the patient, of Mr. Gillman, whose devoted attachment, with that of his estimable wife, supplied the calm contentment and seraphic peace—such as might have been the dream of the poet and the hope of the man. Honoured be the name, and revered the memory, of this “general practitioner,” this true friend! It is recorded of Fulke Greville, the counsellor of kings, that he ordered it to be placed on his monument, as his proudest boast, that he was

“The friend of Sir Philip Sidney.”



THE HOUSE OF THE GILLMANS AT HIGHGATE.

It is a loftier title to the gratitude of posterity, that which James Gillman claims when his tombstone records the fact that he was

“The friend of S. T. Coleridge,”

carving also on the stone two of his dear friend's lines—

“Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for fame,
He asked, and hoped through Christ—do thou the same.”

* De Quincey more than insinuates that instead of Gillman persuading Coleridge to relinquish opium, Coleridge seduced Gillman into taking it.

Gillman died on the 1st of June, 1837, having arranged to publish a *Life of Coleridge*, of which he produced but the first volume.*

Coleridge's habit of taking opium was no secret. In 1816 it had already reached a fearful pitch. It had produced "during many years an accumulation of bodily suffering that wasted the frame, poisoned the sources of enjoyment, and entailed an intolerable mental load that scarcely knew cessation;" the poet himself called it "the accursed drug." In 1814 Cottle wrote him a strong protest against this terrible and ruinous habit, entreating him to renounce it. Coleridge said in reply, "You have poured oil into the raw and festering wound of an old friend, Cottle, but it is oil of vitriol." He accounts for the "accursed habit" by stating that he had taken it first to obtain relief from intense bodily suffering, and he seriously contemplated entering a private insane asylum as the surest means of its removal. His remorse was terrible and perpetual; he was "rolling rudderless," "the wreck of what he once was," "helpless and hopeless." He revealed this "dominion" to De Quincey "with a deep expression of horror at the hideous bondage." It was this "conspiracy of himself against himself" that poisoned his life. He describes it with frantic pathos as "the scourge, the curse, the one almighty blight, that had desolated his life;" the thief,

"To steal
From my own nature all the natural man."

The habit was, it would seem, commenced in 1802; and if Mr. Cottle is to be credited, in 1814 he had been long accustomed to take "from two quarts of laudanum in a week to a pint a day." He did, it is said, ultimately conquer it: "there is more joy in heaven over one that repenteth, than over the ninety and nine who need no repentance."

It was during his residence with the Gillmans that I knew Coleridge. He had arranged to write for the *Amulet*, and circumstances warranted my often seeing him—a privilege of which I gladly availed myself. In this home at Highgate, where all even of his whims were studied with affectionate and attentive care, he preferred the quiet of home influences to the excitements of society; and although I more than once met there his friend, Charles Lamb, and other noteworthy men of whom I shall have to say something, I usually found him, to my delight, alone. There he cultivated flowers, fed his pensioners, the birds, and wooed the little children who gamboled on the heath where he took his walks daily.† I have seen him often—as Thomas Carlyle (honoured and loved among his many friends) saw him often—"on the brow of Highgate Hill, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle, attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave hearts still engaged there."‡

* Gillman published but one volume of a *Life of Coleridge*. The copy he gave me contains his corrections for another edition. De Quincey says of it that "it is a thing deader than a door-nail, which is waiting vainly, and for thousands of years is doomed to wait, for its sister volume, namely, *Volume Second*." It must be ever regretted, that of the poet's later life, of which he knew so much, he wrote nothing; but the world was justified in expecting, even in the details of his earlier pilgrimage, something which it did not get.

† "His room looked upon a delicious prospect of wood and meadow, with coloured gardens under the window, like an embroidery to the mantle. Here he cultivated his flowers, and had a set of birds for his pensioners, who came to breakfast with him. He might have been seen taking his daily stroll up and down, with his black coat and white locks, and a book in his hand, and was a great acquaintance of the little children."
—LEIGH HUNT.

‡ "Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage, escaped from the inanity of life's battle, attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable

It is a beautiful view, such as can be rarely seen out of England, that which the poet had from the window of his bed-chamber. Underneath, a valley, rich in "patrician trees," divides the hill of Highgate from that of Hampstead. The tower of the old church at Hampstead rises above a thick wood—a dense forest



THE CHAMBER OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

it seems—although here and there a graceful villa stands out from among the dark green drapery that enfolds it. It is easy to imagine the poet often contrast-

brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic, character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and point to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. A sublime man; who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood, escaping from the black materialisms and revolutionary deluges with 'God, freedom, immortality,' still his: a king of men!"—CARLYLE.

ing this home-scene with that of "Brocken's sov'ran height," where no "finer influence of friend or child" had greeted him, and exclaiming—

"O thou queen!
Thou delegated Deity of earth,
O dear, dear England!"

And what a wonderful change there is in the scene when the pilgrim to the shrine at Highgate leaves the garden, and walks a few steps beyond the elm avenue that still fronts the house! Here he looks over London, "the mighty heart" of a great free country:—

"Earth hath not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

Forty years have brought houses all about the place, and shut in the prospect; yet from any ascent you may see regal Windsor on one side, and Gravesend on the other—twenty miles of view, look which way you will. But when the poet dwelt there, all London was within ken a few yards from his door. The house has undergone some changes; still the garden is much as it was when I used to find the poet feeding his birds there. It has the same wall—moss-covered now—that overhangs the dell; a shady tree-walk shelters it from sun and rain; it was the poet's walk at mid-day. A venerable climber—the glyceras—was no doubt planted by the poet's hand; it was new to England when he was old, and what more likely than that his friends would have bidden him plant it where it has since flourished forty years or more? Many who visit it will say, in the words of Charles Lamb, his "fifty years old friend, without a dissension,"—"What was his house is consecrated to me a chapel."

I was fortunate in sharing some of the regard of Mr. and Mrs. Gillman. After the poet's death, they gave me his inkstand (a plain inkstand of wood), which is before me as I write, and a myrtle on which his eyes were fixed as he died: it is now an aged and gnarled tree, and was long honoured in our conservatory. As we have now no conservatory, a friend more fortunate has the charge of this treasure.*

* Mrs. Gillman gave me also the following sonnet. I believe it never to have been published; but, although she requested I "would not have copies of it made to give away," I presume the prohibition cannot now be binding, after a lapse of thirty years since I received it. The poet, he who wrote the sonnet, and the admirable woman to whom it was addressed, have long since met.

"SONNET ON THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

"And thou art gone, most loved, most honour'd friend!
No, never more thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of earth, its pure, ideal tones,
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more
Shall with thee gaze on that unfathom'd deep,
The human soul, as when, push'd off the shore,
Thy mystic bark would through the darkness sweep,
Itself the while so bright! For oft we seem'd
As on some starless sea—all dark above,
All dark below; yet, onward as we drove,
To plough up light that ever round us stream'd.
But he who mourns is not as one bereft
Of all he loved: thy living Truths are left."

"WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

"Cambridge Port, Massachusetts, America.

"For my *still* dear friend, Mrs. Gillman, of the Grove, Highgate."

One of the very few letters of Coleridge I have preserved I transcribe, as it illustrates his goodness of heart and willingness to put himself to inconvenience for others :—

"DEAR SIR," it runs, "I received some five days ago a letter depicting the distress and urgent want of a widow and a sister, with whom, during the husband's lifetime, I was for two or three years a house-mate, and yesterday the poor lady came up herself, almost clamorously soliciting me, not indeed to assist her from my own purse—for she was previously assured that there was nothing therein—but to exert myself to collect the sum of £20, which would save her from God knows what. On this hopeless task—for perhaps never man whose name had been so often in print for praise or reprobation had so few intimates as myself—I recollected that before I left Highgate for the sea-side, you had been so kind as to intimate that you considered some trifle due to me. Whatever it be, it will go some way to eke out the sum, which I have with a sick heart been all this day trotting about to make up, guinea by guinea. You will do me a real service (for my health perceptibly sinks under this unaccustomed flurry of my spirits) if you could make it convenient to enclose to me, however small the sum may be, if it amount to a bank note of any denomination, directed 'Grove, Highgate,' where I am, and expect to be any time for the next eight months. In the meantime, believe me,

"Your obliged,
"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"4th December, 1828."

I find also, at the back of one of his manuscripts, the following poem, which I believe to be unpublished. I cannot discover it in any edition of his works.

"LOVE'S BURIAL-PLACE.

"A MADRIGAL.

"Lady.—If Love be dead—

Poet.— And I aver it.

Lady.—Tell me, Bard, where Love lies buried.

Poet.—Love lies buried where 'twas born.

O gentle dame, think it no scorn,
If in my fancy I presume
To call thy bosom poor Love's tomb,
And on that tomb to read the line—
'Here lies a Love that once seemed mine,
But caught a chill, as I divine,
And died at length of a decline!'"

I have engraved a copy of his autograph lines, as he wrote them in Mrs. Hall's Album; they will be found too, as a note, in the "Biographia Literaria :"—

"ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE BUTTERFLY, ON THE 2ND LEAF OF THIS ALBUM.

"The Butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name;
But of the soul escaped the slavish trade
Of earthly life! For in this mortal frame
Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed!"

"S. T. COLERIDGE,
"30th April, 1830."

All who had the honour of the poet's friendship or acquaintance speak of the marvellous gift which gave to this illustrious man almost a character of inspiration. Montgomery describes the poetry of Coleridge as like electricity, "flashing at rapid intervals with the utmost intensity of effect," and contrasts it with that of Wordsworth, like galvanism, "not less powerful, but rather continuous than sudden in its wonderful influences." Wilson, in the "Noctes," writes thus: "Wind him up, and away he goes, discoursing most eloquent music, without a discord, full, ample, inexhaustible, serious, and divine;" and in another

place, "He becomes inspired by his own silver voice, and pours out wisdom like a sea." Wordsworth speaks of him "as quite an epicure in sound." The liveliest and truest image he could give of Coleridge's talk was that of "a majestic river, the sound or sight of whose course you caught at intervals, which was sometimes concealed by forests, sometimes lost in sand, then came flashing out, broad and distinct, then again took a turn which your eye could not follow, yet you knew and felt that it was the same river." The painter Haydon makes note of his "lazy luxury of poetical outpouring;" and Rogers ("Table Talk") is reported to have said, "One morning, breakfasting with me, he talked for three hours without intermission, so admirably, that I wished every word he uttered had been written down;" but he does not quote a single sentence of all the poet said.* And a writer in the *Quarterly Review* expresses his belief that nothing is too high for the grasp of his conversation, nothing too low; it glanced from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, with a speed and a splendour, an ease and a power, that almost seemed inspired." De Quincey said that he had "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and the most comprehensive, that has yet existed amongst men." Of Coleridge, Shelley writes:—

"All things he seemed to understand,
Of old or new, at sea or land,
Save his own soul, which was a mist."

The wonderful eloquence of his conversation can be comprehended only by those who have heard him speak—"linked sweetness long drawn out;" it was sparkling at times, and at times profound; but the melody of his voice, the impressive solemnity of his manner, the radiant glories of his intellectual countenance, bore off, as it were, the thoughts of the listener from his discourse, who rarely carried away any of the gems that fell from the poet's lips.

I have listened to him more than once for above an hour, of course without putting in a single word; I would as soon have attempted a song while a nightingale was singing. There was rarely much change of countenance; his face, when I knew him, was overladen with flesh, and its expression impaired; yet to me it was so tender, and gentle, and gracious, and loving, that I could have knelt at the old man's feet almost in adoration. My own hair is white now; yet I have much the same feeling as I had then, whenever the form of the venerable man rises in memory before me. Yet I cannot recall—and I believe could not recall at the time, so as to preserve as a cherished thing in my remembrance—a single sentence of the many sentences I heard him utter. In his "Table Talk" there is a world of wisdom, but that is only a collection of scraps, chance-gathered. If any left his presence unsatisfied, it resulted rather from the superabundance than the paucity of the feast.† And probably there has never been an author

* Madame de Staël said that Coleridge was "rich in a monologue, but poor in a dialogue;" and Hazlitt said sneeringly, "Excellent talker, very—if you would let him start from no premises, and come to no conclusion."

† It may not be forgotten that the Rev. Edward Irving, in dedicating to Coleridge one of his books, acknowledges his obligations to the venerable sage for many valuable teachings, "as a spiritual man and as a Christian pastor," lessons derived from his "*conversations*" concerning the revelations of the Christian faith—"helps in the way of truth"—from listening to his discourses. Charles Lamb thus writes: "He would talk from morn to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight, yet who would interrupt him, who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse fetched from Hebron or Zion?" Coleridge has said "he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtle fancies by word of mouth."

who was less of an egotist: it was never of himself he talked; he was always under the influence of that divine precept, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

I can recall many evening rambles with him over the high lands that look down on London; but the memory I cherish most is linked with a crowded street, where the clumsy and the coarse jostled the old man eloquent, as if he had been earthy, of the earth. It was in the Strand: he pointed out to me the window of a room in the office of the *Morning Post* where he had consumed much midnight oil; and then for half an hour he talked of the sorrowful joy he had often felt when, leaving the office as day was dawning, he heard the song of a caged lark that sung his orisons from the lattice of an artisan who was rising to begin his labour as the poet was pacing homewards to rest after his work all night. Thirty years had passed, but that unforgotten melody—that dear bird's song—gave him then as much true pleasure as when, to his wearied head and heart, it was the matin hymn of nature.

I remember once meeting him in Paternoster Row; he was inquiring his way to Bread Street, Cheapside, and, of course, I endeavoured to explain to him that if he walked on for about two hundred yards, and took the fourth turning to the right, it would be the street he wanted. I noted his expression, so vague and unenlightened, that I could not help expressing my surprise as I looked earnestly at his forehead, and saw the organ of "locality" unusually prominent above the eyebrows. He took my meaning, laughed, and said, "I see what you are looking at: why, at school my head was beaten into a mass of bumps, because I could not point out Paris in a map of France." It has been said that Spurzheim pronounced him to be a mathematician, and affirmed that he could not be a poet. Such opinion the great phrenologist could not have expressed, for undoubtedly he had a large organ of ideality, although at first it was not perceptible, in consequence of the great breadth and height of his profound forehead.

Whenever it was my privilege to be admitted to the evening meetings at Highgate, I met some of the men who were then famous, and have since become parts of the literature of England, among whom sat Coleridge talking, and looking "all sweet and simple and divine things, the very personification of meekness and humility," though fully aware that he was the centre of an intellectual circle. Indeed, to his utter unselfishness witness is tendered by all who have ever written concerning him: he seemed striving to think how much he could give to, and never what he might get from, those with whom he came in contact. Even his engrossing conversation is evidence of this; and there is abundant proof that he ever sought to make the best of the works of others, though very rarely referring to his own.

I attended one of his lectures at the Royal Institution, and I strive to recall him as he stood before his audience there. There was but little animation; his theme did not seem to stir him into life; the ordinary repose of his countenance was rarely broken up; he used little or no action; and his voice, though mellifluous, was monotonous. He lacked, indeed, that earnestness without which no man is truly eloquent.

At the time I speak of he was growing corpulent and heavy; being seldom free from pain, he moved apparently with difficulty, yet liked to walk, with

shuffling gait, up and down and about the room as he talked, pausing now and then as if oppressed by suffering.

I need not say that I was a silent listener during the evenings to which I refer, when there were present some of those who "teach us from their urns;" but I was free to gaze on the venerable man—one of the humblest, and one of the most fervid, perhaps, of the worshippers by whom he was surrounded, and to treasure in memory the poet's gracious and loving looks—the "thick waving silver hair"—the still, clear blue eye; and on such occasions I used to leave him as if I were in a waking dream, trying to recall, here and there, a sentence of the many weighty and mellifluous sentences I had heard—seldom with success—and feeling at the moment as if I had been surfeited with honey.

May I not now lament that I did not foresee a time when I might be called upon to write concerning this good and great and most lovable man? How much I might have enriched these pages—now but weak records of the impressions I received!

Many famous men have described the personal appearance of the poet. The best portrait of him is, I think, from the pen of Wordsworth:—

"A noticeable man, with large, grey eyes,
And a *pale* face, that seemed, undoubtedly,
As if a *blooming* face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
Depress'd by weight of moving phantasy;
Profound his forehead was, though not severe."

Wordsworth also speaks of him as "the brooding poet with the heavenly eyes," and as "often too much in love with his own dejection." That the one loved the other dearly is certain: they were more than mere words those that Wordsworth addressed to Coleridge:—

"O friend! O poet! brother of my soul!"

But the earliest word-portrait we have of him was drawn by Wordsworth's sister in 1797:—"At first I thought him very plain; that is, for about three minutes. He is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough black hair. His eye is large and full, and not dark, but grey, such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead." This is De Quincey's sketch of him in 1807:—"In height he seemed about five feet eight inches; in reality he was an inch and a half taller.* His person was broad and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, though not what painters technically call fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were soft and large in their expression, and it was by a peculiar appearance of haze or dimness which mixed with their light." "A lady of Bristol," writes De Quincey, "assured me she had not seen a young man so engaging in his exterior as Coleridge when young, in 1796. He had then a blooming and healthy complexion, beautiful and luxuriant hair falling in natural curls over his shoulders." Lockhart says, "Coleridge has a grand head; nothing can surpass the depth of meaning in his eyes, and the unutterable dreamy luxury of his lips." Hazlitt

* De Quincey elsewhere states his height to be five feet ten inches—exactly the height of Wordsworth—both having been measured in the studio of the painter Haydon.

describes him in early manhood as "with a complexion clear, and even light, a forehead broad and high, as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. His mouth was rather open, his chin good-humoured and round, and his nose small. His hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, fell in smooth masses over his forehead—long, liberal hair, peculiar to enthusiasts."

"A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread."

Sir Humphry Davy, writing of him in 1808, says, "His mind is a wilderness, in which the cedar and the oak, which might aspire to the skies, are stunted in their growth by underwood, thorns, briars, and parasitical plants: with the most exalted genius, enlarged views, sensitive heart, and enlightened mind, he will be the victim of want of order, precision, and regularity." And Leigh Hunt speaks of his open, indolent, good-natured mouth, and of his forehead as "prodigious—a great piece of placid marble." Wordsworth again—

"Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy,
Tossing his limbs about him in delight."

In the autumn of 1833, Emerson, on his second visit to England, called on Coleridge. He found him, "to appearance, a short, thick old man, with bright blue eyes and fine clear complexion." The poet, however, did not impress the American favourably, and the hour's talk was of "no use, beyond the gratification of curiosity." They did not assimilate: it was not given to the hard and cold thinker to comprehend the nature of "the brooding poet with the heavenly eyes;" and assuredly Coleridge could have had but small sympathy with his unsought-for, and perhaps unwelcome, guest. A more minute, and certainly a more true picture is that which Carlyle formed of him, in words, some years later, and probably not long before his removal from earth:—"Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude: in walking he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said preaching earnestly, and also hopelessly, the weightiest things." About the same period a writer in the *Quarterly Review* thus pictures him:—"His clerical-looking dress, the thick waving silver hair, the youthful-coloured cheek, the indefinable mouth and lips, the quick, yet steady and penetrating greenish-grey eye, the slow and continuous enunciation, and the everlasting music of his tones." Procter, writing of him, says:—"In his mature age he had a full round face, a fine broad forehead, rather thick lips, and strange, dreamy eyes." In Lamb's words, "his white hair shrouded a capacious brain."

There are several portraits of him. The best is that which was painted by his friend Alston, the American artist, at Rome, in 1806. Wordsworth speaks of it as "the only likeness of the great original that ever gave me the least pleasure."* The woodcut at the head of this notice is engraved from the portrait by Northcote: it strongly recalls him to my remembrance.

Although in youth and earlier manhood Coleridge had perpetually been—

"Chasing chance-starting friendships,"

not long before his death he is described as "thankful for the deep, calm peace of mind he then enjoyed—a peace such as he had never before experienced, nor scarcely hoped for." All things were then looked at by him through an atmosphere by which all were reconciled and harmonised.

It is true that he failed to perform all he purposed to do: of what high soul can it be said otherwise? But his friend, Justice Talfourd, who, while testifying to the benignity of his nature, describes his life as "one splendid and sad prospectus," does the poet and philosopher scant justice. What he *might* have done was, perhaps, hardly known to himself, and could but be guessed at by others. Whatever the "promise" may have been, the "performance" was prodigious. To quote the words of his nephew, H. N. Coleridge, "he did, in his vocation, the day's work of a giant." The American edition of his works, which is not quite complete, extends to seven closely-printed volumes, each of more than seven hundred pages! If he had done nothing but "talk," his life would not have been spent idly or in vain, as the "Table-Talk" may testify; but as a writer, who of the generation has done more? If, as Hazlitt writes, in the later years of his life, "he may be said to have lived on the sound of his own voice;" and if, according to Wordsworth, "his mental power was frozen at its marvellous source;"† yet what a world of wealth he has bequeathed to us, although the whole produce of his pen, in poetry, is compressed within one single small volume! All must lament that this illustrious man whom De Quincey describes as "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and the most comprehensive, that has yet existed among men," should have given way to the evil habit which made life miserable to him. But while lamenting what we have thereby lost, we may be consoled by the excellence of what has been preserved.

A few months ago I again drove to Highgate, and visited the house in which the poet passed so many happy years of calm contentment and seraphic peace; again repeated these lines, which, next to his higher faith, expressed the faith by which his life was ruled and guided:—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all!"‡

His mortal remains lie in a vault in the graveyard of the old church at High-

* This portrait is now in the National Portrait Gallery—a recent acquisition.

† Very early in his life Lord Egmont said of him, "He talks very much like an angel, and does nothing at all." De Quincey speaks of his indolence as "inconceivable;" and Joseph Cottle relates some amusing instances of his forgetfulness even of the hour at which he had arranged to deliver a lecture to an assembled audience.

‡ It was once said to me, by a common "navvy," "I wouldn't give much for a man's Christianity if his dog was none the better for it."

gate. He was a "stranger" in the parish where he died, notwithstanding his long residence there, and was, therefore, interred alone. Not long afterwards, however, the vault was built to receive the body of his wife. There the two rest together. It is enclosed by a thick iron grating, the interior lined with white marble, containing the letters marked in the woodcut. When I visited the tomb in 1864, one of the marble slabs had accidentally given way, and the coffin was



THE GRAVE OF COLERIDGE.

partially exposed. I laid my hand upon it in solemn reverence, and gratefully recalled to memory him who, in his own emphatic words, had

"Here found life in death."

The tablet that contains the epitaph is on one of the side-walls of the new

church. It was consecrated two years before the poet's departure ; and although it shut out his view of mighty London, it was pleasant to know that in his later days he had often looked on that temple of God. The tablet that records the death of Mr. Gillman (and also that of his wife, who survived him many years) is of the same size and form as that of the friend they loved so dearly.*

I would omit only the word "perchance" when I quote these lines from the poet, and to the poet apply them—to him who works untrammelled in another sphere, beloved by the Master he served in this :—

"Meek at the throne of mercy and of God,
Perchance thou raisest high th' enraptured hymn,
Amid the blaze of seraphim!"

* These are the inscriptions on the monument to both Coleridge and his friend Gillman :—

Sacred to the Memory
of
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,
Poet, Philosopher, Theologian.
This truly great and good man resided for
The last nineteen years of his life
In this hamlet.
He quitted the "body of this death"
July 25th, 1834,
In the sixty-second year of his age.
Of his profound learning and discursive genius
His literary works are an imperishable record.
To his private worth,
His social and Christian virtues,
JAMES and ANN GILLMAN,
The friends with whom he lived
During the above period, dedicate this tablet.
Under the pressure of a long
And most painful disease,
His disposition was unalterably sweet and angelic.
He was an *ever-enduring, ever-loving* friend,
The gentlest and kindest teacher,
The most engaging home companion.

"O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!
O studious poet, eloquent for truth!
Philosopher, contemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, childlike, full of life and love,
Here, on thy monumental stone, thy friends inscribe thy worth."

Reader! for the world mourn,
A Light has passed away from the earth;
But for this pious and exalted Christian
Rejoice, and again I say unto you, Rejoice!
Ubi
Thesaurus,
Ibi
Cor.
S. T. C.

Sacred to the Memory
of
JAMES GILLMAN, SURGEON,
(The friend of S. T. Coleridge.)

For many years an eminent practitioner in this place. He died at Ramsgate, where his remains are interred, on the 1st of June, 1839, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Whilst on earth his integrity of heart and generosity of character gained the confidence and esteem of men.

His Christian faith has, we humbly trust, through the merit of the Saviour, obtained the promise of a better inheritance.

"Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for Fame—
He asked, and hoped through Christ! Do thou the same."

HIGHGATE, 13th Nov., 1842.

More than once I met, with Coleridge, at the house of the Gillmans, and afterwards at other places, that most remarkable man—"martyr and saint," as Mrs. Oliphant styles him—Edward Irving. He and Coleridge were singular contrasts—in appearance, that is to say, for their minds and souls were in harmony. The Scottish minister was very tall, powerful in frame, and of great physical vigour; "a gaunt and gigantic figure," his long, black, "wavy" hair hanging partially over his shoulders. His features were large and strongly marked; but the expression was grievously marred, like that of Whitefield, by a squint that abstracted much from his "apostolic" character, and must have operated prejudicially as regarded his mission. His mouth was exquisitely "cut:" it might have been a model for a sculptor who desired to portray strong will combined with generous sympathy. Yet he looked what he was—a brave man; a man whom no abuse could humble, no injuries subdue, no oppression crush. To me he realised the idea of John the Baptist—"one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about him, and whose food was locusts and wild honey."

Gilfillan represents Irving in his "Gallery of Literary Portraits,"—a work of rare worth, the value of which will increase more and more as time removes the "originals" farther off:—"His aspect wild, yet grave, as of one labouring under some mighty burden; his voice deep, yet clear, and with crashes of power alternatory with cadences of softest melody; his action, now graceful as the wave of the rose-bush in the breeze, and now fierce and urgent as the midnight motion of the oak in the hurricane."

Three great men have borne testimony to the high qualities of his heart and mind. Procter says of him:—"He was one of the best and truest men it has been my good fortune to meet in life." Lamb describes him as "firm, outspoken, intrepid, and docile as a pupil of Pythagoras." And this is the testimony of Thomas Carlyle:—"But for Irving I had never known what the communion of man with man means: he was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul man ever came in contact with; the best man I have ever (after trial enough) found in this world, or now hope to find." Those who would know more of him may consult the volumes of his biographer, Mrs. Oliphant.

In the pulpit—where I lament to say I heard him but once, and then not under the peculiar influences that so often swayed and guided him—he was undoubtedly an orator, thoroughly earnest in his work, and beyond all question deeply and solemnly impressed with the duty to which he was devoted. I fancy I see him there now—as Hazlitt writes, "launching into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind." At times, no doubt, his manner, action, and appearance bordered on the grotesque; but it was impossible to listen without being carried away by the intense fervour and fiery zeal with which he dwelt on the promises, or annunciated the threats, of the prophets, his predecessors. His vehemence was often startling, sometimes appalling. Leigh Hunt called him "the Boanerges of the Temple." He was a soldier, as well as a servant, of the Cross. Few men of his age aroused more bitter or more unjust and unchristian hostility. He was in advance of his time; perhaps, if he were living now, he would still be so, for the spirituality of his nature cannot yet be understood. There were not wanting those who decried him as a pretender, a hypocrite, and

a cheat : those who knew him best depose to the honesty of his heart, the depth of his convictions, the fervour of his faith ; and many yet live who will indorse this eloquent tribute of his biographer :—"To him mean thoughts and unbelieving hearts were the only things miraculous and out of nature : " he "desired to know nothing in heaven or earth, neither comfort, nor peace, nor rest, nor any consolation, but the will and work of the Master he loved." To some he was but the "comet of a season ;" to others he was a burning and a shining light, that, issuing from the obscure Scottish town of Annan, heralded the way to life eternal. He died in 1834, comparatively young : there were but forty-two years between his birth and death. More than thirty years have passed since he was called from earth, and to this generation the name of Edward Irving is little more than a sound, "signifying nothing ;" yet it was a power in his day, and the seed he scattered cannot all have fallen among thorns. His love for Coleridge was devoted—a mingling of admiration, affection, and respect. "At the feet of that Gamaliel he sat weekly." Their friendship lasted for years, and was full of kindness on the part of the philosopher, and of reverential respect on that of Irving, who, following the natural instinct of his own ingenuous nature, changed in an instant, in such a presence, from the orator who, speaking in God's name, assumed a certain austere pomp of position, more like an authoritative priest than a mere presbyter, into the simple and candid listener, more ready to learn than he was to teach.

They were made acquainted by a mutual friend, Basil Montagu, who himself occupied no humble station in intellectual society. His "evenings" were often rare mental treats : he presented the most refined picture of a gentleman—tall, slight, courteous, seemingly ever smiling, yet without an approach to insincerity : he had the esteem of his contemporaries, and the homage of the finer spirits of his time. They were earned and merited. "Gentle enthusiast in the cause of humanity"—that is what Talfourd calls Basil Montagu. Those who knew him knew also his wife—one of the most admirable women I have ever known. She was likened to Mrs. Siddons, and forcibly recalled the portraits of that eminently-gifted woman : tall and stately, and with evidence, which time had by no means obliterated, of great beauty in youth ; her expression somewhat severe, yet gracious in manner and generous in words. She had been the honoured associate of many of the finer spirits of her time, and not a few of them were her familiar friends.* She might have suggested these lines to Joanna Baillie:—

"So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe ; but when she smiled,
Methought I could have compassed sea and land,
To do her bidding."

* Procter, "Barry Cornwall," is the husband of the daughter of Mrs. Montagu by a former marriage, and their daughter, Adelaide Procter, during her brief life, made a name that will be classed with those of the best poets of the century. Basil Montagu was the son of Lord Sandwich and Miss Rea, an actress, the story of whose murder is one of the English *causes célèbres*.



CHARLES LAMB.



CHARLES LAMB was born on the 18th February, 1775, in Crown Office Row, Inner Temple, his father being in the employ of one of the Benchers as his "clerk, servant, friend, flapper, guide, stopwatch, auditor, and treasurer." On the 9th of October, 1782, the boy was placed in the school of Christ's Hospital, as the "son of John Lamb, scrivener, and Elizabeth, his wife." He is described as then of small stature, delicate frame, and constitutionally nervous and timid; of mild countenance, complexion clear brown, eyes of different colours, with "a walk slow and peculiar," and a "difficulty of utterance" that was something more than an impediment in his speech. At

Christ's Hospital was formed his friendship with his schoolfellow, Coleridge—a friendship that continued without interruption until the poet-philosopher was laid in his grave at Highgate. They were, as Lamb writes, "fifty-year friends without interruption." A memory of this estimable man may, therefore, fitly follow that of Coleridge, although I knew less of him than I did of many others who have left their impress on the age.

In 1789 he quitted Christ's Hospital, and obtained a situation at the India House, where he remained during thirty-six years, rarely taking a holiday. In 1825 he "retired from the drudgery of the desk," with a pension sufficient for all the moderate needs and luxuries of life.

No doubt such drudgery may have been, to some extent, irksome to a man of letters, who loved to use the pen for a higher purpose than that of dull entries in heavy ledgers; but it had a "set off" in the safeguard from pecuniary perils that too frequently cage the spirit and cramp the energies of men of lofty intellect and aspiring souls. On many occasions Lamb expressed his thankfulness that he was not, as so many are—as so many of his friends were—compelled to learn, from terrible experience,—

"How salt the savour is of others' bread."

In 1822 he wrote to Bernard Barton, a banker's clerk,—*"I am, like you, a prisoner to the desk; I have been chained to that galley thirty years; I have almost grown to the wood."* And again,—*"What a weight of wearisome prison hours have I to look back and forward to, as quite cut out of life!"* Yet he tenders this counsel to the Quaker poet, who had contemplated resigning his post, *"trusting to the booksellers"* for bread:—*"Throw yourself from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash, headlong upon iron spikes, rather than become the slave of the booksellers;"* and he blesses his star *"that Providence, not seeing good to make him independent, had seen it next good to settle him down upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall Street;"* while he sympathised with, and mourned over, the *"corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight who must draw upon it for daily sustenance."* *"There is corn in Egypt,"* he wrote, *"while there is cash in Leadenhall."* He was therefore content with his lot, although *"every half-hour's absence from office duties was set down in a book;"* yet when ultimately released from the oar, he *"could scarcely comprehend the magnitude of his deliverance;"* and was grateful for it.

But, in truth, it was no punishment to Charles Lamb to be *"in populous city pent."* In the streets and alleys of the metropolis he found themes as fertile as his contemporaries had sought and obtained among the hills and valleys of Westmoreland; where great men had trodden was to him *"hallowed ground;"* and many a dingy building of unseemly brick was to him holy, as the birth-place, the death-place, or the intellectual laboratory of some mighty luminary of the past. He once paid a visit to Coleridge at Keswick, and though he conceded the grandeur and the glory of old Skiddaw, and admitted that he might live a year or so among such scenes, he should *"mope and pine away if he had no prospect of again seeing Fleet Street."* Writing to the high-priest of Nature, Wordsworth, he says, *"I do not now care if I never see a mountain in my life; I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature."* And Talfourd had heard him declare that his *"love for natural scenery would be abundantly satisfied by the patches of long waving grass and the stunted trees that blacken in the old churchyard nooks which you may yet find bordering on Thames Street."* The Strand and Fleet Street were to him *"better places to live in, for good and all, than underneath old Skiddaw;"* and Covent Garden was

"dearer to him than any garden of Alcinous." So late as 1829, when he had been some years free to wander at his own sweet will, he writes to Wordsworth,—"O let no Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable." But thus on the same subject wrote Robert Southey:—"To dwell in that foul city—to endure the common, hollow, cold, lip-intercourse of life—to walk abroad and never see green field, or running brook, or setting sun—will it not wither up my faculties like some poor myrtle that in the

'Town air
Pines in the parlour window?'"

Lamb is not the only Londoner to whom the huge city has been, or is, a refreshing luxury. James Smith used to say that "London was the best place

*I had sense in dreams of a Beauty rare,
Whom fate had spell-bound and rooted there,
Stooping, like some enchanted Theme,
Over the marge of that Amethyst stream
Where the blooming Greek, to Echo blind,
With self love fond had to waters joined.*
Chas Lamb.

in summer, and the only place in winter." It was Jekyll who proposed to make country lanes tolerable by having them paved. Dr. Johnson grew angry when people abused London, saying, "Sir, the man who is tired of London is tired of existence." While I had a residence among the healthful commons and thick woods of West Surrey, a distinguished author of this class was my guest, and was located in a pretty little lodge sheltered among tall trees, where nightingales were singing. In the morning he complained they had kept him awake all night. "Well," I said, "surely it is not much of a misery to be kept awake by 'the bird most musical.'" "Nay," he replied, "if I am kept from sleep, I do not see much difference between nightingales and cats!" The love of Lamb for London was, in fact, an absolute passion. Hazlitt says of him, "The streets of London are his faery land, teeming with wonder, with life and interest, to his retrospective glance, as it did to the eager eye of childhood. He has contrived to weave its tritest traditions into a bright and endless romance."

Although Lamb had thus ample scope for continual enjoyment, and was saved

from the necessities that so often beset the paths of men of genius, there was a skeleton in his house, and pleasure was ever associated with a terror more appalling than Death. His beloved sister—his dear companion and cherished friend—was subject to periodical fits of insanity, during one of which, with her own hand, she killed her beloved mother. There is nothing in human history more entirely sad than the records of the walks these two made together, when, thereafter, as the cloud came over her mind, and she saw the evil hour approaching, they paced along the road and across fields, weeping bitterly both—she to be left at the lunatic asylum until time and regimen restored reason, and he to return to his mournful and lonely home.

What a sad picture it is—harrowing, appalling! Lamb carried with him on such journeys the “strait waistcoat” that was ever near at hand, and brought it back with him when, sufficiently recovered, she returned with him to gladden his roof-tree; for she brought with her the sunshine as well as the shadow.

The fatal death of the mother took place on the 22nd September, 1796. There was, of course, a coroner’s inquest, and a verdict—“Lunacy.”* The daughter was confined in Bedlam. After a time she was given up to “her friends,” and her brother thenceforward became her “guardian.” The word is far too weak to convey an idea of the never-ceasing, never-ending care and thought for her consolation and comparative comfort. It is indeed a sad task to picture him, with a perpetual dread of insanity haunting him; † loving one, whom he addresses as “the fair-haired maid” (of whom nothing further is known), but sacrificing that, and all else, to solemn and mournful Duty. It was, however, duty lightened by love; for intense affection linked these two together from the earliest to the latest hours of their lives. “The two lived as one in double singleness together:” on her side affectionate and earnest watching; on his a charming deference, “pleasant evasions,” little touches of gratitude, perpetual care—anxious and troubled care.

In one of her letters to her brother during her temporary confinement she writes:—“The spirit of my mother seems to descend and smile upon me, and bid me live to enjoy the life and reason the Almighty has given me.” And she did live to enjoy both, in calm and sorrowful content, to a very old age, surviving her brother many years—dying on the 20th of May, 1847. She was placed in the grave by his side:—

“In death they were not divided.”

His life is truly described as a “life of uncongenial toil, diversified with frequent sorrow.” Talfourd gently refers to his only blot—his “one single frailty”—“the eagerness with which he would quaff exciting liquors;” that he attributes to “a physical peculiarity of constitution.” ‡ It was “a kind of cor-

* The awful story is told by himself in a letter to Coleridge:—“My poor dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand time enough only to snatch the knife out of her grasp. My poor father was slightly wounded.” That terrible circumstance must be regarded as the “influence” that ruled his life: it is the key that unlocks the closet, and exposes the skeleton within: his life would, indeed, be unintelligible unless this frightful incident is borne in mind. It explains and modifies all his errors, and they were very few—none that tarnished his character or hardened his heart.

† There was a tendency to insanity in the family; and Charles himself was for a time “under restraint.” In one of his letters to Coleridge he refers to the “six months he was in a mad-house at Hoxton.”

‡ Procter is by no means willing to admit that the charge of inebriety can be sustained: indeed, he denies that it can be substantiated by proof, intimating that a very small portion of alcohol “upset his head.”

poreal need," augmented, if not induced, by the heavy, irksome labours of his dull office, and still more by "the sorrows that environed him, and which tempted him to snatch a fearful joy." Lamb himself refers to his excessive love of tobacco, and his vain attempts to subdue or to control it, and describes "how from illuminating it came to darken, on a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery."

Yet, although with many drawbacks, the life of Charles Lamb was by no means without enjoyment. He had many attached friends, the earliest and the latest being his school-mate Coleridge. This tribute is from his pen :—

"My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
And hungered after nature many a year,
In the great city pent; winning thy way
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain
And strange calamity!"

And this is the tribute of Robert Southey :—

"Charles Lamb, to those who know thee justly dear
For rarest genius and for sterling worth,
Unchanging friendship, warmth of heart sincere,
And wit that never gave an ill thought birth,
Nor even in its sport infixed a sting."

It was said of him that "he had the faculty of turning even casual acquaintances into friends," and he thus touchingly records their departure :—

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces;
Some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me, all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

He was a most delightful companion, and a firm and true and never-changing friend. Of the latter there is evidence in his memorable letter to Southey, whom he considered to have wrongfully assailed Leigh Hunt;* of the former we have the testimony of so many that it is needless to quote them. Among his more frequent companions and intimate friends were Hazlitt, Godwin, Thelwall, Basil Montagu and his estimable lady, Procter, Barnes, Haydon, Carey, Knowles, Moxon, Hood, and Hone; while, later in life, he was often cheered by the light that emanated from good and tender Talfourd. His loving and eloquent biographer describes, with singular felicity, Lamb's "suppers" in the Middle Temple. In 1800 he was living at No. 16, Mitre Court Buildings; in 1817 he had removed to lodgings in Russell Street, Covent Garden, the corner house, "delightfully situated between the two great theatres." Afterwards he was again a resident in the Temple. Later in life, his residence was at Enfield, in an "odd-looking, gambogish-coloured house," from which, in 1833, he removed to Church Street, Edmonton. In 1834, in the sixtieth year of his age, he died.

"Bay Cottage," as it is now called—and I believe was called when Lamb inhabited it—is a poor dwelling: mournful-looking enough; it could never have been calculated to dissipate the gloom that must have perpetually saddened the heart and mind of the poet.

* Lamb's bitter letter to Southey—whose only offence was, that in an article in the *Quarterly Review* he had spoken of Hunt as the author of a "book that wants only a sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it is original"—he repented of, and atoned for. His guardian angel, he said (meaning his sister), was absent when he wrote it. They met, and were again friends; and in a letter to Southey, written long afterwards, he thus wrote :—"Look on me as a dog who went once temporarily insane and bit you."

Lamb and his sister were but lodgers : the house was kept by a woman named Redford, who—I learned from a person still residing there, and who well remembers both the afflicted inmates—lived by taking charge of insane patients, and was by no means worthy of such a trust, for she had habits that probably did not receive any check from the interesting patients of whom she had the care. The person I refer to recollects Miss Lamb cutting up her feather-bed, and scattering the feathers to the winds out of her window ; and told me, what I am loath to believe, that whenever Lamb or his sister “misbehaved” themselves Redford was in the habit of thrusting them into a miserable closet of the room, where they were confined sometimes for hours together until it pleased the harpy to give them freedom.*



LAMB'S RESIDENCE AT ENFIELD.

Lamb did not die in that humiliating house : his friends—according to the authority I have quoted—having discovered the manner in which he was treated, removed him from the woman's custody, a few weeks before his death, to Edmonton, and it was at Edmonton he died.

Lamb has recently received ample justice at the hands of an estimable gentleman and delightful author—a kindred spirit, who was the friend of nearly all the great men and women of his age, and who could in no way better have closed a long career of honourable intellectual labour than by a biography of

* My valued and venerable friend, Mr. Procter, not only questions this statement, but protests against it. Notwithstanding, I believe it to be correct; that it is the melancholy record of a sad fact.

one he knew so well and loved so much.* He is the last of that glorious galaxy of genius that early in the present century glorified the intellectual world :—

“All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!”

Lamb had many peculiarities; all of them were, to say the least, harmless. He playfully alludes to some of them: “I never could seal a letter without dropping the wax on one side, besides scalding my fingers.” “My letters are generally charged double at the post-office, from their clumsiness of foldure.”

The first time I saw and spoke with Charles Lamb was where he was most at home—in Fleet Street. He was of diminutive and even ungraceful appearance, thin and wiry, clumsily clad, and with a shuffling gait, more than awkward; though covered, it was easy to perceive that the head was of no common order, for the hat fell back as if it fitted better there than over a large intellectual forehead, which overhung a countenance somewhat expressive of anxiety and even pain; yet, as it was afterwards described to me by one of his nearest friends—Leigh Hunt—“deeply marked, and full of noble lines, with traces of sensibility, imagination, and much thought.” His wit was in his eye—luminous, quick, and restless; and the smile that played about his mouth was cordial and good-humoured. His person and his mind were happily characterised by his contemporary: “As his frame, so his genius; as fit for thought as can be, and equally as unfit for action.” In one of his playful moods he thus described himself: “Below the middle stature, cast of face slightly Jewish, stammers abominably.” Leigh Hunt recollected him, when young, coming to see the boys at Christ’s Hospital, “with a pensive, brown, handsome, and kindly face, and a gait advancing with a motion from side to side, between involuntary consciousness and attempted ease;” and he says of him in after life, “He had a head worthy of Aristotle, with as pure a heart as ever beat in human bosom, and limbs very fragile to sustain it. His features are strongly yet delicately cut; he has a fine eye as well as forehead, and no face carries in it greater marks of thought and feeling.” But the most finished picture of the man is that which his friend Talfourd draws: “A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose slightly curved, and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem.” Thus writes Hazlitt of Lamb: “There is a primitive simplicity and self-denial about his manners, and a Quakerism in his personal appearance, which is, however, relieved by a fine Titian head, full of dumb eloquence.” And this is the picture drawn of him by the American, N. P. Willis:—“Enter, a gentleman in black small-clothes and gaiters, short and very slight in his person, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful forward bend, his hair just sprinkled with grey, a beautiful deep-set eye, aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth.” John Forster, writing of

* Bryan Waller Procter, who made a renown under the *nom de plume* of Barry Cornwall: he lives in a green old age, honoured and beloved.

him in the *New Monthly Magazine* (1835), says :—His face was deeply marked, and full of noble lines—traces of sensibility, imagination, suffering, and much thought." Recently, Procter has thus described Lamb :—"A small spare man—somewhat stiff in his manner, and almost clerical in his dress, which indicated much wear ; he had a long, melancholy face, with keen, penetrating eyes ; he had a dark complexion, dark curling hair, almost black ; and a grave look, lighting up occasionally, and capable of sudden merriment ; his lip tremulous with expression ; his brown eyes were quick, restless, and glittering."

Some time in 1827 or 1828 I met Lamb twice or thrice at the house of Coleridge, and one evening in particular I recall with peculiar pleasure. There were not many present, none I can remember, except Mr. and Mrs. Gillman. The poet-philosopher engaged in a contest of words with his friend upon that topic concerning which Coleridge was ever eloquent—the power to reconcile Fate with Free-will. Alas ! I am unable to recall to memory a single sentence that was said. I only know the impression left upon me was that of envy of the one and pity for the other ; envy of the philosopher who reasoned so cheerfully and hopefully, and pity for the essayist whose despondency seemed rather of the heart than of the mind. Unhappily I did not turn to account the opportunities I had of seeing and knowing more of Lamb. I might surely have done so ; but little thought had I then, or for a long time afterwards, that it would ever be my task to write a memory of the man.

"His poems were admirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names : " that is the statement of one who knew him intimately. "No one," writes Hazlitt, "ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half-a-dozen half-sentences." *

His more enthusiastic admirers give him high rank as a poet : I confess I cannot see much in his poetry that justifies the world in so placing him, although there are two or three of his poems that justify the high praise he received. As a gentle and genial critic he claims a foremost station.† But it is as an essayist that he has been, and ever will be, most valued. The "Essays of Elia" have a prominent position among the "classics" of England. They are full of wisdom, pregnant of genuine wit, abound in true pathos, and have a rich vein of humour running through them all. The kindliness of his heart and the playfulness of his fancy are spread over every page. If his maturer taste and extensive reading compelled him to try all modern writers by a severe standard, he reproved with the mildly persuasive bearing of a sympathising judge :—

"Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refined as ever Athens heard."

* Of his ready wit many anecdotes are told. That is well known which describes him as at a rubber of whist (a game of which he was excessively fond), saying to his partner, "Oh, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have !" Mrs. Mathews (the widow of the famous Charles), who describes him as tall, and lean, and little beholden to his tailor—"his face the gravest I have ever seen"—tells the somewhat well-known story of Lamb taking sea-baths, giving directions to the man who was to dip him, stuttering them out—"I-I-I'm to be dip-p-ped." "Yes, sir ;" and down he went. Rising and regaining his breath, he repeated, "I-I'm to be dip-dip-ped." "Yes, sir ;" and down he went again. A third time the dose was repeated, and then, when nearly suffocated, Lamb managed to stutter out, "O-only ONCE !"

† Swinburne, in his critical Essay on William Blake, says :—"Charles Lamb, the most supremely competent judge and exquisite critic of lyrical and dramatic art that we have ever had." Procter styles him "one of the rarest and most delicate of the humorists of England."

No writer more fully entered into the spirit of the older dramatists; and few have so largely aided to render them popular in our age.* If his style reminds us forcibly of the "old inventive poets," he never appears an imitator of them. His mind was akin to theirs: he lived his days and nights in their company.



THE GRAVE OF CHARLES LAMB.

I copy these lines from Mrs. Hall's Album; I believe they have not been heretofore in print:—

"I had sense in dreams of a Beauty rare,
Whom fate had spell-bound and rooted there,
Stooping, like some enchanted theme,
Over the marge of that crystal stream,
Where the blooming Greek, to echo blind,
With self-love fond, had to waters pined.

* There is a story told that Godwin, having read a passage which he believed to be out of one of the old dramatic poets, sought eagerly for it, in vain, through the pages of the early dramatists, and, in his perplexity, applied to Lamb to guide him. It was a passage from John Woodvill!

Ages had waked, and ages slept,
 And that bending posture still she kept;
 For her eyes she may not turn away
 Till a fairer object shall pass that way;
 Till an image more beauteous this world can show
 Than her own which she sees in the mirror below.
 Pore on, fair creature, for ever pore,
 Nor dream to be disenchanted more;
 For vain is expectance, and wish is vain,
 Till a new Narcissus can come again."—C. LAMB.

It is said of Lamb that, being applied to for a memoir of himself, he made answer that "it would go into an epigram." His life was indeed of "mingled yarn," good and ill together, but the latter was in the larger proportion. "He had strange phases of calamity," living in continual terror. He described himself as once "writing a playful essay with tears trickling down his cheeks." Yet in none of his writings is there any taint of the gloom that brings discontent; if he had unhappily too little trust in Providence, he did not murmur at a dispensation terribly calamitous. If seldom cheerful, he was often merry; and in none of his writings is there evidence of ill-nature, jealousy, or envy. He wrote for periodicals of opposite opinions; he was the friend of Southey, and he was the friend of Hazlitt; he aroused no animosities, and enemies he had none.

There must have been much in the genial and lovable nature of the man to attract to him—in a comparatively humble position, and with restricted, rather than liberal, means—so many attached friends who are renowned in the literary history of the epoch.

He was not young, but not old, when called from earth. "He sank into death as placidly as into sleep," writes his loved and loving friend Talfourd; he was laid in Edmonton Churchyard, "in a spot which, a short time before, he had pointed out to the sexton as the place of his choice for a final home." A venerable yew-tree still lives beside a tomb of remote date; and several almshouses for aged men and women skirt one of the sides of the cemetery—pleasant objects for the poet to have thought over when selecting his last resting-place. A line from Wordsworth's *Monody* to his memory will fitly close a brief record of his life:—

"Oh, he was good, if ever good man lived."

On the tombstone is the following inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY

OF

CHARLES LAMB,

DIED 27TH DECEMBER, 1834, AGED 59.

"Farewell, dear friend; that smile, that harmless mirth,
 No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
 That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
 Better than words no more assuage our woe;
 That hand outstretched from small but well-earned store,
 Yields succour to the destitute no more.
 Yet art thou not all lost; through many an age,
 With sterling sense and humour, shall thy page
 Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
 That old and happier vein revived in thee.
 This for our earth; and if with friends we share
 Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there."

ALSO MARY ANNE LAMB,

SISTER OF THE ABOVE,

BORN 3RD DECEMBER, 1767. DIED 20TH MAY, 1847.

The lines were written at the suggestion of the publisher, Moxon, by the Rev. F. H. Cary,* the translator of Dante. He was one of the essayist's dearest friends. Many will remember that estimable man and most accomplished scholar, when discharging his daily duty at the British Museum. I recall him to memory as very kindly, with a most gracious and sympathising expression; slow in his movements, as if he were always in thought, living among the books of which he was the custodian, and sought only the companionship of the lofty spirits who had gone from earth—those who, though dead, yet speak. I remember Ugo Foscolo (and there could have been no better authority) telling me he considered Cary's translation of Dante not only the best translation in the English language, but the best translation in any language. There have since been several translations of the mighty Florentine, but they can be tolerated only by those who have not read that of the Rev. F. H. Cary.

There were few men for whom Lamb entertained a warmer affection than he did for the publisher Moxon; but Moxon was a poet also, and produced Sonnets of much beauty. He was essentially aided by Mr. Rogers in his business, and that business is now carried on in Dover Street by Mr. Moxon's son. Moxon died early in life; his constitution was delicate always, and the somewhat sad and painful expression of his gentle countenance was indicative of the disease to which he succumbed. He was the executor of Charles Lamb, and maintained a close correspondence and an intimate relationship with many other poets of his time, keeping their friendship to the last, and sustaining the high character that made them his friends.†

* His son, who gives me this information, transcribed for me "some other lines by the same pen, written on receiving back, through Mr. Moxon, Phillips's 'Theatorem Poetæ Anglicanorum,' which Lamb had borrowed of my father. They give a beautiful picture of Lamb's character, alluding in happy vein even to his well-known weakness. The book had a leaf turned down at the account of Sir Philip Sidney. Its receipt was acknowledged to Moxon as follows:—

'So should it be, my gentle friend,
Thy leaf last closed at Sidney's end.
Thou too, like Sidney, wouldst have given
The water, thirsting, and near heaven;
Nay, were it wine, fill'd to the trim,
Thou hadst look'd hard, but given, like him.
And art thou mingled then among
Those famous sons of ancient song?
And do they gather round and praise
Thy relish of their nobler lays,
Waxing in mirth to hear thee tell
With what strange mortals thou didst dwell,
At thy quaint sallies more delighted
Than any long among them lighted?
'Tis done; and thou hast joined a crew,
To whom thy soul was justly due;
And yet I think, where'er those be,
They'll scarcely love thee more than we.'"

† Moxon married Miss Emma Isola, a "very dear friend" of the Lambs, who was regarded, indeed, as their adopted daughter.

Another remarkable person is somewhat mixed up with the history of Charles Lamb. WILLIAM HONE was a short, stout, active man, with a keen eye, a well-developed forehead, having a tendency to baldness, a slightly upturned nose, and a general look of cleverness. He had been an unsuccessful man of projects, and an unlucky bookseller, when he published in a cheap form some political parodies that had considerable sale. This led to his famous prosecutions, as the Government had determined to stop the issue of all such works. At that time he had a small shop at No. 67, Old Bailey: here he was suddenly arrested on the charge of publishing "impious and profane libels," committed to the King's Bench, where he remained for two months, and was ultimately tried in Guildhall on three successive days of December, 1817. He was too poor to engage counsel, and defended himself. His defence was a marvel, from the great and peculiar knowledge he displayed of the history of parody from the days of Luther, and he proved to the satisfaction of a jury that no such work as he was tried for had ever been considered criminal in the sense the Attorney-General put upon it. Justice Abbott tried him the first day, but on the second Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough came expressly to—convict. He began by endeavouring to arrest his style of defence, but Hone out-mastered him, and was again acquitted. With unparalleled vindictiveness the third trial was proceeded with the next day, when Hone was almost too weak to speak. But the harshness of Ellenborough strung up his energies, and he again induced the jury to deliver a verdict in his favour. His boldness and learning, and the stout stand he made against legal tyranny, led to a public subscription on his behalf, and he opened a shop (45, Ludgate Hill), whence emanated that famous series of political pamphlets, illustrated by George Cruikshank—the severest stings the government had to endure. They sold enormously: twenty-five or thirty editions of more than a thousand each, spread them far and wide. Queen Caroline's arrival, her popularity, and the unpopularity of the king and court, gave full scope for satire, of which he availed himself. In 1825, when politics had lulled, he projected and published the "Every-day Book," in which his peculiar and out-of-the-way knowledge found useful vent. That was succeeded by other works, continued for a series of years, when the public interest began to fail, and ultimately Hone established a dining-establishment in Gracechurch Street. After some time that failed also, and he died in obscure and needy circumstances.

Although so many of Hone's parodies were printed, it is difficult now to procure a copy of any one of them. That they were "atrocities" there can be no doubt; and it is certain that their issue ought to have been stopped, and their author punished. But the Government assumed the attitude of a bully and the character of an oppressor, and public sympathy was with the wrong-doer. I frequently talked with him in his shop on Ludgate Hill, and found him gentle in manners, obliging, and full of information, which he was ever ready to communicate.

WILLIAM GODWIN, the close associate, if not the friend, of Lamb, I met in the company of Elia more than once. But I remember him when he kept a bookseller's shop on Snow Hill. I was a schoolboy then, and purchased a book

there—handed to me by himself. It was a poor shop, poorly furnished ; its contents consisting chiefly of children's books, with the old coloured prints that would strangely contrast with the art-illustrations of to-day.*

He was the husband of Mary Wolstoncroft. They had lived together in loose bonds, believing, or at least arguing, that wedlock was an unbecoming tie. They changed their minds, however, in course of time, yielding probably to the persuasions of friends, and married. Their daughter was the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley. She wrote several works of fiction, the only one of which that is not quite forgotten is "Frankenstein."† Although he continued to adore Reason all his life, his conduct was not so offensive as to forbid occasional association with good men like Coleridge, and genial men like Lamb. In person he was remarkably sedate and solemn, resembling in dress and manner a Dissenting minister rather than the advocate of "free-thought" in all things—religious, moral, social, and intellectual ; he was short and stout ; his clothes loosely and carelessly put on, and usually old and worn ; his hands were generally in his pockets ; he had a remarkably large, bald head, and a weak voice ; seeming generally half asleep when he walked, and even when he talked. Few who saw this man of calm exterior, quiet manners, and inexpressive features, could have believed him to have originated three romances—"Falkland," "Caleb Williams," and "St. Leon"—not yet forgotten because of their terrible excitements—and the work, "Political Justice," which for a time created a sensation that was a fear in every state of Europe.‡

Eventually he obtained a sinecure in the Exchequer ; and on a comforting stipend of £200 a year he passed the later years of his life. He died in 1836, in the eighty-first year of his age, and was buried in Cripplegate Churchyard.

Lamb called him "a good-natured heathen." Southey said of him, in 1797, "He has large noble eyes, and a nose—oh ! most abominable nose ;" and he is thus pictured by Talfourd :—"The disproportion of a frame which, low of stature, was surmounted by a massive head which might befit a presentable giant, was rendered almost imperceptible, not by any vivacity of expression (for his countenance was rarely lighted up by the deep-seated genius within), but by a gracious suavity of manner which many 'a fine old English gentleman' might have envied." Haydon tells us that, in 1822, Godwin was "in distress," "turned out of his house and business, and threatened with the seizure of all he possessed in the way of stock and furniture." Lamb and others made a subscription for him ; and among the subscribers was Walter Scott, who subscribed anonymously, as "he dissented from Mr. Godwin's theories of politics and morality, although an admirer of his genius."

How very different in all respects was that other companion—the friend,

* He kept his shop under the name of Edward Baldwin ; assuredly, if it had been kept in his own, he would have had few customers, for his published opinions had excited general hostility, to say the least.

† "Godwin had Mary Wolstoncroft for his wife, Mrs. Shelley for his daughter, and the immortal Shelley as his son-in-law."—TALFOURD.

‡ His "Political Justice" is now forgotten ; but "it carried one single shock into the bosom of English society, like that from the electric blow of the gymnotus."—DE QUINCEY.

indeed—of Charles Lamb—THOMAS NOON TALFOURD!* Tender, suave, and eloquent; a liberal and enlightened lawyer; a graceful yet lofty poet; with charity for all, sympathy for all, and help for all—wherever help was needed.

He made his way by force of genius, aided by high integrity, to the Bench; and died a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was one of the few examples of a lawyer in full practice pursuing a successful career as an author; one from whom no penalty was exacted, although, no doubt, he did often

“Pen a sonnet when he should engross.”

His manners were peculiarly bland and gentle; he had a calm but expressive countenance; and he was obviously a man whom those who knew must love. As a poet, his reputation rests on his tragedy of *Ion*. He was the friend of many literary persons, and often their counsellor. For some years he represented Reading in Parliament, and died universally esteemed and respected.

Miss Mitford, who knew him when a youth, prophesied his after fame. Writing to one of her friends, she said of him:—“You should know that he has the very great advantage of having nothing to depend upon but his own talents and industry; and those talents are, I assure you, of the very highest order. I know nothing so eloquent as his conversation—so powerful, so full; passing with equal ease from the plainest detail to the loftiest and most sustained flights of imagination; heaping, with unrivalled fluency of words and ideas, image upon image, and illustration upon illustration. Never was conversation so dazzling, so glittering.”

Among the friends of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb at the close of the last century was JOHN THELWALL, who had been tried for high treason, in 1794, with Hardy and Horne Tooke. I knew him in 1816, in Bristol, while I was spending my school holidays there. He was delivering lectures on Elocution in that city. I recall him as a man of small and delicate form, but of remarkable energy, though aged then; in person small, compact, muscular, with a head denoting indomitable resolution, and features deeply furrowed by ardent workings of the mind. He had lost his teeth, which dental surgery at that day could not replace; yet he spoke with much point and fervour, and was singularly graceful in movement—having the aspect and manner of a perfect gentleman, although brought up at “a tailor’s board”—as he stood and addressed the audience, habited in pantaloons, the fashion of the period, and a short coat of a make then novel. Wordsworth, who knew and respected him, described him as “a man of extraordinary talent, an affectionate husband, and a good father;” and adds—“Though brought up in the city at a tailor’s board, he was truly sensible of the beauty of natural objects.”

There was another man of mark whom I met occasionally when it was my privilege to sit among the great, whom it is now my higher privilege to portray—

* Talfourd was one of the executors of Lamb. He first published “Letters and a Sketch of his Life,” and twelve years afterwards, “Final Memorials of Charles Lamb.” The former he dedicated to Mary Anne Lamb; the latter to William Wordsworth.

WILLIAM HAZLITT. His grandson, one of the Registrars in the Court of Bankruptcy, has recently published two large volumes of his biography and correspondence. He was of Irish descent—his father was a Unitarian minister—and he was born at Maidstone in 1778. He was designed for the ministry, but “took” early to art, and painted some portraits—learning enough, at least, to give value to his art-criticisms. His profession was purely that of a man of letters, “depending on his literary earnings for subsistence to the last.” He died in London in 1830, at the comparatively young age of fifty-two.

He was a reformer of the old school; more than that, indeed—he was a democrat, a hater of authorities, and anything but a lover of his native land, the very opposite of some of the friends who cheered and helped him on his way through life. His admiration of the first Napoleon amounted almost to insanity: even generous Talfourd describes him as “staggering under the blow of Waterloo, and hardly able to forgive the valour of the conquerors.” He styles him, however, “the great critic and thinker.” His *Lectures on the Poets* and his *Essays on Art* are full of valuable knowledge, and may be studied to-day with profit and pleasure; while his dramatic criticisms may still be read with delight, although the actors, with scarcely an exception, are all gone.

I remember him as a little, mean-looking, unprepossessing man; but I am very unwilling to accept Haydon's estimate of him—“A singular compound of malice, candour, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy, and conceit.” Such a man could not have obtained this testimony from Charles Lamb; and no man knew him better than did the gentle and genial essayist:—“I should belie my own conscience if I said less than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion.” Yet De Quincey says of him—“He was splenetic, and more than peevish;” but “the soil in his brain was of a volcanic fertility;” “he smiled upon no man;” “his misanthropy was constitutional;” “there was a dark sinister gloom for ever upon his countenance;” “it seemed to me that he hated, even more than enemies, those whom hollow custom obliged him to call his friends.”*

He was of slight make—thin, indeed; but his frame was “wiry and compact.” He is thus described by Gilfillan:—“His face was pale and earnest, almost to haggardness, yet finely formed; his eye eager, like that of one seeking to see, rather than seeing into the strange mystery of being around him; his brow elevated; his hair dark and abundant.” He had a lonely life: few to sustain, and none to cheer him; none of the sweet amenities of home.† As a professed critic he had the common lot—few friends, many foes. He had “restless and stormy passions”—so, at least, say those who knew him best—

* Mr. Hazlitt tells us of his grandfather—“Leigh Hunt used to say that shaking my grandfather's hand was like shaking the fin of a fish.”

† Talfourd relates this anecdote to the honour of Jeffrey:—“When Hazlitt was on his death-bed, and ‘apprehensive of the future,’ he dictated a brief and peremptory letter to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, requiring a considerable remittance to which he had no claim but that of former remunerated services, which the friend who obeyed his bidding feared might excite displeasure. But he mistook Francis Jeffrey. The sum demanded was received by return of post, with anxious wishes for Hazlitt's recovery, just too late for him to understand his error.”

and these were neither subdued nor controlled by any Faith that nourishes and strengthens Hope and Charity.

Only once I saw DE QUINCEY—another of the band who occasionally made glorious the evenings of Charles Lamb in Mitre Court. That remarkable man, whose story has been often and fully told, is thus described by Gilfillan:—"A little, pale-faced, woe-begone, and attenuated man, with a small head, a peculiar but not large brow, and lustreless eyes; yet one who would pour into your ear a stream of learning, and talk like one inspired—or mad." His death was somewhat sudden. He had a fall that induced dangerous symptoms, and on the 27th December, 1834, he died at Edmonton, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

I knew also in the year 1824—5, and more than once visited him in his Library in Queen Square, Westminster, that very venerable gentleman—JEREMY BENTHAM. He died in 1832, at the age of eighty, having been called to the Bar in 1772. His head was singularly fine—grand, indeed, with white flowing locks that hung gracefully over his shoulders, with a pleasant yet strongly intellectual countenance, that conveyed the idea of habitual cheerfulness, and a smile that seemed perpetual, and indicated perfect benevolence—of mind and heart. His bust has been often mistaken for that of Franklin, whom, no doubt, he much resembled. Hazlitt has said of him, "He lived like an anchorite in his cell, reducing law to a system, and the mind of man to a machine;" "overlaying his natural humour, sense, spirit, and style with the dust and cobwebs of an obscure solitude." It is a far higher estimate—that which his intimate friend Sir John Bowring (now himself an octogenarian) gives of the powerful intellect and generous sympathies of one of the most remarkable men of the century—of the eighteenth rather than of the nineteenth century.

These are but slight sketches of some of the friends or associates of Charles Lamb, but they may not be regarded as out of place when "companioning" a portrait of gentle, genial "Elia."



HANNAH MORE.



IN the year 1763 a lecturer on rhetoric visited the city of Bristol during a professional tour. He was accompanied by a youth, his son: that youth was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Among his frequent auditors was a young girl—Hannah More. I feel as if I were writing a far-off history, for she conversed with me concerning the circumstance to which I am referring, and which occurred upwards of a century ago. Her name is, indeed, so linked with the past as to seem to belong to a remote generation; for when I knew her, in 1825, she had reached the patriarchal age of fourscore, and her talk was of the historic men and women who had been her associates: Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, David Garrick; Bishops Porteus, Percy, Newton, and Watson; Mackenzie, Boswell, Sir William Jones, Southey, Chalmers, Wilberforce, Gibbon, De Lolme, John Locke, Magee, Mrs. Montague, and many others, famous men and women of her time, who honoured and loved her, as “a pure and humble, yet zealous philanthropist.” Her writings were admired by them all—by the religious and the sceptic, by the philosopher and the frivolous worldling; all found in them something to admire,

and nothing to condemn; for her charity was universal. They were comprehended alike by the sagacious and the simple; were read and respected equally by the greatly learned and the comparatively ignorant. Prodigious, therefore, was the influence they exercised on her age. She is emphatically foremost among those to whom the poet refers, who,

“Departing, leave behind them
Footprints on the sands of Time.”

Yes! I seem indeed to be writing a far-off history when I recall to memory one who is of the eighteenth, and not of the nineteenth, century. She had sat for her portrait to Sir Joshua Reynolds when the artist was in his zenith, and she placed in my hands a playbill of her tragedy of *Percy*, in which David Garrick sustained the leading part. The painter and the actor were her dear friends.

I can but faintly picture now that venerable lady who more than forty-five years ago received and greeted us with cordial warmth in her graceful drawing-room at Barley Wood; directed our attention to the records she had kept of glorious friendships with the truly great; spoke with humble and holy pride of her labours through a very long life; impressed upon our then fresh minds the wisdom of virtue, the inconceivable blessing of Christian training and Christian teaching, and hailed us with encouraging hope and affectionate sympathy, just as we were entering the path she had trodden to its close,—she who had been a burning and a shining light before we were born.

Her form was small and slight, her features wrinkled with age; but the burden of eighty years had not impaired her gracious smile, nor lessened the fire of her eyes, the clearest, the brightest, and the most searching I have ever seen. They were singularly dark—positively black they seemed as they looked forth among carefully-trained tresses of her own white hair; and absolutely sparkled while she spoke of those of whom she was the venerated link between the present and the long past. Her manner on entering the room, while conversing, and at our departure, was positively sprightly; she tripped about from console to console, from window to window, to show us some gift that bore a name immortal, some cherished reminder of other days—almost of another world, certainly of another age; for they were memories of those whose deaths were registered before the present century had birth.

This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of her:—

“Her brow was full and well sustained, rather than what would be called *fine*: from the manner in which her hair was dressed, its formation was distinctly visible; and though her eyes were half closed, her countenance was more tranquil, more sweet, more holy—for it *had* a holy expression—than when those deep intense eyes were looking you through and through. Small, and shrunk, and aged as she was, she conveyed to us no idea of feebleness. She looked, even then, a woman whose character, combining sufficient thought and wisdom, as well as dignity and spirit, could analyse and exhibit, in language suited to the intellect of the people of England, the evils and dangers of revolutionary principles. Her voice had a pleasant tone, and her manner was quite devoid of affectation or dictation: she spoke as one expecting a reply, and by no means like an oracle. And those bright immortal eyes of hers—not wearied by looking at the world for more than eighty years, but clear and far-seeing then—laughing, too, when she spoke cheerfully, not as authors are believed to speak,—

‘In measured pompous tones,’—

but like a dear matronly dame, who had especial care and tenderness towards young women. It is impossible to remember how it occurred, but in reference to some observation I had made, she turned briskly round and exclaimed, 'Controversy hardens the heart and sours the temper: never dispute with your husband, young lady; tell him what you think, and leave it to time to fructify.' *"

She was clad, I well remember, in a dress of rich pea-green silk. It was an odd whim, and contrasted somewhat oddly with her patriarchal age and venerable countenance, yet was in harmony with the youth of her step, and her unceasing vivacity, as she laughed and chatted, chatted and laughed; her voice

*A habit is more powerful
than an act, and a previously
indulged temper during the
day, will not, it is to be
feared be fully counteracted
by the exercise of a few
minutes devotion at night*

Hannah More

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strong and clear as that of a girl, and her animation as full of life and vigour as it might have been in her spring-time.

She flourished at a period when religion was little more than a sound in England; when the clergy of the English Church were virtuous only in exceptional cases, and the flocks committed by the State to their charge were left in as utter ignorance of social and religious duties as if they had been really but sheep gone astray; when France was rendering impiety sacred, and raising altars for the worship of Reason; and when in England there were vile copyists—professional

* "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," by Mrs. S. C. HALL. London: Virtue. 1853.

propagators of sedition and blasphemy under the names of Liberty and Fraternity.

At that terrible time Hannah More came out in her strength. Her tracts, pamphlets, poems, and books aided largely to stem the torrent which for awhile threatened to overwhelm all of good and just in these kingdoms. They inculcated as an imperative duty the education of the people, stimulated gospel teaching by persuasions and threats addressed to those who had been appointed, at least by man, to the office of the ministry, and stirred up to be her helpers men and women of every class, from the humblest to the highest, from the cottage to the throne. She did her work so wisely as seldom to excite either prejudice or hostility. Those who might have been the bitter opponents of men so occupied were tolerant of zeal in a woman, and it cannot be questioned that her sex sheltered her from assailants, while it empowered her to make her way where men would have failed of entrance.

She was not bigoted. There was in her nothing of coarse sectarianism opposing scepticism in phraseology harsh and uncompromising. Her mind had ever a leaning, and her language always a tendency, to the Charity that suffereth long and is kind. What was meant for mankind she never gave up to party; though a thorough member of the Church of England, she saw no evil motive in those who counselled withdrawal from it; though, with her, Faith was the paramount blessing of life, and the first and great commandment Duty to God, she inculcated all the duties of that which is next to it, "Love thy neighbour as thyself"—that which has been well termed "the eleventh commandment;" nor had she any value for the religion that consisted mainly of idle or listless observance—cold adherence to outward formalities—nor any trust in that dependence on Providence which is but a mere admission of belief. There was no taint of asceticism in her piety—no abnegation of enjoyment, under the idea that to be cheerful and happy is to displease God. Her religion was practical; she relished many of the pleasures which the worldly consider chief, and the "rigidly righteous" ignore as sinful. She might, indeed—and it is probable often did—apply to herself that line in the epigram of Dr. Young:—

"I live in pleasure while I live to Thee."

In all her thoughts, words, and works, she was in the service of One who

"Must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy."

She especially laboured to give religion to the young as a source of enjoyment that in no degree diminished happiness, and was constant in imploring youth not to postpone the blessing until age had rendered pleasure distasteful. "It is," she wrote, "a wretched sacrifice to the God of heaven to present Him with the remnants of decayed appetites, and the leavings of extinguished passions."

While she never sought to lead woman out of her sphere, and is at once an example and a warning to the "strong-minded," she sought by all right means to elevate, and succeeded in elevating, her sex. In a word, her mission was to augment the sum of human happiness by wholesome stimulants to virtue, order,

industry, as their own rewards, but of infinitely higher value as the preliminaries to a state for which life is but a preparation.

Her lessons were more especially impressive to those who learn that, in widening the sphere of their duties, they do not abridge those that essentially appertain to home. In her case there was comparative release from household cares, but she perpetually taught that there can be no excuse for their neglect, by any labour of mind or pen, by any occupation that is suggested by philanthropy or religion.

It was from this cause chiefly that she excited no suspicion. If men often grudgingly and ungraciously admit female talent, it is seldom from any principle of jealousy; it is rather a dread that it will abstract from the power of the domestic virtues, rendering woman less the deity of home, and dwarfing her as a mother, a daughter, a sister, or a wife. In the far-off time when Hannah More flourished, and to which our memory takes us back, that dread was very generally felt. There are now so many examples of genius in woman, with its ample exercise and full employment,—which in no way imply exemption from her leading business in life,—that alarm on this head has much, if not entirely, subsided. To teach that lesson was one of the many good works of Hannah More.* She was, therefore, one of those to whom England owes much of its greatness; and though she has been forty years in her grave, to utter a prayer of gratitude over it is a duty that any writer may covet.

My readers will permit me to dwell somewhat on the privilege we have enjoyed in having personally known this good woman. It is indeed a happy memory—that which recalls the day we passed with her at Barley Wood.

Hannah More was born in the hamlet of Fishponds, in the parish of Stapleton, about four miles from Bristol, on the 2nd of February, 1745, more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago! Her father—a man, as she tells us, of “piety and learning”—inherited “great expectations,” but, reduced to a comparatively humble position, he became master of the Free School at Fishponds, married, and had five daughters, all good and gifted women, of whom Hannah was the fourth. In 1757 they opened a boarding-school at Trinity Square, Bristol, where Hannah, though but twelve years old, assisted. Their school flourished. Hannah, at seventeen, produced a poem,—“The Search after Happiness,” and continued to write—fugitive verse principally—until her fame was established by the production of that which is considered the loftiest efforts of genius—a tragedy.

In 1777 her tragedy of *Percy* was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, Garrick writing both the prologue and the epilogue, and sustaining the principal part in the play. Afterwards she wrote other plays, but their success was, by comparison, limited. A friendship with the great actor then commenced, which endured till his death, and was continued to his widow, until in 1822 she also died at the patriarchal age of ninety-one.

In this age, when female talent is so rife,—when, indeed, it is not too much

* There have been, and are, many literary women who have illustrated this position—that genius is in ‘no degree incompatible with the ordinary duties of life: foremost among them was Maria Edgeworth, of whom we shall have to write. Indeed, we believe the female authors who neglect the home occupations, out of which only can arise the happiness of home, are but exceptions to a general rule.

to say of women that they are, in many ways, maintaining their right to equality with men in reference to the productions of mind,—it is difficult to comprehend the popularity, almost amounting to adoration, with which a woman-writer was regarded little more than half a century ago. Mediocrity was magnified into genius, and to have printed a book, or to have written even a tolerable poem, was a passport into the very highest society. Nearly all the contemporaries of Hannah More are forgotten; their reputation was for a day; hers has stood the test of time.* She receives honour and homage from the existing generation, and will “live for aye in Fame’s eternal volume.”

But her renown has by no means arisen from her poems, lyrical or dramatic; from her tales, social or moral; from her tracts, abundant as they are in sound practical teachings; from her collected writings in eight thick volumes: it is founded on a more solid basis. Many of her books were produced “for occasions,” and are in oblivion with the causes that gave them birth. “*Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*,” her only novel, yet survives. It appeared in 1808, and enjoyed a popularity that would seem prodigious even now, for within one year it passed through twelve editions, and her share of the profit exceeded two thousand pounds. It was written during a period of intense bodily suffering. “Never,” she says, “was more pain bound up in two volumes.” Although she lived to be so very aged, she had ever “a peculiarly delicate constitution,” “rarely experienced immunity from actual disease,” having, as she states in one of her letters, “suffered under more than twenty mortal disorders.” She might have been pardoned if her life had been passed in listless ease and profitless inaction; but her active industry was absolutely wonderful; her literary labour was done in retirement, apart from the trouble and turmoil of the busy world—retirement that was but the “bracing of herself” for work—such work as was true pleasure.

The district in which Providence had placed her in her youth was as “benighted” as could have been a jungle in Caffre-land; the people not only knew not God—they were utterly ignorant of moral and social duties, and ignored all responsibility in thought, word, and deed. In that moral desert Hannah More and her sisters set to work. The inevitable opposition was encountered. Neighbouring farmers had no idea of encouraging education, or of tolerating religion among the outcasts who did their daily work. The one, they argued, made them discontented, the other idle; while the clergy considered such teachers as mere poachers on the barren tract they called theirs. Not only thus did opposition come; even the parents, in many cases, refused to send their children to school, unless they were paid for doing so;† and hard indeed seemed the toil to which these good sisters were devoted; but they persevered, God helping them. Very soon schools were established, and not schools only—the sick and needy found ministering angels in these women, and for all their physical wants they had comforters. It is only when religion goes hand in hand with charity that its teaching can be effectual and its efforts successful. The

* Her works have been translated into every European language, and into some of the languages of Asia.

† In Ireland, very recently, much the same feeling existed. We were present once when a lady refused some favour her tenant asked of her. The woman made this comment: “I’m surprised at ye, my lady, that ye wouldn’t give me a small thing like that—after me letting the children wear shoes, and sending them to school to please ye.”

philanthropists who give *only* tracts to feed the hungry, and printed books to clothe the naked, work as idly as those who would reap the whirlwind. They have not the example of Hannah More. Under her system prejudices broke down; her experiments led to undertakings; large institutions followed her small establishments for the ailing, the ignorant, or the wicked. The rich were taught to care for the poor, and in that little corner of England that lies under the shadow of the Cheddar hills a beacon was lit that at once warned and stimulated the prosperous. The piety of Hannah More was "practical piety," and to her must be assigned much of the distinction this kingdom derives from that all-glorious sentence now so often read in so many parts of it—a sentence that, beyond all others in our language, makes, as it ought to make, an Englishman proud—

"SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS."



BARLEY WOOD.

I have been tempted to wander somewhat from the theme more immediately in hand. The sisters kept their school in Bristol for thirty-two years; but Hannah, though nominally one of them, had other vocations, not the least of which was the society she loved, and in which she was received with honour, homage, and affection. After residing some years at Cowslip Green, she built (in 1800) her cottage at Barley Wood, near the village of Wrington, eight miles from Bristol. The site was happily chosen, commanding extensive views, in a healthy locality overlooking a luxuriant vale; many cottages and hamlets within ken. During the thirty years of her occupancy the place attained high rank in rural beauty; walks, terraces, lawns, and flower-beds soon were graces of the domain. She lived to see the saplings she had planted become trees in which

the thrush and blackbird built, and where nightingales sung. In the grounds was an urn, on a pedestal, inscribed, "In grateful memory of long and faithful friendship," to Beilby Porteus, Bishop of London. There was another to John Locke, and there were others that I have forgotten. These mementoes were skilfully placed under the shadows of umbrageous trees, and beside them were openings through which were obtained charming views of adjacent scenery. Of these two monuments I give engravings.

Time, however, at length did its work with her, as with all. Though Barley Wood was her own, it was also the home of her sisters. In 1802 they went to reside with her,—and remained there till death divided them, one having previously "gone hence." Mary was the first to go, dying in 1813; in



1817 Sarah followed, and in 1819 Martha left earth. Hannah writes, "I must finish my journey alone." As Bowles wrote of her, there she

"Waits meekly at the gate of Paradise,
Smiling at Time."

Her last work was on a congenial theme,—*"The Spirit of Prayer."* With that book her literary labours closed. She was then fourscore years old; thenceforward she put aside the pen; but her doors were opened to friends, and sometimes to strangers, who desired to accord her homage and honour, or to offer tributes of affection.

When she was left "alone"—the last of all her family—at Barley Wood, she had eight servants, some of whom had long lived with her and her sisters, and, naturally, had her confidence. That confidence they betrayed, not only wasting

her substance, but degrading her peaceful and hallowed home by orgies that brought shame to the rural neighbourhood. The venerable lady was necessarily informed of these "goings on" in her household, and, very reluctantly, removed to Clifton to be near loving and watchful friends. It was a mournful day, that on which she quitted the cottage endeared to her by time and association. "I am driven like Eve out of Paradise, but not by angels," she murmured, as she left the threshold.

She removed to 4, Windsor Terrace, Clifton, and there, on the 7th September, 1833, she died,—if we are to call that Death which was simply a removal to a far better and more beautiful home than any she had had on earth—"where angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

She left a large fortune behind her. There were few friends who needed, and she had no relatives; her wealth, therefore, went to augment the funds of public charities—principally those of Bristol, and there are thousands who to-day enjoy the blessings thus bequeathed to them.

In Wrington Churchyard repose the mortal remains of the five sisters. A large stone slab, enclosed by an iron railing, covers the grave, and contains their names, the dates of their births, and of their deaths.

I copy one of a series of very beautiful sonnets commemorating many phases and incidents connected with the career of Hannah More, written by her esteemed friend and biographer, the Rev. Henry Thompson:—

"When every vernal hope and joy decays,
When Love is cold, and Life is little worth,
Age yields to Heaven the thankless lees of Earth,
Offering their Lord the refuse of his days:
O wiser she, who from the voice of Praise,
Friendship, Intelligence, and guiltless Mirth,
Fled timely hither, and this sylvan hearth
Rearèd for an altar! not with sterile blaze
Of Vestal fire one mystic's cell to light—
Selfish devotion; but its warmth to pour
Creative through the cold chaotic night
Of rustic ignorance; thence, bold, to soar
Through hall and regal tower with radiant flight,
Till peer and peasant bless the toils of More."

Her friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted her portrait (it would be interesting to know where it now is). "It represents her small and slender figure gracefully attired; the hands and arms delicately fine, the eyes large, dark, and lustrous; the eyebrows well marked and softly arched; the countenance beaming with benevolence and intelligence."* The portrait represented her in her prime: that of which I give an engraving at the head of this chapter was painted by Pickersgill somewhere about the year 1822, when she had reached her eightieth year. She sat, however, to other artists—among them Opie, whose portrait is that of a plain woman of middle age, the features illumined by the deep and sparkling black eyes that had lost none of their brilliancy when I knew her. The autograph is copied from a passage she wrote in Mrs. Hall's Album.

The whole career of Mrs. Hannah More is a striking example of what can

* I quote this passage from a book—"The Literary Women of England," by Jane Williams (published in 1861), a book far too little known, for it is full of wisdom and knowledge, keenly, yet generously critical, abounding in sound sense, thorough appreciation of excellence, and manifesting earnest advocacy of goodness and virtue.

be effected by *one* woman—a woman neither high-born, nor wealthy, nor beautiful, nor, in what is understood to constitute genius, as highly gifted as many others whose names are histories. Her dramas have had no sustaining power to keep the stage, and her poems, as poems, are little more than pleasing trifles; but her “Cheap Repository,” her book on “Female Education,” her “Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,” her “Christian Morals,” her “Spirit of Prayer,” “Hints on the Education of a Princess,” “Character of St. Paul,” and her “Practical Piety,” despite some occasional “conventionalities,” are the



THE GRAVE OF HANNAH MORE.

temples in which her memory is enshrined; and when we recall the formation of those Poor Schools,—when we remember that neither the time bestowed upon them nor upon her literary pursuits prevented her fulfilling her duty to the

“Great Father of all,”

in whom “she lived, and moved, and had her being,”—when we learn how faithfully her domestic duties were discharged, while she was the benefactor of the poor, the instructor of the ignorant,—when we remember what she was to society, and recall the kind, playful, unostentatious womanliness of her nature, we do

greatly rejoice in the triumph of *usefulness*. We gaze with reverence upon the clear beacon-fire she kindled, so different from the phantom lights that dazzle to betray; and we recommend most earnestly to our countrywomen the study of such a life and its results—happiness obtained and conferred—as opposed to the *malaria* of those unhealthy influences which, born of a degraded woman of genius, have, of late years, crawled from France into the literature of England.

It is, indeed, to be deplored that many of the most pernicious books of recent times are the productions of women, who have been the advocates and propagators of vice, by making it not alone excusable, but attractive; teaching not only to “endure,” but to “pity” and to “embrace.” How many of the novels of modern writers are utterly shameless and shameful! They may, and do, charm by exciting incident and story; but in striving to render fascinating bad examples of the sex, they corrupt the very fountain-head of society, and taint the natures of those who are to be the wives and mothers of the future.

Unhappily, such books are greedily read, and do not fail to find their way into the hands of the young. It is impossible to overrate the mischief they do: “just as the twig is bent,” the subtle poison taints the constitution; and though it may be suspended in the system, it is sure in time to show its effect in diseased morals and distempered brain.

Every printed word is a planted seed that *must* spring up a weed or flower; and the author who either ignores responsibility or is indifferent to it is like the child who

“Flings about fire,
And tells you ’tis all but in sport.”

We have, it is true, the antidote as well as the bane; and, thank God, there are women, not a few, who work with the pen, in fervent, earnest, and hopeful advocacy of the cause of God and man. Those who seek the good and pure in literature find an ample supply by which the best affections and the holiest aspirations are nurtured, strengthened, and augmented; but it is none the less a duty to protest against the many evil publications—novels more especially—that have general and wide popularity, such as are calculated, if they be not intended, to spread moral and social pestilence, and destroy the foundations on which health, happiness, and faith can only be safely built.

It was during a subsequent visit to Bristol that I made the acquaintance of the Rev. ROBERT HALL, the famous Baptist minister, who for many years “graced and glorified” a Nonconformist pulpit, and not only as an eloquent preacher, but as a powerful writer, aided the cause to which his life was devoted. He was born at Arnsby on the 2nd May, 1764, a village about eight miles from Leicester, where his father was the pastor of a Baptist congregation; and he died at Bristol in February, 1831.

He was the youngest of fourteen children. His infancy was more than commonly feeble and unpromising: “until he was two years old he could neither walk nor talk;” and, it is said, learned his letters from the tombstones of an adjacent burial-ground. He made rapid progress, however, when his mind had accepted light. In 1780, having been set apart to the sacred work by his

father's congregation at Arnsby—"lifting up their right hands and joining in solemn prayer"—he entered upon it, and laboured in God's service to the close of a suffering life, worshipping in his chapel in the Broadmead, Bristol, until within a few days of his departure from earth.

He was not only a learned man and an eloquent divine, but a man of much literary taste. He is said to have been constitutionally indolent; but nearly all his life he suffered from a spinal disease that often incapacitated him for labour of any kind, and sometimes interrupted his discourses in the pulpit; generally, indeed, compelling him to keep to his easy-chair all day and smoke tobacco, which he did to excess; but it was his only remedy to alleviate pain.*

When young, he surpassed Dr. Johnson at drinking tea. "He has confessed to me," writes one of his friends, "to taking thirty cups of tea in an afternoon; his method being to visit four families, and drink seven or eight cups with each."

No doubt, to his bodily suffering must be attributed the occasional bitterness that found vent in words: often, however, when they rubbed a sore they gave the plaster. He cured one man of his propensity to brandy-and-water by bidding him call for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation; and reproved a vain preacher who desired to know his opinion of a sermon, "I found one good passage, sir—the passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

It is known, however, that he laboured to repress his tendency to satire and severity, as out of harmony with the character of a Christian teacher. His wit was not buoyant, boisterous, and exhilarating, like that of Sydney Smith, whom in person, and perhaps in mind, he somewhat resembled. But in no sense could he be described as morose, although suffering may have prevented his being often cheerful. He was essentially benevolent, and had the loving and active faith that never fails to keep away despondency from heart and mind. I have before me an impressive sentence:—"Keep away all gloom; for gloom insults God." That sentence was given to me under very peculiar circumstances—circumstances for which I am thankful. Yet he suffered under the combined influence of a disordered body and a mind overstrained—"jaded brains," as a modern physician calls the ailment†—and was, though for a brief time, the inmate of a private insane asylum.

I recall, with exceeding pleasure, a morning I passed with him at his residence in the Broadmead, Bristol, and the sermon I heard him preach on the subsequent Sabbath. I was about to write my remembrance of him; but his portrait is drawn by his friend, Olinthus Gregory, LL.D., so much better than I can draw it, that I adopt it:—

"When I first saw Mr. Hall, I was struck with his well-proportioned, athletic figure, the unassuming dignity of his deportment, the winning frankness which marked all that he uttered, and the peculiarities of the most speaking countenance I ever contemplated, animated by eyes radiating with the brilliancy imparted to them by benevolence, wit, and intellectual energy."

In the pulpit there was usually evidence of physical weakness; his voice was

* Some pages of his sermon, "Modern Infidelity," were written while he was lying in agony on the floor.

† Andrew Scott Myrtle, M.D., of Harrogate. His essay on this subject, which accompanies a small volume on the mineral waters of Harrogate, might be read with great advantage by all who, engaged in mental pursuits, are often attacked by the insidious but very perilous disease—OVER-WORK.

never strong; he usually commenced slowly, and almost inaudibly, but, as he proceeded, he rose with his theme; became fervid, eloquent, and powerful; and the deep attention and rapt enthusiasm of his always large audience were ever amply recompensed. The Christian and the scholar were alike content; for every sentence he uttered seemed rounded and pointed so as to defy criticism, while his earnestness carried conviction to "the saving of many souls:" it was the outpouring of his own.

In 1799 he preached and published his famous sermon on "Modern Infidelity," concerning which Bishop Porteus recorded "his applause, veneration, and gratitude, due to the acute detector, perspicuous impugner, and victorious antagonist of the sceptical, infidel, and anti-Christian sophist." He believed, and therefore taught, that "of all fanaticism the fanaticism of infidelity was at once the most preposterous and the most destructive," and he no doubt aided largely in arresting the progress of the many detestable advocates of the Reign of Terror in France, who were then actively propagating "democracy and atheism conjointly."

It will not be considered "out of place" if I introduce here a Memory of another remarkable man—the Rev. ADAM CLARKE. He also was a Dissenting minister—if the Methodists, of whom he was a distinguished member, are to be considered Dissenters from the Church of England, which is by no means certain. He was born at Magherafelt, near Londonderry, but was of English parentage on both sides, and died at Bayswater, London, in 1832, aged seventy-two.

I knew the learned commentator in Cork, so far back as the year 1819, and, although I was little more than a boy, had much intercourse with him. He was but a visitor to that city, and not a resident there. I knew him also in London, not long before his death. He was then dwelling for a time with his two sons, who were printers near St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. I knew also his daughter, a very estimable and accomplished lady. All now have passed from earth.*

He had been a fellow-labourer with John Wesley in the vineyard when it was choked with weeds, and yielded little fruit. The venerable founder of the Methodists had laid his hand on the youth, and dedicated him to the ministry: that was in 1782. In after life the Doctor loved much to speak of his early, though limited, knowledge of the great man; and his mortal remains were interred in the burial-ground of the Methodists in the City Road Chapel, close beside those of the Gamaliel at whose feet he had sat. It was his lot to encounter prejudice and persecution, but he lived to be honoured as a scholar and beloved as a Christian teacher.

Adam Clarke was devotedly attached to the society of which he was so distinguished a member. "I belong to them," he once said, "body and soul, blood and sinews: this coat" (touching his sleeve) "is theirs." He was scarcely

* Another daughter was married to Mr. Hook, who had a colonial appointment at one of the South African settlements, and was the mother of James Clarke Hook, R.A., the distinguished artist.

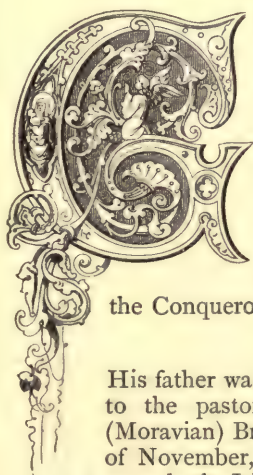
a youth when he commenced the work, and was known, indeed, as the boy-preacher. Eloquent he never was, but impressive he was always ; his learning was profound ; his knowledge of ancient and modern languages very extensive ; and no man had more deeply, or with better results, studied Scripture. It was a marvel how, living as he did a life of continual and active labour, he found time to acquire the mass of knowledge he gave to the world in his grand and famous Commentaries on the Old and New Testament.

Yet the profound scholar was a man in manners, and seemingly in thought as simple as a child. He was deemed eccentric, and probably was so ; but he was mild, gentle, and conciliating—more especially to the young. “I had a prejudice against him,” writes Montgomery, “because he was represented in a portrait in the *Methodist Magazine* as wearing a cocked hat ; but he outlived that fashion, and I outlived my prejudice. I met, understood, and loved him.”

When I knew him first his cheeks were rosy with health ; they resembled those of a stout husbandman rather than a scholar who lived laborious days. He had a ponderous forehead, that seemed to weigh down the eyebrows and protrude the eyes, which were light and “dreamy ;” and the eyebrows were thick and bushy, but white ; the upper organs, those of benevolence and veneration, were very large ; he had high cheek-bones ; and his form was thick and sturdy, capable, one would have thought, of enduring much fatigue. I think I never saw a countenance (I am speaking of a later period) that indicated more a living out of this world ; that was of the earth only as a duty ; perpetually communing with spirits—the spirits of just men made perfect. To be of that company was the study of his life here. He was a good as well as a great man ; did the work of his Master thoroughly ; and there can be no doubt that he is of the hierarchy of heaven.



JAMES MONTGOMERY.



ENTLE, suave, and tender, in look and manner, with very little outward development of power, but with an aspect that indicated a sensitive and generous soul, was the poet, James Montgomery, when I knew him in 1830. His early associateship with the sect called the "Moravian Brethren" had probably given a tinge of melancholy to his mind, for so he always seemed to me, and so, I believe, he seemed to others.

It matters little whether he was or was not a descendant of that ancient family whose name is renowned in three kingdoms, and who "came in with the Conqueror:" he had a higher boast, that he was

"The son of parents passed into the skies."

His father was the Rev. John Montgomery, who had been appointed to the pastoral charge of a small congregation of the "United (Moravian) Brethren," at Irvine, a seaport in Ayrshire; and on the 4th of November, 1771, the poet was there born. His father and mother were both Irish, and of Irish descent. He was himself, therefore, more than half Irish,—as he said to his friend, John Holland, having "barely

escaped being born in Ireland,"—entering the world a few weeks after the arrival of his mother at Irvine, and returning with her to Ireland four years and a half after his birth. He received his earliest lessons at Grace Hill, in the county of Antrim, from a genuine Irish schoolmaster,—“one Neddy McKaffery,”—and was educated at the Moravian Settlement, Fulneck, about six miles from Leeds, his parents having been removed to the island of Barbadoes, as “missionaries among the negro slaves.” His mother died at Tobago in 1790, and his father at Barbadoes in 1791. The mission was unfortunate. The good man, in his hopelessness, exclaimed, “Oh that I knew one soul in Tobago truly concerned for his salvation, how should I rejoice!” They pursued their vocation, none the less; doing, as far as they could, the work of their Master, amid privations and sufferings, literally unto death. Thus wrote their poet-son :—

“Beneath the lion star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep;
And when the sun’s noon glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves.”

During his long life, James Montgomery paid but one visit to the land in which he was born. It is, therefore, absurd to describe him as a Scotchman; to all intents and purposes he was, as he himself said he had nearly been, an Irishman; for it is certain that the native country of a man is not determined by the accident of birth, otherwise some of the most renowned Englishmen must be treated as Frenchmen or Spaniards. A man loses no civil rights, as a British subject, by being born in a foreign state, nor does he, by such “mischance,” acquire any of the privileges to which, as a native of such state, he would be entitled.*

In 1830, when Mr. Everett, one of Montgomery’s biographers, visited Grace Hill, a nephew and two aunts of the poet were “residents” there. Probably some of the family live there still. Montgomery himself visited Grace Hill in 1842. He had retained a vivid recollection of the place, and the several objects and incidents associated with it.

When Montgomery visited Irvine, where he was formally welcomed by the authorities with the respect due to one whose genius and virtues had done honour to the burgh, the little chapel in which his father had preached was no longer used as a sanctuary. It then contained four or five looms; yet he had a strong memory of the place, and was deeply touched by the visit—“its bridge, its river, its street-aspect, and its rural landscape, with sea-glimpses between.” His

* Maria Edgeworth was born in England. Her claim to be English is stronger than that of Montgomery to be Scottish; for her mother was an Englishwoman, her father was English born, and she was many years a resident in England before she visited Ireland. Cardinal Wiseman was circumstanced as was James Montgomery: his parents were Irish, but he was born in Spain, and sent to England for education when five or six years old.

Montgomery, in the course of a speech at a public meeting, made these remarks :—“If I did not love Ireland fervently, I should be a most unnatural and ungrateful wretch; every drop of blood in my veins was drawn from Irish fountains; both my parents were Irish, and the first motion of my heart was communicated by the pulse of an Irish mother’s.”

I thought it well to determine this point, and put a written case before an eminent lawyer of England. This is his opinion :—“If born of English parents, no matter *where*—Scotland, Spain, or in any vessel, in any clime—he is English: there is an especial Act of the British Parliament putting the matter beyond question. Certainly, if born in Spain, he could claim no rights as a Spaniard, nor lose any as an Englishman, always supposing the parents had not been naturalised.” As it was possible the Scottish law differed from the English, I consulted a Scottish lawyer. This is his opinion :—“The fact of being born in Scotland is of no account. A child so born is no more a Scotchman, by virtue of that fact, than he would be a marine by being born at sea.”

memory of Grace Hill was necessarily more clear and strong, but he had evidently no special attachment to either. He was in effect, though not in fact, a native of Sheffield.

Had the High, the Holy One
 God or all the Girs & the Lunt,
 In the spake and in the done
 He commended, it stood fast.

J. Montgomery

Sheffield.
 Aug. 3. 1833.

Fulneck, a few miles from Leeds, was, and is, not only a settlement, but may be called a college, of the Moravians. Montgomery became a scholar there in 1777, the design of his parents being to educate him for the ministry. It must

have been a dolorous place, according to the vivid description of William Howitt, though others have spoken of it differently. No doubt in 1777 it was far less dismal than it is in 1870, when huge chimneys stretch up to the sky, clouds are intercepted by smoke, and a perpetual din of the hammer drowns the song of birds—if any remain to sing.

But in its best time little of the more striking aspects of beautiful nature could have been without the walls; while within, the Fathers and "Brethren" sought by precept and example to close the outer world to the eyes and hearts of the neophytes. Such a locality, and such a system, would have dried up the living fountain that issued from the heart even of great Wordsworth. True, something must be conceded to systematic education, but a worse home in which to educate a poet can hardly be conceived.* Neither was Montgomery much better off when in after-life his Parnassus was the close street called "Hartshead," or even "The Mount," at Sheffield—the world's factory of steel and iron.

No doubt, in his poetry, his narrow sectarianism was a serious trammel. He could never give full vent to fancy; imagination was not permitted to body forth the forms of things unknown; inventions were stigmatised as falsehoods; and fiction was a convicted crime. The fine frenzy of the poet was, therefore, a sin against the brotherhood; and themes in which happier "makers" revelled were excluded from entries in his book of life. Montgomery was not heard in protest against this untoward fate, although he does complain that he had been often compelled to sacrifice brilliant forms of expression, which, whatever admiration they may have won from many readers, were "incompatible with Christian verity."

Montgomery's promise of the future was not such as to justify the hopes of the Directors at Fulneck: the ministry was not to be his lot. Little did the good Fathers foresee that the rejected was to become a mightier teacher—more powerful to influence the hearts and minds of humankind—than the whole of the students put together whom Fulneck was rearing to become missionaries throughout the world; that the silent, unsocial, and seemingly indolent lad whom, hopeless of better things, they consigned to the counter of a small shopkeeper at Wath, was destined to make their gentle faith revered to the uttermost parts of earth, among the millions upon millions who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Neither was shop-thralldom for him; he threw off the shackles they had placed on his soul. Considering himself free (as he was not under indentures) to act for himself, he set forth "to seek his fortune," but almost penniless, and without a guide; nay, not without a guide, for the Master he was to serve as the "Christian poet" of a future was at his side. After a brief sojourn with the shopkeeper at Wath and a bookseller in London, he was conducted to the proverbially unpoetic and intellectually unfruitful town of Sheffield, where the whole of his after-life was passed from the age of twenty-one to that of eighty-three. To the "hard-handed" men in that capital of "toil and traffic" he

* One of the Moravian pastors asks Montgomery, in a letter from Fulneck—"Do you yourself ascribe your tendency to depression of spirits to your mode of education here?" There appears to have been no answer to the question.

brought a shining light. Assuredly he was led where he was most needed ; and who shall say how far the gentle teachings and glad tidings of the Gospel, preached by him during so many years from the printing-press, and in so many "speeches," influenced a people, many of them then and always conspicuous for passionate, not to say reckless, ardour? and who shall gauge the influence of the Christian poet in counterbalancing the dangerous efforts of a fierce democratic power that soon obtained ascendancy in that stirring and energetic town?—the one poet uttering curses loud and deep against a tax-fed aristocracy ; * the other breathing gently in his prose and verse, and illustrating, by his example, the merciful teachings of the suffering yet ever-considerate Saviour.

Yes, the pulpit of James Montgomery was the wide, wide world, and his congregation the whole of humankind.

Moreover, he was unfitted for the ministry by "constitutional indolence,"—he might have said, excessive sensibility. Of himself he writes, so early as 1794, "I was distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy." "I who am always asleep when I ought to be working."

But Montgomery had, in reality, "no vocation for the pulpit," and it is not unlikely that the austerity of Fulneck School rendered a prospect of the ministry distasteful to him ; at any rate, the rebound of his spirit, when breaking away from his religious teachers, took a different direction. His destiny was to be, not a man of peace, but a man of war—with the pen, that is to say. Very early in life he launched his fragile, if not "frail" bark on the stormy sea of politics. His youth and his earlier manhood were expended in the party-contests of a provincial town, although his large mind and high soul dealt occasionally with the loftier topics that concern humanity. No doubt, in the main and for a time, he

"To party gave up what was meant for mankind."

In 1794 Montgomery commenced to publish in Sheffield the *Iris* newspaper, passing in a few short months from "a seclusion almost equal to that of the cloister," to what was then one of the most responsible and perilous stations in active life—that of "a newspaper publisher, politician, and patriot"—exhibiting, as if in proof of Dr. Johnson's notable averment, "something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward."

On the 4th of July the first number appeared. He had soon to endure the pains and penalties consequent on his position. In October, 1794, he was prosecuted for printing "a patriotic song by a clergyman of Belfast." The passage that was pronounced "libellous" by the sapient justices who tried the case was this :—

"Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends,
Most important its issue will be ;
For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends ;
If she triumphs, the world will be free."

The verses were written by a Mr. Scott, of Dromore, and were sung at a festival in Belfast, to commemorate the destruction of the Bastille ; and they had

* Ebenezer Elliott.

been printed in various newspapers (among others, the *Morning Chronicle*) a year before Montgomery was prosecuted for reprinting them for a ballad-hawker; for which he received, as a printer, the sum of eighteen-pence. It bore internal evidence that he was not the writer—indeed, that was not charged against him; yet he was convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in York Castle, and to pay a fine of £20.

Not long afterwards (in 1796) he was a second time tried, convicted, and imprisoned for libel. It was for printing in his newspaper what he considered a true statement of facts concerning a riot that had taken place at Sheffield, in which several lives were lost.* He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of £60.

Again, therefore, to quote his own words, "he kept house in York Castle."

In a letter I received from him in 1837 he thus alludes to himself:—"The disappointment of my premature poetical hopes brought a blight with it, which my mind has never recovered. For many years I was as mute as a moulting bird, and when the power of song returned, it was without the energy, self-confidence, and freedom which happier minstrels among my contemporaries have manifested, and have owed much of their success to such inspiration from their own conscious talents." †

No doubt much of this state of mind resulted from the severity of criticism dealt out to him; it acted on a naturally sensitive nature and a delicate constitution, and had the effect it was probably designed to produce. Take, for example, the following passages from the *Edinburgh Review*—January, 1807—where Montgomery was cried down (!) as "intoxicated with weak tea, and the praises of sentimental ensigns, and other provincial literati;" "a writer of middling verses," whose readers were "half-educated women, sickly tradesmen, and enamoured apprentices;" a "most musical and melancholy gentleman," "very weakly, very finical, and very affected;" the review ending with a prophecy that "in less than three years no one will know the name of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' or any of the other poems" of James Montgomery! Such was the judgment of Francis Jeffrey. How righteously true, how glorious in its fulfilment, was the prophecy put forth in 1807—the fulfilment which Jeffrey, the writer, lived to witness, so long afterwards as 1856!

In 1825 he retired from the *Iris*. On the 27th of September of that year appeared the last number of that journal with the imprint of James Montgomery.‡ His fellow-townsmen received him at a public dinner, at which Earl Fitzwilliam presided; persons of all political opinions attended to do him honour, acknowledging his services to humanity, the gentleness with which he had done his "spiriting," the blameless tenor of his life, the suavity of his

* When, in 1796, Coleridge was canvassing for subscribers to the *Watchman*, he declined to make any efforts in Sheffield, "lest he should injure the sale of the *Iris*," "the Editor of which is a very amiable and ingenious young man of the name of James Montgomery."

† "The Wanderer of Switzerland" was published in 1806; "The West Indies," 1810; "The World before the Flood," 1813; "Greenland," 1819; "Prose by a Poet," 1824; "The Pelican Island," 1827; "Lectures on Poetry," 1833.

‡ The *Iris* was, at one time, "the only newspaper published at Sheffield;" and in allusion to this fact, on Montgomery's relinquishing it, Wilson says, in the "Notes," "A hundred firesides sent their representatives to bless the man whose genius had cheered their homes for thirty winters." He adds, "His poetry will live, for he has heart and imagination: the religious spirit of his poetry is affecting and profound."

manners, and the firmness of his character—that as a public journalist he had honoured and dignified the Press of his country.

And throughout the kingdom that opinion there was none to gainsay. Thenceforward he entirely abstained from political writing; and his biographer says that, in 1837, “his opinions had become, in the main, very similar to those now indicated by the term Conservative.”

On retiring from business Montgomery left the premises in the Hartshead, where he had so long resided, and went to live at The Mount, a pleasant situation about a mile outside the town, and overlooking the valley of the Sheaf.



THE MOUNT, AT SHEFFIELD: MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE.

The house occupied by the poet was one of eight, which together form a handsome and imposing pile of building.

In 1830, Montgomery was in London to deliver lectures on English Literature at the Royal Institution.

It was then he visited us—in Sloane Street. I had seen him once before, during a rapid run through Sheffield, when I had a brief interview with him, seated, *ex cathedrâ*, in the office of the *Iris*, in the dingy locality before mentioned. It was in that year, while he was contenting himself with the produc-

tion of occasional verses—often commemorating the worth of the departed, soothing sorrow, and arousing hope in survivors—that another Montgomery—ROBERT MONTGOMERY—claimed and obtained the suffrages of the world. The “Omnipresence of the Deity” rapidly passed through seven or eight editions, and *Robert* gave, in a year, more employment to the printers than *James* had found for them in half a century of work. Yet surely, while the one was pure gold—thrice tried in the furnace—the other was, by comparison, “sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.”

Some notes concerning ROBERT MONTGOMERY may not be unacceptable to my readers.

I remember *James* Montgomery calling upon me soon after the work of his namesake appeared, and became at once “famous.” His mind seemed much unsettled, and he spoke as if under the influence of some affliction, as he asked me for my sympathy, showing me a letter, and telling me it was not the only one of the kind he had received, in which the writer congratulated *him* on the success of his new poem, “adding that it was undoubtedly his best, and that as he grew in years he grew in vigour and in beauty.” The new poem was “The Omnipresence of the Deity!” by his namesake.

No doubt the sudden, extreme, and irrational popularity of Robert gave pain to James, not from envy certainly, but on account of the mistakes arising, not always undesignedly, from the similarity of names. It is not in human nature to bear such mortifications without umbrage. Whether Robert was *particeps criminis* or not, I cannot say, but certainly the advertisements issued by his publisher—Maunder—of “Montgomery’s new poem,” repeated perpetually without any prefix, if not intended to deceive, did deceive, not the public alone, but the booksellers, and in some instances critics and reviewers. One speaker at a public meeting, James being present, alluded in terms highly complimentary to Robert’s poem of “Woman,” as “rendering tardy honours to the sex,” and in their name tendered thanks to James, whom he took to be its author.

A note to an article in the *Quarterly* which contained this passage, “We mean the poet Montgomery, and not the Mr. Gomery who assumed the affix of ‘Mont,’” &c., naturally excited the ire of Robert, who wrote to James, indignantly denying the assumption of the name, which he affirmed was his natural right. To that letter James wrote a lengthened reply, in which he stated, “The worst that I wish to Mr. Robert Montgomery is, that some rich man would die and leave him a handsome estate, on condition that he should take the name of his benefactor;” but he did not conceal his vexation at the annoyances to which he had been subjected.*

I would not, however, seem to cast a slur upon the memory of the lesser, while lauding the greater, *Montgomery*; the suffrages of thousands have given to him a niche in the Temple of Fame, and if rated above his value as a *poet*, he was

* Robert had the cure of a church in Glasgow when James visited that city, but he did not call upon his venerable namesake; yet the poet went to hear him preach. On his return to Sheffield, James, being questioned on the subject, merely said, “I cannot be one of his eulogists, and I will *not* say anything to his disparagement.”

at all events a kindly man, a zealous clergyman, and a fervent Christian, to whose rare powers as a preacher some of our best charities are indebted for much of their means to lessen and relieve human suffering.

I think the exact particulars of his parentage have never been given : it is, however, believed his father's name was Montgomery,* but that he had dropped the aristocratic quarter of it, calling himself Gomery, and that Robert, in assuming it, did no more than he was entitled to do.

It was in 1825 or 1826 that Robert Montgomery brought me an introduction ; I cannot now say from whom. There came to spend an evening with me a somewhat handsome and rather "foppish" young man, tall, and slight, and gentlemanly, though assuming and exacting in manners. His object was to read to me a poem he had written, which he called "The Age Reviewed." It was full of sparkling "cleverness," but was a satire on the leading reviewers, poets, and authors of the day. The half-fledged sparrow was about to peck at the eagle's plumes. Names the most honoured and revered in letters—some who were even then almost of the future—were treated with contumely and scorn ; heroes in a hundred fights were to go down "before the grey goose-quill" of the boy Goliath ! His great prototype, Byron, was bitterly lamenting a wicked folly of the kind, but the intellectual giant had strength for the encounter, which this thoughtless youth had not. I listened as he read, and when he had finished I gave him serious and earnest counsel at once to put his poem into the fire beside which we were sitting. My advice was angrily rejected. Robert Montgomery published "The Age Reviewed,"† and lamented the wanton act of aggression all the days of his life. Many years passed before I again saw him ; he had then been ordained, and was a favourite preacher—especially fond of preaching charity sermons. We were brought together in consequence of our mutual interest in the Hospital for the cure of Consumption at Brompton—a charity for which he exerted himself ardently and zealously.

He was certainly the vainest man I have ever known. To him notoriety was fame ; a "few" was never a "fit" audience ; he would have far preferred a bellow of applause from a crowded gallery to a half-suppressed murmur of admiration from "the first row in the pit."

The portrait I draw of him, however, cannot, and ought not to be, all shade. Beyond his vanity there was no harm in him ; nay, his nature was generous and kindly. He was eloquent and impressive in the pulpit, and discharged zealously and faithfully his manifold duties as a clergyman. The Consumption Hospital is by no means the only charity for which he heartily worked.‡ In all the minor relations of life—as husband, father, and friend—he was exemplary.

Of his merits as a poet I do not take upon myself to speak. A writer who lived to see thirty-six editions of one poem, "The Omnipresence of the Deity," and many editions of several other poems, could not be without great merit, though it may be of "a certain kind ;" moreover, he was not prostrated, although

* It is said, but I know not with what truth, that the father of Robert, usually called Gomery, had been a theatrical clown.

† "The Age Reviewed," by Robert Montgomery. Professor Wilson, in the "Noctes," speaks of the book thus : "I gave the thing a glance—wretched stuff."

‡ For the Consumption Hospital alone he preached thirty times, at thirty different churches, extending over a period from January, 1843, to December, 1853, adding thus to its funds no less a sum than £1,194 17s. 4d.

for a time hurled to the ground by the memorable and terrific assault of Macaulay; and though he died comparatively young,* he had a position and achieved a triumph for which thousands labour in vain.

It was, as I have said, in 1830, when he visited London to deliver, at the Royal Institution, a series of lectures on poetry, that we became personally acquainted with James Montgomery. As a lecturer he cannot be described as successful; his matter was of course good, but his manner, as may be supposed, lacked the power, the earnestness, the *conviction*, in a word, that rarely fail to impress an audience, and which often stand serviceable in the stead of aids more important.† Previously I had barely seen Montgomery, yet I had been in frequent correspondence with him, for he had written year after year for the *Amulet*, which contained some of his best compositions in prose and verse. I was, however, prepared to see a gentleman of calm, sedate, and impressive exterior.

In 1835 James Montgomery received one of the Crown pensions—a grant of £150 a year—the donor being Sir Robert Peel. It was one of the latest acts of the great statesman's Government, for the day after the grant was made he ceased to be minister—for a time.

Montgomery was never married. His love verses have been variously interpreted. In a letter written when he was aged, he somewhat mysteriously alludes to his celibacy: "The secret is within myself, and it is on the way to the grave, from which no secret will be betrayed till the day of judgment."

The last time I saw Montgomery was during his one visit to the Exhibition in 1851; the venerable man was moving slowly about from stall to stall, examining, apparently with a dull and listless look, the beauties of manufactured art by which he was surrounded. His form was shrunk, he stooped somewhat, his once bright eye seemed glazed; he was, indeed, but the shadow of his former self; yet I was told he had brightened up into his old nature when, just before, he had been looking over the books in one hundred and sixty-five languages of parts of the Holy Scripture that England had printed as a benefaction to varied mankind. I had to recall myself to his memory, but when I did so I obtained a cordial greeting, that even to-day I remember, and record with gratitude and pleasure. As I left him I could not help repeating his lines—

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found."

I have said the personal appearance of Montgomery was not striking. The eye was the redeeming feature in an otherwise plain face. It was (or seemed to be) a clear, bright blue, outlooking and uplooking.‡

In 1805 the sculptor Chantrey, "a young artist whose modesty and zeal for improvement are equal to his talents," *painted* a portrait of Montgomery. He

* The Rev. Robert Montgomery died in December, 1855, leaving a widow and one child. During the later years of his life he was the preacher in Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

† These lectures, received not unfavourably at the Royal Institution as the opinions of a poet concerning the brethren and mysteries of the craft, were delivered in several towns, and afterwards published in a volume, the reception of which would by no means be a fair or favourable criterion of the public appreciation of his merits as a poet.

‡ One of the artists who painted his portrait said that his eyes were "in reality a bright hazel, within a narrow circle of clear blue, and so lustrous, that in some lights the latter seemed the prevailing tint."

was often painted: in 1827 by Jackson, R.A., whose portrait is perhaps the best. That by Illidge is good. Mr. Barber painted a full-length for the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Institution, where it now is, and where I have gladly seen it. But Montgomery said that of all his portraits, there was not one he should like to see engraved. A faithful profile likeness of the "Christian Poet" appears on the bronze medal which is annually presented by the Sheffield School of Art for the most successful drawing, by any pupil, of English wild flowers; it was from a portrait carefully modelled from the life at fourscore. He considered, however, that his face was "rather improved than deteriorated by age." In one of his letters he speaks of himself as "the ugliest man in Sheffield." He was nothing of the kind.

Mrs. Hemans, who received a visit from Montgomery in 1828, speaks of his "mass of tangled, streaming, meteoric-looking hair;" and another writer says that, "when young, he had an abundant crop of carrot locks."

In 1825, when the poet may be said to have been at the best period of his life, and certainly in the zenith of his fame, he was visited by a Mr. Carter, editor of a newspaper in New York; and, as Mr. Holland has reprinted the article that thence arose, we are to assume that he endorses it.

Of Montgomery he says, "In his manners the author manifests that mildness, simplicity, and kindness of heart so conspicuous in his writings. His flow of conversation is copious, easy, and perfectly free from affectation; his language polished, but without an approach to pedantry. . . . In person he is slender and delicate, rather below the common size; his complexion is light, with a Roman nose, high forehead, slightly bald, and a clear eye, not unfrequently downcast."

Mrs. Holland wrote for the *New Monthly* during my editorship, in 1835, an article entitled "Sheffield and its Poets," in the course of which she thus describes Montgomery:—

"He is the youngest man of his years I ever beheld; and at sixty years old might pass for thirty—such is the slightness of his figure, the elasticity of his step, the smoothness of his fair brow, the mobility and playfulness of his features when in conversation." She adds, "The lighting up of his eye when he is warmed by his subject is absolutely electrical."

In 1841, when he visited Scotland, he was thus described, in his sixty-fifth year: "His appearance speaks of antiquity, but not of decay; his locks have assumed a snowy whiteness, and the lofty and full-arched coronal region exhibits what a brother poet has well termed the 'clear, bald polish of the honoured head;' the features are high, the complexion fresh, though not ruddy; the forehead rather compact than large, with amply-developed organs of ideality and veneration." Another authority says that the organ of "firmness" was deficient.

Searle, in his *Life of Elliott*, describes Montgomery as "polished in his manners, exquisitely neat in his personal appearance, while his bland conversation rarely rose above a calm level. And Southey, in "The Doctor," thus refers to him—sending to the Christian poet the greeting of "one who admires thee as a poet, honours and respects thee as a man, and reaches out in spirit, at this moment, a long arm to shake hands with thee in cordial good-will." The two poets never met, the want of opportunity being often regretted by both. It is impossible to think of two men who would have enjoyed each other's company

more heartily, frankly, and completely—frank, trustful, and conscientious as they both were.

Excellent William Howitt, who knew him and loved him well, likens him to the poet Cowper—"the same benevolence of heart, the same modesty of deportment, the same purity of life, the same attachment to literary pursuits, the same fondness for solitude and retirement from the public haunts of men; and, to complete the picture, the same ardent feeling in the cause of religion, and the



THE TOMB OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

same disposition to gloom and melancholy." And thus his brother poet pictures the man:—"His person, which is rather below the middle stature, is neatly formed; his features have the general expression of simplicity and benevolence, rendered more interesting by a hue of melancholy that pervades them: when animated by conversation, his eye is enormously brilliant, and his whole countenance is full of intelligence."

Montgomery had many acquaintances, and a few devoted friends. Foremost

among them was John Holland, whom he more than once calls a "good man and true." He was the poet's loved and loving friend from a very early period, and to him (in conjunction with Mr. Everett) was assigned the duty of compiling the life of the poet. The task was discharged with sound judgment and nice discrimination, although with deep affection and abundant zeal.*

In 1854 the time of James Montgomery had come ; warnings that the hour of his removal was near at hand had been mercifully sent to him some time previously ; " the labour of composition made him ill ; " yet his faculties were all sound, and though feeble, he was not bedridden. On the last evening of life he was out, and returned home " apparently as usual," but surprised his aged companion by handing her the Bible, and saying, " Sarah, *you* must read." She did so ; he knelt down and prayed, retired to his room, and in the morning it was found that his spirit had gone home ; the tabernacle of his body was without inhabitant ; the soul was with the Master whose faithful servant he had been, and whose work he had so long and so well done. He entered into the joy of his Lord on the 30th April, 1854, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Those who knew him loved him, and by all he was respected and esteemed. By the tenor of his life, as well as ever by his writings, he advanced the cause of religion ; in example, as well as in precept, he was a true Christian gentleman.

A fitting monument was proposed for him at Sheffield, and John Bell made a worthy design. The estimated cost, however, was beyond the reach even of zealous friends, and after some time fruitlessly spent, the same artist made a new design, comprising a life-size statue of the poet in bronze, upon a granite pedestal, containing a prolix inscription. This monument, placed over Montgomery's grave in the Sheffield Cemetery, was inaugurated by a public demonstration, rarely equalled for the number and respectability of those who took part in it, except at the funeral of the great and good man whose name and virtues are so deservedly commemorated :—

" Your monument shall be your gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read,
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead."

One of the most esteemed and valued of the friends of James Montgomery was JOSIAH CONDER, some time editor of the *Ecdictic Review*, and in his latter years editor of the *Patriot* newspaper. Both were organs of the Evangelical (Independent) Dissenters. To the *Ecdictic* Montgomery was a large contributor ; and among its other contributors were Robert Hall, Dr. Adam Clarke, John Foster (the Essayist), &c.

I cannot write the name of Conder without tendering grateful homage to his memory, for I owe him much. In 1824, when he edited the *Modern Traveller* (a series of popular volumes, compilations from heavy, inaccessible, and costly books), he engaged me to write the "History of Brazil ;" and it was he who

* Mr. Holland, the author of numerous works in prose and verse, was for many years editor of the *Sheffield Mercury*. He still lives in a green and vigorous old age, and is at present the honoured manager of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophic Institution.

introduced me to the publishers Baynes and Son, by whom I was engaged to edit an "Annual," which they had applied to Mr. Conder to do—a task he had declined, recommending me to the work. This I called "the *Amulet*, a Christian and Literary Remembrancer," and that publication I edited during eleven years, until it was discontinued.

The reader may not consider out of place in this Memory a brief notice of these works, so long known and popular as "the Annuals."

Early in 1825 I undertook the editorship of the *Amulet*. The first volume was published in the autumn of that year "for the year 1826." It was in age the third of "the Annuals," having been preceded by the *Literary Souvenir* (in 1824), edited by Alaric A. Watts; and the *Forget-me-not* (in 1823), which introduced the class of works into England; then followed *Friendship's Offering*, edited by Thomas Pringle; the *Gem*, edited by Thomas Hood; the *Iris*, edited by the late Rev. Thomas Dale (Canon Dale); the *Bijou*, published by Pickering. Mr. Charles Heath, the eminent engraver, not long afterwards issued the *Keepsake*, edited by Mansel Reynolds; and the *Book of Beauty*, edited by Lady Blessington; and in 1831 appeared the *Anniversary*, edited by Allan Cunningham. There were also three annuals for the young, edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Alaric Watts, and Mr. Shoberl. The elder annuals were published at 12s., the juvenile annuals at 8s., and the *Keepsake*, the *Book of Beauty*, and the *Anniversary*, at the price of £1 1s. each, being greater in size, containing more and larger engravings, but in all other respects agreeing in character with the senior publications.

The idea was taken from Germany, where such Christmas gift-books had long been popular, and the publisher, Ackerman, was the first to introduce them into England. The *Forget-me-not*, with its happy title, was the parent of those books in this country.

The publications were costly, but they were all more or less profitable; the engravings were of great merit, productions of the best British engravers, for which very large sums were paid, varying from 100 to 150 guineas; in one case I paid 180 guineas to Le Keux for an engraving (5 inches by 4) of the Crucifixion, from a drawing by John Martin. The pictures engraved were by the best and most renowned English painters. The discovery of engraving on steel, not long before the period of the annuals, completely revolutionised Art; an engraving on copper yielded but a few hundred impressions, but the engraving on steel often produced a hundred thousand without material change.* Hence the birth of the annuals. The literary contents consisted chiefly of trifles, but they were the trifles of great minds; there was hardly an author of celebrity of that age whose name did not appear as a contributor to one of them. Glancing over the *Amulet*, I find as contributors Coleridge, Montgomery, Hemans, Mitford, Landon, Opie, &c., whilst Scott and Wordsworth aided the *Keepsake*, tempted thereto by the irresistible bribes of Mr. Charles Heath.

* A late discovery makes it possible to obtain impressions of an engraving—any number without limit. The original plate is not used at all; it is stereotyped on copper, the copper being coated with steel, which, when it begins to wear, is easily renewed.

The annuals undoubtedly had a salutary influence on Art; it was the first successful attempt to bring Art within reach of all classes. It is not too much to say that many of the engravings produced for these graceful gift-books have never been surpassed.

The *Amulet* had a distinctive feature; it was "a *Christian and Literary Remembrancer*;" that is to say, a serious and semi-religious tone pervaded it: undoubtedly, however, it vied in literary merit with the best of its competitors, while, to say the least, it was not behind any of them in its merit as a work of art.

I conducted it for eleven years, producing eleven volumes; but I was not fortunate in my publishers. The first two were issued by Messrs. Baynes and Co., who fell into difficulties; the next three by Wightman and Cramp; and the remainder by Westley and Davis, who became bankrupts in 1837; and as I was a partner with them in so far as the *Amulet* was concerned, my payment as editor being a share of the profits (which, by the way, during the six years amounted to somewhat less than a hundred pounds), I was involved in a ruinous loss. But that is one of a few of my "Memories" I pray to forget.

I return to a Memory of Josiah Conder. His father was an engraver, and he was born in London on the 17th September, 1789.

He was a Nonconformist by hereditary right: his ancestors had been Dissenters time out of mind, and had suffered persecutions for going their own way to God. He had the "prayers, example, and instruction" of several generations in the faith, of which he was an uncompromising, but gentle and charitable, advocate.* One of his best friends—Isaac Taylor—bears testimony to the graceful vivacity and attractiveness of his manners, his intellectual tastes, his literary proficiency and acquaintedness with books, the beauty and feeling of his poetical compositions, and the acknowledged correctness of his judgment.† Many of his hymns have taken a prominent place in our devotional literature.‡ He obtained high reputation as a critic, editing the *Eclectic Review*, and was for a long time "the champion of Dissenting interests and principles" as editor of the *Patriot* newspaper.

His wife also was an accomplished lady—the daughter of the renowned sculptor, Roubiliac; and the sons have inherited much of the intelligence and integrity of the father.

He had lost an eye by an attack of small-pox in childhood, and used a glass substitute. He drew consolation from that apparent affliction, and considered it the fountain of after-blessing; probably it determined his course of life, by disposing him to sedentary employment, and a love of learning and books.

Isaac Taylor (a high authority) testifies to "the graceful vivacity and attractiveness of his manners, his intellectual tastes, his literary proficiency, and

* "He counted it a great honour to be sprung from a family in which piety, as well as Nonconformity, was hereditary."—(Memoir by EUSTACE R. CONDER, M.A.)

† I find his hymns in many of the collections; but it is the culpable practice of those who arrange such collections for service in our churches to ignore altogether the names of the writers of them. For example, I have now before me a volume of 510 Hymns, edited by the Rev. William Mercer, M.A.; to not one of them is attached the name of the author. That is neither creditable nor wise—but it is ungrateful.

acquaintedness with books, the beauty and feeling of his poetical compositions, and the acknowledged correctness of his judgment in matters of taste."

I recall to memory, with much pleasure, a few days spent with him and his then young family at his pretty cottage near Watford. It must have been so far back as 1826 or 1827. I found him—and so report him—as so many of his friends said he was—a genial and kindly critic, a wise counsellor, sound of judgment, generous in his religious views, sympathetic with all who had anxieties and cares, with a mind holy, and a nature thoroughly upright, thoroughly Christian; and I may well regret that it was not my destiny to see much of him in after-life.

He died on the 27th December, 1856. I quote the concluding passage of a sermon delivered by Dr. Morison of Knightsbridge:—"We are thankful for every remembrance of him, as of one who had in him much of the mind of Christ—who not only trod the paths of literature with a dignified and intelligent step, but also walked humbly with his God; adorned every relation of human life, as a son, a husband, a father, and a friend; and whose last hours were sweetly irradiated by the bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness."

The following verse from one of his poems I am tempted to quote:—

"Let Mother Rome the banns forbid,
When priests in wedlock join:
Sure Paul might do as Peter did,
And Luther's right is thine:
And we will keep, in spite of Rome,
Our wives, our Bibles, and our home."



EBENEZER ELLIOTT.



HOUGH fellow-townsmen, there was little or no personal intercourse between James Montgomery and Ebenezer Elliott. It would be difficult to imagine any two persons more dissimilar: the one soft and pliable as virgin wax, the other hard and unbending as a slab of cast-iron; the one ever laden with milk and honey for his kind, the other fierce as a fierce north-wester, that spares none—raging, sometimes, with indiscriminate wrath.

In 1837 I received this letter from Ebenezer Elliott:—"I was born at Masbrough, in the parish of Kimberworth, a village about five miles from this place (Sheffield), on the 17th March, 1781; but my birth was never registered except in a Bible, my father being a Dissenter and thorough hater of the Church as by law established;" and not long afterwards he gave me some further particulars of his life. There can be no reason why I should not print them, although they were supplied to me as notes, out of which

I was to write a memoir to accompany some selections of his poems in the "Book of Gems."

"Ebenezer Elliott—not ill-treated, but neglected in his boyhood, on account of his supposed inability to learn anything useful—suffered to go to school, or to stay away, just as he pleased, and employ, at his own sweet will, those years which often leave an impression on the future man that lasts till the grave covers him—listening to the plain or coarse, and sometimes brutal, but more often instructive and pathetic, conversation of workmen, or wandering in the woods and fields till he was thirteen years old—is altogether the poet of circumstances. The superiority, mental and bodily, of his elder brother—though Ebenezer never envied it—cast him into insignificance and comparative idiocy, and could hardly fail to throw a shade of sadness over a nature dull and slow, but thoughtful and affectionate. Sowerby's 'English Botany' made him a collector of plants, and Thomson's 'Seasons' a versifier, in the crisis of his fate, when it was doubtful whether he would become a man or a maltworm; shortly afterwards, or about which time, the curate of Middlesmoor—a lonely hamlet in Craven—died, and left his father a library of many hundred valuable books, among which were Father Herepin's 'Travels of M. de la Salle in America,' the *Royal Magazine*, with coloured plates in natural history, Ray's 'Wisdom of God in the Creation,' Derham's 'Physico-Theology,' Hervey's 'Meditations,' and Barrow's 'Sermons,' which latter author was a great favourite with the future rhymers, he being then deeply shadowed over with a religion of horrors, and finding relief in Barrow's *reasoning* from the dreadful declamation which it was his misfortune hourly to hear. To these books, and to the conversation and amateur preaching of his father, an old Cameronian and born rebel, who preached by the hour that God could not damn him, and that hell was hung round with span-long children—to these circumstances, and to the pictures of Israel Putnam, George Washington, Oliver Cromwell, &c., with which the walls of the parlour were covered, followed by the events of the French Revolution and awful Reign of Terror, may be clearly traced the poet's character, literary and political, as it exists at this moment. Blessed or cursed with a hatred of wasted labour, he was never known to read a bad book through, but he has read again and again, and deeply studied, *all* the masterpieces of the mind, original and translated, and the *masterpieces only*—a circumstance to which, more than to any other, he attributes his success, such as it is. He does not now know, for he never could learn, grammar, but corrects errors in composition by reflection, and often tells the learned 'that the mouth is older than the alphabet.' There is not, he says, a good thought in his works that has not been suggested by some object actually before his eyes, or by some real occurrence, or by the thoughts of other men; but he adds, 'I can make other men's thoughts breed.' He cannot, he says, like Byron, pour out thoughts from within, for his mind is exterior, 'the mind of his own eyes.' That he is a very ordinary person (who, by the earnest study of the best models, has learned to write a good style in prose and verse) is proved by phrenology, his head being shaped like a turnip, and a boy's hat fitting it. 'My genius,' he says, 'if I have any, is a compound of earnest perseverance, restless observation, and instinctive or habitual hatred of oppression.' He is thought by many to be a coarse and careless writer: but that is a mistake. He never printed a careless line. 'Moore himself, with his instinct of elegant versification, could not,' he says, 'improve my roughest Corn-Law Rhymes.' Of his political poems, 'They met in Heaven' is the best. The 'Recording Angel,' written on the final departure of Sultan George from the Harem, is his best lyric. Of his long poems, 'The Exile' is the most pathetic. 'Withered Wild Flowers' is his favourite; it is a perfect epic in three books, and the idea of telling a story in a funeral sermon is new. But his masterpiece, both as a poem and as a character, is the 'Village Patriarch,' the incarnation of a century of changes and misrule, on which he has stamped his individuality. The critics say he succeeds best in lyric poetry; he thinks he ought to have written a national epic, and if he had time he would yet make the attempt. He thinks also there is merit in his dramatic sketch of 'Kehonah,' particularly in the character of Nidarius, and the dramatic introduction of the supposed executioner of King Charles."

So far his personal history is given in his letter to me.

The ancestors of Ebenezer Elliott were "canny Elliotts" of the Border, whose "derring deeds" were warning proverbs in the debatable land: border thieves they were, who "lived on the cattle they stole." His father—who, from his eccentricities and ultra "religious" views, was named "Devil Elliott"—had

been apprenticed to an ironmonger at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, after which he became a clerk in the celebrated cannon foundry of Messrs. Walker, at Masbrough, near Rotherham. He soon left that situation, and went as a servant to the "New Foundry," in the same town; and there the poet was born, and baptized either by his father or by "one Tommy Wright," a Barnsley tinker and brother Berean. Ebenezer was one of seven children, three sons and four daughters, of a father bearing the same baptismal name. His first book lessons, after those of his mother, were with a Unitarian schoolmaster of the name of Ramsbottom, of whom he has made grateful mention in one of his poems. But he had the anxiety of a curious and ingenious child to see something of the world beyond the foundry and his teacher's garden.

"My ninth year," says he, in a letter I copy, "was an era in my life. My father had cast a great pan, weighing some tons, for my uncle at Thurlstone, and I determined to go thither in it,

*I was born at Masbro, in the
parish of Kimberworth, on the
14th March 1781.*

Ebenezer Elliott

without acquainting my parents with my intention. A truck with assistants having been sent for it, I got into it, about sunset, unperceived, hiding myself beneath some hay which it contained, and we proceeded on our journey. I have not forgotten how much I was excited by the solemnity of the night and its shooting stars, until I arrived at Thurlstone about four in the morning. I had not been there many days before I wished myself at home again, for my heart was with my mother. If I could have found my way back I should certainly have returned, and my inability to do so shows, I think, that I really must have been a dull child. My uncle sent me to Penistone school,* where I made some little progress. When I got home from school I spent my evenings in looking from the back of my uncle's house to Hayland Swaine, for I had discovered that Masbrough lay beyond that village; and ever when the sun went down I felt as if some great wrong had been done me. At length, in about a year and a half, my father came for me; and so ended my first irruption into the great world. Is it not strange that a man who from his childhood has dreamed of visiting foreign countries, and yet, at the age of sixty, believes

* The house is still standing at Thurlstone in which was born, in 1682, the celebrated blind mathematician, Dr. Nicholas Sanderson, who learned to read by feeling the letters on the gravestones in the churchyard of the adjacent town of Penistone.

that he shall see the Falls of Niagara, has never been twenty miles out of England, and has yet to see for the first time the beautiful scenery of Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland?"

His dream of visiting America was never realised.

But school days with Elliott, as with his more or less hopeful companions, came to an end; the iron-casting shop awaited him, and from his sixteenth to his twenty-third year he worked for his father, "hard as any day-labourer, and without wages."*

According to his own account, he had been a dull and idle boy, but poetry, instead of nourishing his faults, stimulated him to industry as well as thought. Thus, while his earlier days were spent amid the disheartening influences of an ascetic home and defective education, nature not only spoke to his senses, but worked within him,—

"His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor."

In all his sentiments and sympathies, from first to last, he was emphatically one of the people, illustrating his whole life long, by precept and example,

"The nobility of labour, the long pedigree of toil."

How far, or whether at all, the tastes of the son were influenced in any way favourably by those of the father, who was spoken of under the above ugly appellation, does not appear; but it is worthy of remark that the elder Elliott himself was a rhymester. "In 1792," says Mr. Holland, in his "Poets of Yorkshire," "he published a 'Poetical Paraphrase of the Book of Job.'"

Long afterwards, Ebenezer, in writing of his father, says,—“Under the room where I was born, in a little parlour, like the cabin of a ship, which was yearly painted green, and blessed with a beautiful thoroughfare of light—for there was no window tax in those days—my father used to preach, every fourth Sunday, to persons who came from distances of twelve to fourteen miles to hear his tremendous doctrines of ultra-Calvinism. On other days, pointing to the aqua-tint pictures on the walls, he delighted to declaim on the virtues of slandered Cromwell and of Washington the rebel.”

It is not material, in this brief notice of the "Corn-Law Rhymer," to trace him from his father's foundry, at Masbrough, to his own shop, as a steel-seller, in Sheffield, nor to describe his earliest efforts in verse. His poem of "Love" attracted no attention from readers of any class; while his "Night"—the scene of which is the picturesque spot identified with the legend of "The Dragon of Wantley"—was declared by one reviewer to be "in the very worst style of ultra-German bombast and horror!" But his taste rapidly improved, and that—strange as it may appear—under the stimulus of the intensest Radical politics. There was, in fact, a touch of the morbid in his temperament—a dramatic taste for the horrible in fiction—as witness his own "Bothwell"—with a special dislike of hereditary pride or grandeur. But though almost insane in his denunciation of the aristocracy, and absolutely rabid at times, both in his conversation and his writings, there was in his *heart* an innate love of the graceful and the beautiful in nature; the fiercer passions evaporated in a green lane, and wrath was effectually subdued by the gentle breezes of the hill-side. His strongly-marked countenance bespoke deep and stern thought; his pale grey eyes,

restless activity; his every look and motion indicated an enthusiastic temperament; his overhanging brow was stern, perhaps forbidding; but the lower portions of his face betokened mildness and benevolence; and his smile, when not sarcastic, was a most sweet and redeeming grace.

"The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate,
But honouring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great."

William Howitt describes him as "one of the gentlest and most tender-hearted of men;" yet his mind seemed incapable of reasoning when the higher orders of society were praised: he could not tolerate even the delicate hint of Mr. Howitt, that "among them were some amiable men." He at once "blazed up," exclaiming furiously, "Amiable men!—amiable robbers, thieves, murderers!"

Yes, on that subject he was absolutely insane. The stern, bitter, irrational, and unnatural hatred was the staple of his poetry—the greater part of it, that is to say; for many of his poems are as tender, loving, and pure as are those of his fellow-townsmen, gracious James Montgomery.

I have quoted four lines from one of his poems: this passage is from another. He is describing some mountain scenery conspicuous for desolate sterility:—

"I thank ye, billows of a granite sea,
That the bribed plough, defeated, halts below;
And thanks, majestic barrenness, to thee
For one grim region, in a land of woe,
Where tax-sown wheat and paupers will not grow."

Comparatively little was known of the vast poetical power of Ebenezer Elliott until 1831, when an article in the *New Monthly Magazine* (then under my editorship), from the pen of Lord Lytton, directed public attention to his genius.

It was Dr. Bowring who showed to Lord Lytton a mean-looking and badly-printed pamphlet called "The Ranter." He was struck with it, and sent to me a review of the work in a letter addressed to the Poet-Laureate,—directing his attention to the "mechanic" as one of the "uneducated poets" whom Southey had so often folded under his wings. Its publication gave the Sheffield poet a wider renown than he had previously obtained, but it did no more. Lord Lytton wrongly described him, as others had done, as "a mechanic;" he was not then aware that many years previously Elliott had been in correspondence with Southey, who fully appreciated the rough genius of the poet.* Neither did Lord Lytton then know that Elliott had published several beautiful poems in certain periodical works—the *Amulet* among others, in which one of the most perfect of his compositions, "The Dying Boy to the Sloe-blossom," appeared in 1830.

* Southey, in one of his letters, laughs over the idea of Mr. Bulwer Lytton thus recommending to his notice an uneducated poet whom he had long known and respected, and with whom he had frequently corresponded. Elliott, indeed, said of Southey, "that it was Southey who taught him the art of poetry." They had corresponded so far back as 1811. In 1810 Southey acknowledges the receipt of Elliott's poem "Night," "which contains abundant evidence of power, but with defects no less striking, in plan and execution," Southey, writing in 1833, says:—"I mean (in the *Quarterly*) to read the Corn-Law Rhymer a lecture, not without some hope (though faint) that, as I taught him the art of poetry, I may teach him something better."

Afterwards Elliott became a regular contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, and for that work he wrote many of his best poems.

His friend, Mr. Searle, describes him personally :—" Instead of being a true son of the forge*—broad-set, strong, and muscular as a Cyclops—he was the reverse. In stature he was not more than five feet six inches high, of a slender make, and a bilious, nervous temperament ; his hair was quite grey, and his eyes, which were of a greyish blue, were surmounted by thick brushy brows. His forehead was not broad, but rather narrow ; and his head was small. There was great pugnacity in the mouth, especially when he was excited ; but in repose, it seemed to smile, more in consciousness of strength, however, than in sunny unconscious beauty. His nostrils were full of scorn, and his eyes—which were the true indices of his soul—literally smote you with fire, or beamed with kindness and affection, according to the mood he was in. In earnest debate his whole face was lighted up, and became terrible and tragic."

He describes himself, however, as five feet seven inches in height ; slimly rather than strongly made ; eyes dim and pale, mostly kind in their expression, but sometimes wild ; his features harsh, but not displeasing : " on the whole," he says, " he is just the man who, if unknown, would pass unnoticed anywhere."

He is thus graphically sketched by Southey :—" It was a remarkable face, with pale grey eyes, full of fire and meaning, and well suited to a frankness of manner and an apparent simplicity of character such as is rarely found in middle age, and more especially rare in persons engaged in what may be called the warfare of the world."

The one great blemish of Elliott's poetry, in the estimation of general readers, is the frequent introduction of that subject which, with him, was more than a sentiment—an absorbing and over-mastering passion—the direct theme of some of his most spirited lyrics, the topic of his common conversation no less than the spell of his genius, and in pursuance of which he adopted the significant appellation of the "Corn-Law Rhymers." This subject, it need scarcely be added, while it was the mainspring of his popularity with one party of political economists, including all the working men of his day, was, at the same time, still more powerful in exciting the dislike of other classes of the community, and especially all those connected with the agricultural interest. This position of personal as well as poetical hostility towards a large, wealthy, influential, and respectable section of his countrymen was rendered less envenable by the general bitterness of style and harshness of epithet by which his "rhymes" were but too commonly characterised. But "gentle arguments are not suited for stern work:" while, therefore, it is impossible to read many of his most powerful pieces without a mixture of admiration for the skill of the poet, and of regret for the violence of the partisan, it should not be forgotten that much of the interest of these compositions has passed away, by the signal triumphs of the doctrine which they originally illustrated and enforced. For, whatever may be the opinions entertained at this moment by any person or party in this country relative to the abolition of the Corn Laws, there can be no doubt that the popular and

* This mistake was common, and did the poet no harm. That he knew how to use a hammer was true enough ; but his townspeople were not a little amused to be told in print that the house of the "Corn-Law Rhymers" was "surrounded by iron palisades which had been forged on the anvil by his own brawny arm !"

energetic struggle which issued in that event was effectually aided by the genius of Ebenezer Elliott.

On the other hand, let it not be imagined that Ebenezer Elliott was made a victim, or made himself a martyr, of the "bread tax," otherwise than in his "rhymes:" he was, in fact, a shrewd, active, and successful man of business; and notwithstanding he tells us, in terms which formed so long and so loudly the burden of his song, that

"Dear sugar, dear tea, and dear corn,
Conspired with dear representation
To laugh worth and honour to scorn,
And beggar the whole British nation,"

he was fortunate enough to outmatch the "four dears," as he calls them—to give up business—to leave Sheffield for the enjoyment of a country retreat, in a good house of his own at Hargot Hill, in the vicinity of Barnsley. But an insidious complaint was slowly, yet surely, arresting his vital powers. He "departed this life" on the 1st of December, 1849, and is buried in the churchyard of the beautiful little village of Darfield.* The church may be seen from the house in which he died.

It was not by his own desire he was laid in consecrated ground. Not long before his death he pointed out to a friend a tree in one of the pleasant dells that environ black and busy Sheffield, and said, "Under this tree I mean to be buried. I shall sleep well enough here; and who knows but I may feel the daisies growing over my grave, and hear the birds sing to me in my winding-sheet?" He was dying, when his faculties were suddenly roused by a robin singing in the garden underneath his chamber window. He had strength enough to write these lines—they were his last:—

"Thy notes, sweet robin, soft as dew,
Heard soon or late, are dear to me;
To music I could bid adieu,
But not to thee.
When from my eyes this lifeall throng
Has pass'd away, no more to be,
Then, autumn's primrose, robin's song,
Return to me."

His character is thus summed up by his friend, Mr. Searle:—"He was a far-seeing, much-enduring, hard-working, practical man; he had a stern love of truth, and a high and holy comprehension of justice; he appreciated the sufferings of the poor, and if he exaggerated, he thoroughly sympathised with, their wrongs." His life, indeed, seems to have been governed in conformity with one of his own lines:—

"So live that thou mayst smile and no one weep."

* The village of Darfield is nearly a mile from its railway station, on the North Midland line. The church, equally plain in its design and architecture, looks pretty at a distance, from its elevated situation, and the group of fine trees with which it is flanked. The tower contains a peal of very musical bells, the ringing of which is duly appreciated by the inhabitants of the valley of the Deane. The grave of the "Corn-Law Rhymers" is unmarked, except by a plain stone, nearly level with the grass, and thus inscribed lengthwise:—"Ebenezer Elliott, died December 1, 1849, aged 68 years." On the other half of the stone, "Fanny Elliott, his wife, died December 4, 1856, aged 75 years." A plain gravestone adjoining bears "Sacred to the memory of John Watkins, late of London, Son of Francis and Christiana Watkins, of Whitby, and Son-in-law of Ebenezer Elliott, who died Sept. 22, 1850, aged 40 years." It may be mentioned that in this secluded churchyard there is a conspicuous obelisk, which, as we learn from an inscription on the pedestal, was "Erected to commemorate the Sundhill (Colliery) Explosion of Feb. 9, 1852, in which 192 men and boys lost their lives, of whose bodies 146 are buried near this place."

He was a good citizen and a good member of society ; " there was not a blot or flaw upon his character ; " he was regular at his business ; careful of all home duties ; a dutiful son, an attached husband, a fond, but considerate, father ; * and it is gratifying to record this his own testimony to his faith, "*Having studied the evidence on both sides of the question, I am a Christian from conviction.*" It will hardly be expected that the religious character of any person which is merely announced in terms similar to those just quoted would find its practical expression in conformity with the creed of any sect or section of the Christian Church. The truth is, the best friends or worst enemies of the poet were never able to reckon among his ostensible virtues or prejudices a regular Sunday attend-



THE BURIAL-PLACE OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

ance at any place of public worship, nor even to report him as a casual hearer of his own exemplary "Ranter" preacher, with his favourite text—

"Woe be unto you, Scribes and Pharisees !
Who eat the widows' and the orphans' bread,
And make long prayers to hide your villainies !"

The religious as well as the political opinions of the poet are fully and fairly presented in his two principal works, "*The Village Patriarch*" and "*The Ranter* ; " the former a witness and victim of a progressive and culminating "monopoly," the latter an out-door "preacher of the plundered poor." What-

* He had six sons and two daughters : the younger of them married John Watkins, who published a very interesting volume comprising "*The Life, Poetry, and Letters of Elliott.*" Two of his sons became clergymen of the Established Church : two conducted for a time the old business at Sheffield.

ever may be thought of the special and direct sentiments and design of these compositions, they both contain incidental descriptions of local scenery which may be said to be unsurpassed in truth and beauty of expression.

Thus writes Montgomery of his "brother poet:"—"I am willing to hazard my critical credit by avowing my persuasion that in originality, power, and even beauty—when he chose to be beautiful—he might have measured heads beside Byron in tremendous energy, Crabbe in graphic description, and Coleridge in effusions of domestic tenderness; while in intense sympathy with the poor, in whatever he deemed their wrongs or their sufferings, he excelled them all, and perhaps everybody else among his contemporaries in prose or verse."

He was, "in a transcendental sense, the poet of the poor:" he (the lines are those of Walter Savage Landor)—

"asked the rich
To give laborious hunger daily bread."

According to the testimony of one who knew him well, Elliott's attempts at oratory were failures. Sententious, rugged, sarcastic, and loud, his hearers were more entertained with his excitement than either instructed by his statements or convinced by his reasoning. In a word, his oral declamations generally lacked that charm of orderly arrangement and those well-tuned, not to say exquisite, graces of style, which so largely characterise his poetical essays, even when wilfully dashed and marred by vile epithets or coarse personalities. In his private conversation, when crossed and excited by opposition, these faults would sometimes break out; otherwise he was mild and amiable, always frank and unselfish, admitting his own faults, or those of his partisans, as freely as those of his opponents.

I print the following as one of the few of his characteristic letters I have had the good fortune to preserve:—

"SHEFFIELD, 9th December, 1836.

"I have a great favour to ask of you, a favour which, on my knees, I implore you to grant. If you do not grant it, you will miss an opportunity of honouring the *New Monthly*, by taking an entirely new view of the most important subject that ever agitated the public mind. My request is, that you will publish in your forthcoming number the inclosed article, written and extracted by a friend of the author from the proof-sheets of his unpublished book, entitled 'Agricultural Distress, its Causes and Remedy,' dedicated to the labouring people of England, and published by Effingham Wilson, London. The author is William Ibbotson, of Sheffield,* merchant, farmer, and Methodist—one of a sect which, he says, numbers or powerfully influences four millions of human beings in Great Britain. It is seldom that men of business like 'the Manchester manufacturer' can be induced to write books on any subject. When they do so, it is important that they be encouraged, because their experience and knowledge almost always enable them to write well. Mr. Ibbotson has demonstrated by facts that the Corn Laws are the cause of agricultural distress, and that free trade would raise rents, and permanently keep up agricultural prices, and that nothing else can do so. It is desirable that the article appear in the forthcoming number, to give the well-timed book a shove, and prevent the discouraging of an author from whom great things may be expected. You will soon perceive that Mr. Ibbotson is not used to composition; but his book, in my opinion, is the most important ever published on the

* Mr. Ibbotson, "the thirteen-childed patriot," as Elliott once called him at a public meeting, was an active politician and a worthy man. He was a firm and zealous friend of James Silk Buckingham, whose return to Parliament, as one of the first representatives of the borough of Sheffield after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, was largely due to the personal energy and popular influence of the worthy merchant, farmer, and Methodist.

subject, although the view he takes of it is opposed to mine. I shall be in most painful suspense until you inform me that you will publish the article, or write one from the documents inclosed. Unless you are false to yourself, and deficient for once in good strategy, you cannot, as a friend of the agricultural interest, refuse the favour I request.

"I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"EBENEZER ELLIOTT."

John Holland, the friend of James Montgomery, who knew Elliott intimately, writes, "Than whom a truer poet did not breathe the air or enjoy the sunshine among the masses of fermenting intellect in England at this period; but a tone of political bitterness, in the occasional use of the coarsest terms of party vituperation, too often tended to mar the beauty of compositions otherwise rarely



ELLIOTT'S MONUMENT IN THE CORN MARKET.

surpassed for their truth, for their power, or their tenderness, by the strains of his most richly-gifted contemporaries."

His Corn-Law Rhymes are now probably forgotten, but they did much of the work which the reformers of 1830-35 achieved; they prepared the ground for the harvest; nay, they did more—they planted the seed.

These poems were, indeed, what the trumpets were by the walls of Jericho.

So far back as 1809, Southey (to whom Elliott had submitted a MS. poem) wrote to him thus:—"There are in this poem unquestionable marks both of genius and the power of expressing it." "I have no doubt you will succeed in attaining the fame after which you aspire;" adding, "Go on, and you will prosper."

Notwithstanding their many faults—and they are many—we must class the poems of Ebenezer Elliott with those of the highest and most enduring of British poets. Among them there are many glorious and true transcripts of nature, full of pathos and beauty, vigorous and original in thought, and clear, eloquent, and impassioned in language. If his feelings, though at times kindly and gentle, are more often dark, menacing, and stern, they are never grovelling or low. He had keen and burning sympathies. Unhappily he forgot that the high-born and wealthy claim them and deserve them as well as the poor, and those who are more directly “bread-taxed”—that suffering is common to humanity.

Although it was my lot to differ from him upon nearly every subject on which we corresponded or conversed, I honour the name of Ebenezer Elliott as that of an earnest and honest man, and I have greeted with fervid homage the statue of the poet they have erected to his memory—on the site of the old Corn Market—in the town of Sheffield.

JOHN CLARE was that which, I have shown, Ebenezer Elliott was not—an “uneducated” poet. I was not acquainted with Robert Bloomfield, who, somewhat before my time, “made a name” and attracted “patronage.” He is now almost forgotten: “The Farmer’s Boy” is covered with dust on the bookshelves.

Poor John Clare! His posthumous fame is not greater than that of Bloomfield, but his destiny in life was less auspicious. He was born “a Northamptonshire peasant.” Happier would it have been for him if, from his birth to his death, his aim had been no higher than to win honours at a ploughing match.*

A transitory renown was given him when, in 1820, his first book of poems was printed. He was much “talked about;” the *Quarterly Review* praised him; Rossini set his verses to music; and Vestris sung them. During a brief visit to the metropolis he was made a lion in certain small coteries; his transitory glory was succeeded by utter and withering neglect; he was consigned to a poverty he had been taught to abhor; and in 1864 he died in the lunatic asylum of the town with which his name is inseparably associated. He was an aged man at his death, having been born at Helpstone in 1793.

I knew him—poor fellow!—in 1826 or 1827, and printed in the *Amulet* some of the best of his poems—notably, “Mary Lee.” But, unhappily, I was ignorant of the untoward circumstances in which he was placed. At a later period, introducing some of his poems, with a brief memoir of him, into the “Book of Gems” (1838), I detailed the sad story of his life. I described him as living in penury, if not want; with no other prospect for old age but that which he gloomily foreboded in one of his early poems,—

“To claim the early pittance once a week,
Which justice forces from disdainful pride;”

* The story of his sad life has been lately told by Mr. Frederick Martin, in a very interesting and ably-written volume, published by Macmillan. Mr. Martin has done ample justice to his theme, writing in a tender, loving, and thoroughly appreciative spirit. Perhaps, as an example of biography, I might quote this as the very best book of its class I know.

and I appealed for some help that might diminish his desolation—writing, “It is not yet too late: although he has given indications of a brain breaking up, a very envied celebrity may be obtained by some wealthy and good Samaritan who would rescue him from the Cave of Despair;” adding, “Strawberry Hill might be gladly sacrificed for the fame of having saved Chatterton!”

That appeal brought to me a letter from the Marquis of Northampton. His lordship intimated that though he did not think very highly of Clare, he considered it would be a disgrace to the county of Northampton “to leave him in the state in which I had represented him to be;” and suggested the publication of a volume of his poems, of which he himself would take ten or twenty copies! The plan was not carried out; and if the Marquis gave any aid of any kind to the peasant-poet, the world, and I verily believe the poet himself, remained in ignorance of the amount.

At the time of my acquaintance with him he was in the prime of life: short, thick, and stubbed of person, with a singularly large head, much out of proportion to his body. His manners were not coarse, but certainly rough; he had not been raised by the Muse he worshipped out of the position to which he was born; indeed, he never left it, for although he changed from that of a day labourer for bread to that of the holder of a small farm, his own, he was during the whole of his career hardly a grade removed from the rude companions with whom he associated. He seemed, however, essentially amiable, and naturally good; and none of the habits of low society were at any time his. He was a good husband and father; for he wedded early a young girl of his own rank, and the theme of his earlier loves and aspirations.

There was nothing at all assuming in his manners; he did not appear expectant or desirous that his writings should raise him above the humble calling of a bread-winner of the soil. In short, he was a rustic, neither less nor more, to whom had been given a gift that seemed to excite his own wonder.

Poor fellow! his was a sad life—

“Despondency and madness.”

He was not buried in a pauper's grave, although he died a pauper in a public hospital. A small subscription obtained for him a fitter resting-place.* His last words were, “I want to go home.” They carried his body home—to the graveyard of his native village; and his soul was conveyed to that home where Lazarus has his good things, and likewise Dives his evil things.

* Mr. Martin says (I would fain hope he is in error) that “when the poet's spirit had fled, the superintendent of the Northampton asylum wrote to the Earl Fitzwilliam, asking for a grant of the small sum necessary to carry the wish of the deceased into effect (*i.e.*, not to lie in a pauper's grave). The noble patron replied by a refusal, advising the burial of the poet as a pauper at Northampton!”



MARIA EDGEWORTH.



HE eldest daughter and the second child of Richard Lovell Edgeworth was MARIA EDGEWORTH. Before I proceed to the few and brief details I can give concerning the subject of this "Memory," the reader will not be displeased to receive some particulars relative to her father, to whom she, and consequently the world, owed so much; for he directed her education and formed her mind; and to him, therefore, must undoubtedly be attributed much of the value of her works.

The Edgeworth family "came into Ireland" during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, migrating "from Edgeware, in Middlesex." In 1732 the then representative of the family married Jane Lovell, the daughter of a Welsh judge, and their son, Richard Lovell, was born in Pierrepont Street, Bath, in 1744. In early boyhood he was taken to Ireland, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1761, being removed to Oxford the same year, and entered at Corpus Christi as gentleman commoner. "While yet a youth at college"—in 1763—he married "Miss Elers," the daughter of "his father's friend," a family that

resided at Black-Bourton, not far from Oxford. She was a lady well descended, and of high connections: that is nearly all we know of her. It would appear that he respected more than he loved her: having engaged her affections, he conceived it a point of honour to become her husband. Being under age, they were "married in Scotland;" but his father, although disapproving the match, had them subsequently remarried by license.* She was the mother of Maria, and many circumstances lead to the conclusion that if she lacked some of the attractions the young and gay Irishman looked for, she was thoroughly amiable, prudent, and good. A son, he tells us, was born at Black-Bourton, in 1764,† and there also Maria was born in 1767. In 1768 Mr. Edgeworth records that he visited Ireland, taking his son with him, leaving his wife and infant daughter in England.‡

At Black-Bourton, then, Maria Edgeworth was born, in 1767;§ she was the daughter of an English lady, and the grand-daughter of an English lady; moreover, her father was of English birth and English descent, and she was English born. Nevertheless she was, to all intents and purposes, Irish: so she must be considered, and so she considered herself.

She was born on the 1st of January (as she tells Mrs. Hall in one of her letters), a God-given "New Year's gift" to her almost boy-father, and to the world for all time.

Mr. Edgeworth has not recorded the date of his first wife's death, but on the 17th of July, 1773, he was again wedded, at Lichfield, to Miss Honora Sneyd. Soon afterwards they settled in Ireland, and Edgeworthstown became, with few brief intervals, thenceforward his permanent home. His second wife did not live long, but her husband bears testimony to her many virtues. Some time after her death he married her sister Elizabeth, who thus became his third wife, on Christmas Day, 1780, at St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. In 1798, being again a widower, he again married—Miss Frances Anne Beaufort, the daughter of Dr. Beaufort, "an excellent clergyman, and a man of taste and of literature." That admirable woman survived him many years. She was, Mr. Edgeworth writes, "a young lady of small fortune and large accomplishments;" and of "his

* Of his father Mr. Edgeworth says he was "upright, honourable, sincere, and sweet-tempered; loved and respected by people of all ranks with whom he was connected." He was in the Irish Parliament for twenty-five years. The Abbé Edgeworth was a relation, though not a near one; he was descended from a branch of the Edgeworth family. Mr. Edgeworth, soon after the restoration of Louis XVI., addressed the minister of the king, claiming, "as the nearest relation of the Abbé Edgeworth, from the justice of France that his name should be inscribed on some public monument with those of the exalted personages who relied for consolation on his fidelity and courage, . . . to show that monarchs may have friends, and that princes can be grateful."

† Mr. Edgeworth records of his son, that "having acquired a vague notion of the happiness of a seafaring life," he became a sailor. In a note to her father's autobiography, Miss Edgeworth informs us that he some years afterwards went to America, married Elizabeth Wright, an American lady, and settled in South Carolina, near George Town. He died (August, 1796), leaving three sons, whose descendants are still resident in America.

‡ It is stated by Miss Kavanagh (I know not on what authority) that Maria was born at Hare Hatch, near Reading, and "that her birth cost the mother her life." Maria was born at Black-Bourton, and her mother lived six years after her birth.

§ It is situate midway between the towns of Farringdon (Berks) and Burford (Oxon). The proper name of Black-Bourton is Bourton-Abbots. I was informed by the incumbent of the parish that "the old manorial pew belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church College formerly belonged to the Ellers or Elers family; at the back of it is the old family marble tomb and effigy; that the family came originally from Germany, and settled at Bourton-Abbots, in a fine old mansion-house, a vestige of which is not now to be found, though relics of the old oak carvings are scattered among neighbouring cottages." The family became reduced in circumstances, the estate merged into other hands, and none of the name are now known at Black-Bourton. The present incumbent, the Rev. J. Lupton, one of the Canons of Westminster, is about to place a memorial window in the church, and solicits the aid of sympathising friends.

marriage with her," Maria, writing twenty years afterwards, says, "Of all the blessings we owe to him, that has proved the greatest."*

In 1814 time was telling on the vigorous frame of Mr. Edgeworth. In one of his conversations with his daughter he spoke of the later years of his life as by far the happiest, and pleasantly said that "if he were permitted to return to earth in whatever form he might choose, he should perhaps make the whimsical choice of re-entering the world as an old man." His latest letter—to Lady Romilly, in 1817, when he knew he was dying, in the midst of physical suffering, resigned and cheerful—contains this passage: "I enjoy the charms of literature, the sympathy of friendship, and the unbounded gratitude of my children." His prayer had been that as long as he lived he might retain his intellectual faculties, and that blessing was mercifully granted to him. He thanked God that his mind did not die before his body.† On the 13th of June, 1817, he died, and

*Edgeworthstown
Nov 7th 1842*

*"I should be hard to please indeed
— "hard to please", impossible to
please if I were not satisfied
now.*

*Believe me, very truly dear
Mr. Hall, your much obliged & grateful
Maria Edgeworth*

his remains were deposited in the family vault in the churchyard of Edgeworthstown, to which, in accordance with his written directions, he was borne on the shoulders of his own labourers, his coffin being "without velvet, plate, or gilding." And the stone that covers his remains contains no inscription beyond his name and the dates of his birth and death.

That his was "a useful and a well-spent life" there is abundant evidence. As a member of Parliament, as a county magistrate, as a landed proprietor (acknowledging the duties as well as the rights of property), he was entirely worthy; in all that appertained to his family and to society he was considerate, generous,

* She was an aged woman when I had the happiness of knowing her. It was a beautiful sight to see the mingled homage and affection paid to her by every member of her family—by her step-children as well as by those who were more peculiarly her own. Maria's hopes and anticipations, in 1798, were more than confirmed nearly half a century afterwards, and during all the intervening years. She was born at or near Navan, in 1769; her father and grandfather were clergymen, and both rectors of Navan, and her brother, Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, was hydrographer to the Admiralty. She died in 1865, having attained the venerable age of ninety-five, and in the sixty-seventh year of her residence at Edgeworthstown.

† A few days before his death he wrote a preface to "Harrington and Ormond"—bidding the public "farewell for ever!"

just; while of the influence he exercised over his own family we have the proofs not only in his own writings, but in those of his daughter. It was justly said of him,—

“With words succinct, yet full, without a fault,
He said no more than just the thing he ought.”

To estimate rightly both father and daughter, some notes on the state of Ireland nearly a century ago are needful. When, in 1782, Maria may be said to have first visited Ireland, and her father became “a resident Irish landlord,” the country was in a condition very different indeed from that which it now presents, and presented at the period of her removal from earth.

“If ever any country was governed by an oligarchy, Ireland was in that position before the Union:” thus Mr. Edgeworth wrote in 1817. Society was in a deeply-degraded state; recklessness and extravagance were almost universal. “As landlord and magistrate, the proprietor of an estate had to listen to perpetual complaints, petty wranglings and equivocations, in which no human sagacity could discover truth or award justice.” A large proportion of the gentry dwelt in “superb mansions,” so far as regarded size, but “lived in debt, danger, and subterfuge, nominally possessors of a palace, but really in dread of a jail.” The dominant party regarded themselves as the masters of slaves; “drivers” were the satellites of every landlord; and middlemen farmed nearly all the land, taking it at a reasonable rent (paying usually in advance), and reletting it immediately to poor tenants at the highest price possible to be pressed out of their necessities. It was generally a hopeless task that which strove to make the tenant even moderately comfortable. Justice was a thing never looked for; it was always the landlord against the tenant, and the tenant against the landlord.*

It is certain that Mr. Edgeworth was far in advance of his time. The poorer classes did not understand him; they were not prepared for the advent of a magistrate who required evidence only with a view to ascertain truth, nor for a gentleman who preferred rather to pay than to give, and whose established rule was to do right for right's sake; while neighbouring gentry were utterly incapable of comprehending a man who was indifferent to field sports and never drank to excess; who was faithful to his home, and happiest when his children were his playmates; who was a politician, yet of no party; whose religion was based on universal charity; and who was the protector of the poor and the advocate of the oppressed. The records of Ireland towards the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century are now happily gone-by histories; but something should be known of them to comprehend the character of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. In the end he triumphed over prejudice, disarmed hostility, and set an example the salutary influence of which can scarcely be exaggerated by any historian of the perilous time in which he lived.†

* In 1783 (thus writes Maria Edgeworth in her *Memoirs of her father*) “a statute of King William III., entitled ‘An Act to prevent the Growth of Popery,’ ordained no less than a forfeiture of inheritance against those Catholics who had been educated abroad; at the pleasure of any informer it confiscated their estates to the next Protestant heir. That statute further deprived Papists of the power of obtaining any legal property by purchase; and simply for officiating in the service of his religion, any Catholic priest was liable to be imprisoned for life. Some of these penalties had fallen into disuse, but, as Mr. Dunning stated in the English House of Commons, ‘many respectable Catholics still lived in fear of them, and some actually paid contributions to persons who, on the strength of this Act, threatened them with prosecutions.’”

† The Sir Condyss and Sir Murtaghs of “Castle Rackrent” had their originals in most Irish families at the time Maria Edgeworth wrote that tale.

His life was especially valuable as forming the mind of his daughter Maria—the minds of all his children, indeed. She writes—"Few, I believe, have ever enjoyed such happiness or such advantages as I have had in the instruction, society, and unbounded confidence and affection of such a father and such a friend."

At that period it absolutely required some such intelligence to usher such an intellect into the world of letters. Authorship was considered out of the province of woman; and although Mr. Edgeworth records as an astonishing fact (on the authority of Burke) that there were then actually 80,000 (!) readers in Great Britain, very few of them were of the gentler sex. He tells us that his own grandmother "was singularly averse to all learning in a lady beyond reading the Bible and being able to cast up a week's household account," and did her best to prevent her daughter from "wasting her time upon books;" in vain, however, for she became a thoroughly-educated woman, and to "her instructions and authority" her son acknowledges himself indebted for the happiness of his life.

The critic Jeffrey writes:—"A greater mass of trash and rubbish never disgraced the press of any country than the ordinary novels that filled and supported our circulating libraries down nearly to the time of Miss Edgeworth's first appearance." There were some exceptions, no doubt, and some works that have kept their places in the hearts of millions; but "the staple of the novel market was, beyond imagination, despicable, and had consequently sunk and degraded the whole department of literature of which it had usurped the name." The "rabble rout" of the Minerva Press was scattered as by the wand of an enchanter when this admirable woman appeared; and to her we are perhaps indebted for the "Waverley Novels," for it is avowed by Scott that he was prompted by the example of Miss Edgeworth to a desire to do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland.*

The growth of Maria's mind she traces wholly to her father, and very often she humbly and gratefully acknowledges how much her writings were improved by his critical taste and matured judgment. "In consequence of his earnest exhortations," she writes, "I began, in 1791 or 1792, to note down anecdotes of the children he was then educating;" writing also, for her own amusement and instruction, some of his conversation-lessons. In their system of educating these children "all the general ideas originated with him; the illustrating and manufacturing them, if I may use the expression, was mine." The "Practical Education" was thus a joint work of father and daughter; it was published in 1798, "and so commenced that literary partnership which, for so many years, was the pride and joy of my life." The next book they published "in partnership" was the "Essay on Irish Bulls." The illustrative anecdotes there retailed owed little to invention, and nearly all of them were facts; sometimes he told them, with racy humour and point, while she wrote them down. He was always at hand to advise, not often to write. In "Patronage" he did not pen a single passage,

* "Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues and indulgence for their foibles."

—SCOTT.

but the "plan" was his suggestion : it originated in a story invented by him, and the leading characters were sketched as he imagined them. "All his literary ambition was for me." His skill was exercised in "cutting." "'It is mine to cut and correct,' he once said, 'yours to write on ;' and such, happily for me, was his power over my mind, that no one thing I ever began to write was ever left unfinished." In the few letters he addressed to her—for they were rarely apart even for a day—he signs himself "Your critic, partner, father, friend."

To write for children was then considered below the dignity of authorship. Dr. Watts and Mrs. Barbauld had, indeed, thus "condescended ;" but, with these exceptions, there were few or none able or willing to make their way into the minds and hearts of "the little ones."



EDGEWORTHSTOWN.

There is abundant evidence that much of the true greatness of Maria Edgeworth's mind—and the inestimable value of her writings—resulted from the duty which nature imposed upon her when she was placed at the head of a family consisting of children of varied ages from infancy to youthhood. In 1814 she writes, "His eldest was above five-and-forty, the youngest being only one year old." It therefore became the duty of the eldest to train the younger branches—children who were learning to speak when she was sedate and aged. Hence that educated power by which she brought the elevated sensibilities and sound moralities of life to a level with the comprehension of childhood ; rendering knowledge, and virtue, and consideration, and order, the companions—almost the playthings as well as the teachers—of the nursery.

Mr. Edgeworth had sons and daughters by each of his four wives: he was their parent, their preceptor, their friend, their companion, their playmate; they lived with him on "terms of equality that diminished nothing from respect," giving to him gratitude and affection. "Those who knew him longest loved him best." "I have heard him say," writes Maria, "that he never in his whole life lost a friend but by death." And that which he wrote to Darwin, in 1796, of Edgeworthstown,—"I do not think one tear per month is shed in this house, nor the voice of reproof heard, nor the hand of restraint felt,"—continued to be as true in 1844, when we visited Edgeworthstown, as it had been half a century earlier; so it was, through all changes, anxieties, and responsibilities, during fifty years.

In 1842, not long after we had enjoyed the society of Miss Edgeworth at Edgeworthstown, and had described her and her happy home in our work—"Ireland, its Scenery and Character"—we received a letter from that honoured lady, in which, to our great gratification, she wrote—"You are, I think, the only persons who have visited me, and have written concerning me, who have not printed a line I desire to erase."* The feeling that prompted us then will, in a degree, guide us now. It was her wish that no Life of her should be published; as she once said to us—"My only *remains* shall be in the church at Edgeworthstown;" and, as the result of a subsequent correspondence with Mrs. Edgeworth, in which we pressed to know if the injunction extended to her voluminous, valuable, and deeply-interesting "correspondence," we have reason to believe the family desire (in accordance with a suggestion they deem as sacred as a command) rather the suppression than the publication of any documents that may illustrate either her private or her literary career. We may regret this, and do; for if ever there was a life, from the commencement to the close, that would bear the strictest scrutiny, it was hers. It was not only blameless, but faultless; ruled by the sternest sense of rectitude; emphatically *useful* almost from the cradle to the grave.

Edgeworthstown was, and is, a large country mansion, to which additions have been from time to time made, but made judiciously. An avenue of venerable trees leads to it from the public road. It is distant about seven miles from the town of Longford. The only room I need specially refer to is the library; it belonged more peculiarly to Maria, although the general sitting-room of the family. It was the room in which she did nearly all her work—not only that which was to gratify and instruct the world, but that which, in a measure, regulated the household—the domestic duties that were subjects of her continual thought; for the desk at which she usually sat was never without memoranda of matters from which she might have pleaded a right to be held exempt. Mrs. Hall described it in our work, "Ireland, its Scenery and Character," and I may borrow in substance that description here. It is by no means a stately, solitary room, but large, spacious, and lofty, well stored with books, and "furnished" with suggestive engravings. Seen through the window is the lawn,

* About the same period we received from Mrs. Wilson, Miss Edgeworth's sister, a letter in which occurs this passage:—"I, as one of the family, my dear Mrs. Hall, must give you my grateful thanks for the delicacy with which you have avoided saying anything that could hurt our feelings, or violate the privacy of the domestic life in which my sister delights."

embellished by groups of trees. If you look at the oblong table in the centre, you will see the rallying-point of the family, who are usually around it, reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious that the inmates of the house shall each do exactly as he or she pleases—sits in her own peculiar corner on the sofa: a pen, given her by Sir Walter Scott while a guest at Edgeworthstown in 1825, is placed before her on a little, quaint, unassuming table, constructed, and added to, for convenience. She had a singular power of abstraction, apparently hearing all that was said, and occasionally taking part in the conversation, while pursuing her own occupation, and seemingly attending only to it. In that corner, and on that table, she had written nearly all the works which have delighted and enlightened the world.* Now and then she



MISS EDGEWORTH'S LIBRARY.

would rise and leave the room, perhaps to procure a toy for one of the children, to mount the ladder and bring down a book that could explain or illustrate some topic on which some one was conversing: immediately she would resume her pen, and continue to write as if the thought had been unbroken for an instant.

* She wrote always in the library, heedless of any noise, even of the romps of children, such as might have annoyed a less even temperament; and on a small desk her father had with his own hands made for her. On that desk, not long before his death, he placed the following inscription:—"On this humble desk were written all the numerous works of my daughter, Maria Edgeworth, in the common sitting-room of my family. In these works, which were chiefly written to please me, she has never attacked the personal character of any human being, or interfered with the opinions of any sect or party, religious or political: while endeavouring to inform and instruct others, she improved and amused her own mind and gratified her heart, which I do believe is better than her head.—R. L. E."

I expressed to Mrs. Edgeworth surprise at this faculty, so opposed to my own habit. "Maria," she said, "was always the same; her mind was so rightly balanced, everything so honestly weighed, that she suffered no inconvenience from what would disturb and distract an ordinary writer."

She was an early riser, and had much work done before breakfast. Every morning during our stay at Edgeworthstown she had gathered a bouquet of roses, which she placed beside my plate at the table, while she was always careful to refresh the vase that stood in our chamber; and she invariably examined my feet after a walk, to see that damp had not induced danger; "popping" in and out of our room with some kind inquiry, some thoughtful suggestion, or to show some object that she knew would give pleasure. It is to such small courtesies as these that we owe much of the happiness of life. Maria Edgeworth seemed never weary of thought that could make those about her happy. The impression thus produced upon us is as vivid to-day as it was thirty years ago.

A wet day was a "godsend" to us. She would enter our sitting-room and converse freely of persons whose names are histories; and once she brought us a large box full of letters—her correspondence with many great men and women, extending over more than fifty years—authors, artists, men of science, social reformers, statesmen of all the countries of Europe, and especially America—a country of which she spoke and wrote in terms of the highest respect and affection.

Although we had known Miss Edgeworth in London—and, indeed, had often the honour of receiving her as a guest at our house—it will be readily understood how much more to advantage she was seen in her own home. She was the very gentlest of lions, the most unexacting—apparently the least conscious of her right to prominence. In London she did not reject, yet she seemed averse to, the homage accorded her; at home she was emphatically at home.

The last time we saw her was at the house of her sister, Mrs. Wilson, in North Audley Street. She was, of course, a centre of attraction; the heated room and many "presentations" seemed to weary her. *W^e*, of course, were seldom near her in the crowd, and as we were bidding her good-bye she made us amends by whispering, "We will make up for this at Edgeworthstown." Alas! that was not to be; not long afterwards she returned to Edgeworthstown, and was suddenly called from earth.

She had complained somewhat, felt languid and oppressed, and consented that her friend and physician, Sir Henry Marsh, should be sent for. Half an hour after the letter was written Mrs. Edgeworth entered her bed-room. Passing her hand under the patient's head, she gently raised it, and as it reclined on her breast the soul passed away. She died, without either physical or mental suffering, on the 22nd May, 1849, in the eighty-third year of her useful and happy life, "full of years and honours" indeed.* Thus far her death was almost sudden; in her case a boon of mercy from the God she had so long

* In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall (who wrote to her on her birthday every year during several years) she says, "Your cordial, warm-hearted note was the very pleasantest I received on my birthday, except those from my own family." That was the last birthday she passed on earth. She adds, "You must not delay long in finding your way to Edgeworthstown if you mean to see me again. Remember you have just congratulated me on my eighty-second birthday."

served. She had often expressed a hope that she might die "at home," at Edgeworthstown, and that her illness might not be long, tedious, and troublesome.

It is to be regretted that there exists no portrait of this admirable woman. A hint I gave that to obtain one would be a vast boon was not well received, and there was some hesitation in permitting Mr. Fairholt, who was our companion during our visit to Edgeworthstown, to introduce into his drawing of the library her portrait as she sat at her desk examining papers: that sketch I have engraved. Mr. Sneyd Edgeworth gave me, however, a photograph of a family picture, of which also I give an engraving.

Her contemporaries have not said much concerning her; indeed, of late years she was but little seen out of Edgeworthstown, her visits to London being rare and brief. It is known that Sir Walter Scott much loved and honoured her; yet there is little concerning her in his journal, although he spent some days with her at Edgeworthstown.* "She writes," he says, "all the while she laughs, talks, eats, and drinks;" and, in another place, "I am particularly pleased with the *naïveté* and good-humoured ardour of mind which she unites with such formidable powers of acute observation." She was well appreciated by Sydney Smith, who thus wrote of her: "She does not say witty things, but there is such a perfume of wit runs through all her conversation as makes it very brilliant." This passage, however, I find in Lockhart's Life of Scott:—

"It may be well imagined with what lively interest Sir Walter surveyed the scenery with which so many of the proudest recollections of Ireland must ever be associated, and how curiously he studied the rural manners it presented to him, in the hope (not disappointed) of being able to trace some of his friend's bright creations to their first hints and germs. On the delight with which he contemplated her position in the midst of her own large and happy domestic circle, I need say still less. The reader is aware by this time how deeply he condemned and pitied the conduct and fate of those who, gifted with pre-eminent talents for the instruction and entertainment of their species at large, fancy themselves entitled to neglect those every-day duties and charities of life, from the mere shadowing of which in imaginary pictures the genius of poetry and romance has always reaped its highest and purest, perhaps its only true immortal honours. In Maria he hailed a sister spirit; one who, at the summit of literary fame, took the same modest, just, and, let me add, *Christian* view of the relative importance of the feelings, the obligations, and the hopes in which we are all equally the partakers, and those talents and accomplishments which may seem to vain and short-sighted eyes sufficient to constitute their possessors into an order and species apart from the rest of their kind. Such fantastic conceits found no shelter with either of these powerful minds."

This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of Maria Edgeworth in 1842:—In person she was very small—she was "lost in a crowd;" her face was pale and thin, her features irregular—they may have been considered plain, even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manners were so perfectly well bred—partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness—that one never thought of her with

* During Miss Edgeworth's visit to Abbotsford, in 1823, previous to the return visit to Edgeworthstown, an incident occurred that has been stated of others, I believe. Miss Edgeworth herself told us that one moonlight night she proposed to Scott to visit Melrose, quoting his famous lines—

"If you would see Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Scott at once assented, adding, "By all means let us go, for I myself have never seen Melrose by moonlight."

reference either to beauty or plainness; she ever occupied, without claiming, attention, charming continually by her singularly pleasant voice, while the earnestness and truth that beamed from her bright blue—very blue—eyes increased the value of every word she uttered; she knew how to *listen* as well as to *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to those from whom she sought it; her attention seemed far more the effect of respect than of curiosity; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she more than once suggested to me the story of the good fairy from whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they were opened; she was ever neat and particular in her dress, a duty to society which literary women sometimes culpably neglect; her feet and hands were so delicate and small as to be almost childlike;* in a word, Maria Edgeworth was one of those women who do not seem to require beauty.

Miss Edgeworth has been called “cold;” but those who have so deemed her have never seen, as I have (Mrs. Hall writes), the tears gather in her eyes at a tale of suffering or sorrow, nor heard the genuine hearty laugh that followed the relation of a pleasant story. Never, so long as I live, can I forget the evenings spent in her library in the midst of a family highly educated and self-thinking, in conversation unrestrained, yet pregnant with instructive thought.

Of the *twenty-two* children born to Richard Lovell Edgeworth there are but two now left; there is, however, happily, another generation to reap the harvest of the seed that was planted at Edgeworthstown nearly a century ago.

The long career of Maria Edgeworth illustrated her own and her father's system of education—practical education. She was, by her own example, that which she laboured to make others—active, energetic, cheerful, ever at hand, everywhere when needed.

It was—and possibly still is—made a charge against the Edgeworths, that they put aside “religion” from their plans of education. The subject is certainly not prominent in their writings, but Mr. Edgeworth emphatically affirms his conviction that “religious obligation is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people in every part of the world,” and considered “religion, in the large sense of the word, to be the only certain bond of society.” His daughter also strongly protests against the idea that he designed to lay down a system of education founded upon morality, exclusive of religion.†

It may be worth noting that during our residence at Edgeworthstown the family assembled at prayers every morning, that they were regular attendants at the parish church, and that other evidence was supplied of the strength of their religious faith.

I may be permitted to make some extracts from the few of her letters we

* She once commissioned me to procure for her a pair of shoes from Melnotte's, in Paris; and when I handed the model to the shoemaker, I had difficulty in persuading him it was not the shoe of a little girl.

† Robert Hall, after greatly praising her writings, laments that they are without even allusion to Christianity:—“She does not attack religion, or inveigh against it, but makes it appear unnecessary, by exhibiting perfect virtue without it.”

have preserved. The first is a passage from one dated January 2, 1848; it concerns her little book for the young, "Orlandino :"—

"Chambers, as you always told me, acts very liberally. As this was to earn a little money for our parish poor in the last year's distress, he most considerately gave prompt payment. Even before publication, when the proof-sheets were under correction, came the ready order on the Bank of Ireland. Blessings on him! and I hope he will not be the worse for me: I am surely the better for him, and so are numbers now working and eating; for Mrs. E.'s principle and mine is to excite the people to work for good wages, and not by gratis feeding to make beggars of them, and ungrateful beggars, as the case might be."

* * * * *

"I do not deserve the very kind, warm-hearted letter I have just received from you, dear Mrs. Hall; but I prize and like it all the better. So little standing upon ceremony, and so cordially off-hand and from the heart. Thank you for it with all *my* heart, and be assured it gave me heartfelt pleasure, and this I know will please you."

I copy a passage from one of the criticisms on her contemporaries, in which she sometimes indulged in her letters to Mrs. Hall, all marked by sound observation and generous sympathy :—

"A book has much interested me; it is unlike any other book I ever read in my life, and yet true to nature in new circumstances. To be sure, I cannot judge of the circumstances or the narrative, never having been in the country; but the descriptions full of life, and marked by that seal of genius which we recognise the instant we see it, obtains perfect credence from the reader, and hurries us on through the most romantic adventures, still domestic, and confined to a few persons not in number beyond the power of sympathy. One or two the most powerfully drawn may, perhaps, touch the bounds of impossibility. The book I mean has a title which does not do it justice, and which would rather lead one to expect a gossiping chronicle. It is called 'The Neighbours.' Its author, I understand, is a Miss Bremer, of Stockholm, translated by Mary Howitt, and the best and most just praise I can give to her translation is, that one never, from beginning to end, recollects her existence; never does it occur to our mind that it is a translation. Pray tell me if you know anything of this author, and how I should address her at Stockholm."

"How very much one is obliged to the genius which can snatch one from oneself away in times of great depression of spirits—at those times when we are not wise enough to be able to give a *reason for particularly liking*; but the involuntary feeling is perhaps the most gratifying to a writer of benevolent heart, as well as superior genius."

She was with Sir Walter Scott when he visited Killarney. There had been a rumour that the great author had been treated with slight during his visit to the Irish Lakes, and that he had spoken of them with contumely: I thought it right to set that question at rest. The following letter is now before me. She writes :—

"EDGEWORTHSTOWN, June 18, 1843.

"My sister, Harriet Butler, and I were in the boat with Sir Walter Scott, the day, and the only day, when he was on the Killarney Lakes. We heard him declare that he thought the Upper Lake the most beautiful he had ever seen excepting Loch Lomond; more could not by mortal tongue be expressed by a Scotsman. I did not hear him find fault, or say that he was disappointed, during the whole row. He appeared pleased and pleasing; and why any people should have imagined he was not, I cannot imagine. 'Rude' I am sure he was not; he could not be. We were sorry that we could not stay another day; but all experienced travellers know full well that they must give up their wishes to previous arrangements and engagements, and that they must cut their plans and pleasures according to their time and promises. As to the affair of the stag-hunt, I can only say that I received no invitation to see one; that *we* did not receive any; that I heard at the time that a stag-hunt would not be offered to us, because the stag-hounds belonged to some near relation of a gentleman much respected in the country, who had just died suddenly, and was not buried. I recollect passing by the gates of his place, and

seeing two men in deep mourning, with weepers, sitting on each side of the gate. As I had never before seen this custom, I made inquiry, and was told why they mourned, and who for; and this confirmed and fixed in my memory what I have above mentioned.*

I have quoted from the last letter Mrs. Hall received from Miss Edgeworth; it may be permitted me to make an extract from the first, dated July 30, 1829, in reference to Mrs. Hall's earliest literary production, "Sketches of Irish Character:"—

"It has been sometimes my fate to have gratitude and sincerity struggling within me when I have begun a letter of thanks to authors; I have no such struggle now, but with pleasure unmixed, and perfect freedom of mind and ease of conscience, I write to *you*. The 'Sketches of Irish Character' are, in my opinion, admirable for truth, pathos, and humour; *all* the sketches show complete knowledge of the persons and things represented, and some of the portraits are drawn with uncommon strength, and with more decided and *fine* touches, which mark a masterly hand."

I may quote this generous tribute to a writer concerning Ireland who was then entering a career from which Miss Edgeworth was about to retire. There are other parts of the letter I abstain from quoting; but the reader of this Memory will readily appreciate the effect on the then young author of "Sketches of Irish Character."

Although it forms no part of our plan in this series of "Memories" to bring under review the works of the authors we commemorate, it is impossible to treat of Maria Edgeworth without some observations on the influence of her writings. She had one great advantage over almost all others—*she never wrote for bread*; she was never *compelled* to furnish a publisher with so much matter at so much per sheet. In her home there was always independence—entire freedom from debt, and with few responsibilities beyond those that appertain to a household. At Edgeworthstown there was emphatically that of which the poet tells us—

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence."

It is to their honour that women were the first to use the pen in the service of Ireland. At the beginning of the century, a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman were synonymous terms in the novel or on the stage; they were deemed exceptions who did honour to their country; and although a *gentleman* from Ireland, in contradistinction to an *Irish* gentleman, was considered everywhere the perfection of grace, refinement, and chivalric courtesy, there were, unhappily, too many "specimens" who gave force to prejudice and confounded the all with the many. Churchill wrote, more than a century ago—

"Long from a country ever hardly used,
At random censured, wantonly abused,
Have Britons drawn the shaft, with no kind view,
And judged the many by the rascal few."

* The matter-of-fact mind of Maria Edgeworth receives illustration from the following letter which she required her sister to write:—

"DEAR MRS. HALL.—My recollection of the circumstances mentioned by my sister at Killarney, in 1825, exactly coincides with hers. I remember our being told, as we drove into Killarney, that we should have no stag-hunt, as the master of the hounds had died that morning.

"TRIM, 19th June, '43.

"Yours truly,
"HARRIET BUTLER."

When prejudice was at its height—about the time of “the Union”—two women with opposite views, and very opposite training, but moved by the same ennobling patriotism, “rose to the rescue”—Miss Owenson, afterwards Lady Morgan, by the vivid *romance*, and Miss Edgeworth by the stern reality of actual portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury, spreading abroad the knowledge of Irish character, and portraying, as till then they had never been portrayed, the chivalry, generosity, and devotedness of Irish nature. They succeeded largely in evaporating suspicion, in overcoming prejudice, by obtaining ready hearers of appeals. Neither of these eminent and greatly-endowed ladies did by any means ignore the faults, serious or trivial, of their countrymen and countrywomen; but they made conspicuous their virtues, maintained their right to respect and their claim to consideration, and succeeded in obtaining verdicts in their favour from adverse judges and reluctant juries.

It is indeed a privilege to render homage to the memory of this admirable woman. Her works are “not for an age, but for all time.” They were marvels in her day, two-thirds of a century ago, when either coarseness or frivolity was too generally the staple of the author. Her affection for Ireland was fervent and earnest, yet she was of no party, even in that age and country. She had enlarged sympathies and views for its advancement; neither prejudice nor bigotry touched her mind or heart. Her religious and political faith was *Christian*, in the most extended sense of that holy word; a literary woman, without vanity, affectation, or jealousy; a perfect woman—

“Not too pure nor good
For human nature's daily food.”

Studious of all home duties, careful for all home requirements, ever actively thoughtful of all the offices of love and kindness which sanctify domestic life, genius gave to her the rare power to be useful during seventy of her eighty-three years. Her life was, indeed, a practical illustration of Milton's lines—

“To know
That which about us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom.”

BARBARA HOFLAND.

I ASSOCIATE the name of this good and most useful woman with that of Maria Edgeworth, mainly because the one loved the other, and that both were actuated by the same holy thought—“to do good and to distribute.” She was one of our earliest and latest friends; we knew her in 1825, when with her husband, the artist, she lived in the then “Artists' Quarter,” Newman Street; when residing at Edwardes Square, Kensington; and during her brief period of widowhood at Richmond.

She was the daughter of Mr. Robert Weeks, a partner in an extensive manufactory at Sheffield, and was born in 1770. Her father died when she was very young. Her mother soon afterwards married again, and Barbara was taken and brought up by an aunt. She married, at the age of twenty-six,

Mr. T. Bradshaw Hoole, a very worthy young man, connected with a mercantile house at Sheffield. She always spoke of that portion of her life as her happiest. It lasted not long, however, for Mr. Hoole and their eldest child died in little more than two years after their marriage. She was left with an infant son four months old; and the little property that belonged to her was lost by the bankruptcy of a trustee. These misfortunes determined her to publish, in 1805, a volume of poems; it was eagerly subscribed for by the people of Sheffield, who were proud of her from first to last. With the proceeds she established a school at Harrogate, and continued to write and publish other small works from time to time. Eleven years after the death of her first husband she married Mr. T. C. Hofland, the landscape painter, and removed to London. In 1812 she wrote five works, among which was "The Son of a Genius," and continued writing, more or less, every succeeding year.

Her son by Mr. Hoole was educated for the Church, became curate of St. Andrew, Holborn, and died in March, 1833. She loved him dearly, and he as dearly loved her. She never spoke of him without tears. Her second married life was not happy. Hofland was a man who thought of himself only, and seemed indifferent to his wife's fame. Few, however, saw the skeleton in her house; and although we knew well that her home was not one of comfort and hope, we never heard her utter a complaint or expose any "weakness" of her husband.* Her nature, though seldom joyous, was always cheerful; moreover, it was toned by genuine piety and unlimited trust. In person she was plain; but the soundness of her heart, the vigour of her mind, and her deeply-rooted religious faith gave to her face charms which her features lacked; and, like the friend we have depicted, she did not seem to require beauty.

One of her earliest friends was James Montgomery. He records, in 1803, he used to visit her, then an interesting young widow, in order to "read and talk over and correct the poems which I afterwards printed for her." How much the destiny of these two might have been changed, and how much happier both might have been, if this intimacy had led to marriage! In 1810, when Montgomery was canvassing Roscoe for aid in electing Hofland as an associate of the Liverpool Academy of Arts, he thus wrote of her: "She is a woman of singular genius, and I have known her through so many sorrows and sufferings acting a generous, and, in many cases, a glorious part." We indorse that opinion from intimate knowledge of her, long years afterwards. Miss Mitford, writing of her to Mrs. Hall, says—"She is an inestimable woman; good, kind, and true; and of a sort of goodness that is becoming more and more rare every day." And in another letter she writes—"She is womanly to her finger-ends, and as truth-telling and independent as a sky-lark."

She wrote nearly a hundred books, chiefly for the young. They were very popular; some of them, indeed, are so to this day; and they were translated into many of the languages of Europe.

Her home duties were ever the first in her heart and mind.

* She was always ready with some excuse for Hofland's selfishness and outbreaks of temper, attributing them to the vexations incident to an artist's life, or to the sufferings he endured from some hidden source of frequent illness. When he died, I remember her telling me, with somewhat of a tone of triumph, that he had died of cancer in the stomach, which accounted for his continued irritation and all his other faults.

I do not know who wrote this, but it is an estimate fully and entirely true :—

“As the inculcator of the vital importance of fixed principles of justice, honour, and integrity—of Christian virtues founded upon Christian faith—of all that is truly noble in man and lovely in woman—Mrs. Hofland, from the nature of her compositions and the extent of their circulation, has perhaps done more than any other writer of the day. The religion which she makes the groundwork of all this, and which she has the art of making her readers teach themselves, is religion in its best form ; unobtrusive, and yet unailing ; gentle, yet active ; modest, yet firm ; moderate, kind, and consistent, without sourness, bigotry, or enthusiasm. This religion she has not only inculcated, but practised, under trials greater than any she has described.”

The work by which she is best known, and which has gone through, perhaps, fifty editions, having been often translated, is “The Son of a Genius.” It was published by Harris, once a famous bookseller at the corner of St. Paul’s, a house which an excellent and liberal firm of publishers of children’s books now inhabit. She received for it ten pounds. It was so rapidly and frequently reprinted, that the publisher made by it as many hundreds. I remember Mrs. Hofland telling me one day she had that morning called upon Harris concerning a new edition—time (twenty-eight years) having exhausted his claim to the copyright, which consequently reverted to her. The worthy publisher refused to acknowledge any such right, protesting against it on the ground that such a thing had never happened to him before ! The discussion ended in his giving the author another ten pounds.

She died at Richmond, Surrey, on the 9th November, 1844 ; and a monument to her memory was placed in the church there by a few admiring friends.

Hofland was an excellent artist and an accomplished man. Miss Mitford said of him that “he talked pictures and painted poems.” His works have failed to find popularity, or, to speak more correctly, “buyers”—in this age of art-patronage ; yet few painted English scenery with more force and truth. He who has Hofland’s picture of “Richmond Hill” has one of the treasures of British art.

GRACE AGUILAR.

ALTHOUGH there is little “in common” between those of whom I have here written and this excellent Jewish lady, I know that neither of them would be displeased at my associating her name with theirs ; they would have loved, esteemed, and honoured her if they had been of her friends in life. Though the earnest, fervent, and devoted advocate of the faith in which she was born—firmly believing it to be right, and acting always in accordance with such belief—she was Christian in all the loftiest and noblest essentials of that creed : charitable, merciful, upright, and true. She died young, and I am very sure has joined that hierarchy of heaven—the just made perfect—who worship and adore without let or hindrance from earth. The years of her pilgrimage were few, but they were employed in active and continual labour to promote the good of humankind ; she was from the beginning to the end a zealous worker in the service of her God, and in practically impressing the solemn truth of the “new commandment,” that ye love one another. Her capacity for labour, although her frame was very slender and her constitution ever “delicate,” was positively

astounding. She has bequeathed a store of treasure in literature of great value, and of which it is scarcely too much to say—it might be bound up with the Bible; the Bible of the Jews or the Bible of the Christians.

We had the privilege to know her intimately during the later years of her career in letters. Here is Mrs. Hall's portrait and recollection of one of the best of "the women of Israel:"—

"At our first introduction we were struck as much by the earnestness and eloquence of her conversation as by her delicate and lovely countenance. Her person and address were exceedingly prepossessing, her eyes of the deep blue that looks almost black in particular lights, and her hair dark and abundant. There was no attempt at display, no affectation of learning; no desire to obtrude 'me and my books' upon any one, or in any way; in all things she was graceful and well bred. You felt at once that she was a carefully-educated gentlewoman, and if there was more warmth and cordiality of manner than a stranger generally evinces on a first introduction, we remembered her descent,* and that the tone of her studies, as well as her passionate love of music and high musical attainments, had increased her sensibility. When we came to know her better, we were charmed and surprised at her extensive reading, her knowledge of foreign literature, and actual learning, relieved by a refreshing pleasure in juvenile amusements. Each interview increased our friendship, and the quantity and quality of her acquirements commanded our admiration. She had made acquaintance with the beauties of English nature during a long residence in Devonshire, loved the country with her whole heart, and enriched her mind by the leisure it afforded. She had collected and arranged conchological and mineralogical specimens; loved flowers as only sensitive women can love them; and with all this was deeply read in theology and history. Whatever she knew, she knew thoroughly; rising at six in the morning, and giving to each hour its employment; cultivating and exercising her home affections, and keeping open heart for many friends. All these qualities were warmed by a fervid enthusiasm for whatever was high and holy. She spurned all envy and uncharitableness, and rendered loving homage to whatever was great and good. It was difficult to induce her to speak of herself and her own doings. After her death it was deeply interesting to hear from the one of all others who loved and knew her best, her mother, of the progress of her mind from infancy to womanhood; it proved so convincingly how richly she deserved the affection she inspired."

She was born at Hackney, in June, 1816, and died at Frankfort, in July, 1847. Her many works exhibit rare industry; that entitled "The Women of Israel" is, perhaps, the best known; it is in high favour with readers of all denominations in religion; it interferes with no prejudice. Nearly as much may be said, indeed, of all her other books; but that especially illustrates a History sacred alike to those who adore the Living God of Gentile and of Jew.

When in Frankfort some years ago, we visited the grave of this admirable woman: in the ground allotted to the Jews as their burying-place in the Free City, we found it in a corner, near to that in which Protestants are interred. A head-stone marks the spot; upon it are carved a butterfly and five stars, and this inscription:—

"Give her the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."—Prov. chap. xxxi. 31.

It will be to say enough of Grace Aguilar if we quote part of an address presented to her by several Jewish ladies previous to her departure from England for Germany.

* Grace Aguilar's family fled to England to escape Spanish and Portuguese persecutions, and some of them found homes and fortunes in the West. Her mother's name was Diaz Fernandez.

"DEAR SISTER,—Our admiration of your talents, our veneration of your character, our gratitude for the eminent services your writings render our sex, our people, our faith,—in which the sacred cause of true religion is embodied,—all these motives combine to induce us to intrude on your presence, in order to give utterance to sentiments which we are happy to feel and delighted to express. Until you arose, it has, in modern times, never been the case that a woman in Israel should stand forth the public advocate of Israel; that with the depth and purity which is the treasure of woman, and the strength of mind and extensive knowledge that form the pride of man, she should call on her own to cherish, on others to respect, the truth as it is in Israel.

"You, sister, have done this, and more. You have taught us to know and appreciate our own dignity; to feel and to prove that no female character can be more pure than that of the Jewish maiden—none more pious than that of the woman in Israel. You have vindicated our social and spiritual equality in the faith; you have, by your excellent example, triumphantly refuted the aspersion that the Jewish religion leaves unmoved the heart of the Jewish woman; while your writings place within our reach those higher motives, those holier consolations, which flow from the spirituality of our religion, which urge the soul to commune with its Maker, and direct it to His grace and His mercy, as the best guide and protector here and hereafter."

CATHERINE SINCLAIR.

In August, 1864, this admirable and most accomplished lady died at Kensington, in the Vicarage House of her brother, the venerable and good Archdeacon. It was our high and valued privilege to know her well, and to love her much. As a neighbour and a friend we obtained her regard, and that of her excellent sister, Lady Glasgow, who has since passed away. The sisters worked "hand in hand," all their lives long, to advance the interests of humanity by promoting the cause of God, and they have left a gracious memory—that of the one to a large circle, and that of the other to mankind, for whose welfare she laboured earnestly and long.

Catherine Sinclair was the daughter of the Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair, Bart., the well-known agriculturist and financier of the days of George III.,* by the Honourable Diana, only daughter of the first Lord Macdonald, chieftain of the ancient clans, and the lineal representative of the Lords of the Isles. She was born in the year 1800, and began to write and publish early. She was high born and high bred, but practically carried out the injunction to "condescend to men of low estate;" for her toil, apart from her books, was mainly to advance the temporal and eternal welfare of the poor and needy.

Miss Sinclair wrote for Messrs. Chambers a Memoir of her father, who died in 1835. I extract from that Memoir the following passage:—

"He was the most indefatigable man in Europe, and the man of the largest acquaintance:" thus said the Abbé Grégoire of the late Sir John Sinclair. He was truly, in many respects, a very extraordinary person; but the basis of all his distinction lay in his benevolent and disinterested desire to be useful in his day and generation. A private gentleman, born in a remote part of the United Kingdom, he became, purely through his zeal for the good of the community, one of the most conspicuous and one of the most honoured men of his age. Besides receiving diplomas from twenty-five learned and scientific societies on the Continent, he had a vote of thanks for his national services decreed separately to him by twenty-two counties in Great Britain, as well as by numerous towns, where he was gratefully acknowledged as a general benefactor to his country."

* While I was recalling this Memory I chanced to find in my own library a pamphlet on "Waste Lands," presented by Sir John Sinclair to Colonel Robert Hall," my father, in 1803.

Sir John's mother was a sister of the seventeenth Earl of Sutherland; and some idea of the early training he received may be obtained by the following extracts from a letter written by her to him on her death-bed:—

"May religion and virtue be the rule of all your actions; and suffer not the temptations or allurements of a vain world to make you swerve from your duty. . . . Adieu, my dearest son, till we meet in another world, as I trust in the mercy of God, and through the merits of an all-sufficient Saviour, that we shall meet in a state of bliss and endless happiness, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

Miss Sinclair's position in society, however, enabled her to picture the upper classes. In two of the earliest of her works, "Modern Accomplishments" and "Modern Society," "she exposes with a humour peculiarly her own the prevailing absurdities in female education, felicitously contrasting the actual state of things with what education ought to be, and depicting with admirable truth and freshness the characteristic sentiment and conversation of fashionable circles."

Such a descent, with such training, produced their natural fruit; and it is giving her by no means too high a position if we place her among the best and most useful of the authors of the age.

She was not an author only. Visitors to Edinburgh may perceive convenient seats or benches in some of its leading thoroughfares; they were placed there by Catherine Sinclair. The first public fountain erected in the fair city was built at her cost. In the Scottish metropolis there are several "cooking dépôts," where working men and women may dine well for four pennies: the two earliest of them were introduced and "inaugurated" by Catherine Sinclair. She hired a large hall, and prevailed on many of her friends to give lectures therein. In one of its suburbs there is an industrial school, in which girls are prepared for domestic service: Catherine Sinclair founded it. Some very aged women had pensions while she lived—out of her very shallow purse they were supported; nay, from the same source was provided a company of volunteers, with uniform, a band, and a drill-sergeant. All these things we know; and perhaps there are a hundred others of which we know nothing. The cabmen of Edinburgh, when she died, held a meeting to record their gratitude for services received, directly and indirectly, by her help; and if not her "chief mourners," there were none at her funeral who more deeply grieved for their loss than "her own company of volunteers." And her funeral (for she was buried in her native city), though attended by many high-born and courtly mourners, was "honoured" by the "following" of hundreds of the humbler and poorest classes of the Scottish metropolis.

The Queen sent this message to her relatives:—"Her Majesty was well acquainted not only with Miss Sinclair's literary abilities, but also with her constant, active, and successful exertions for the benefit of her fellow-creatures." And there were few of the Queen's subjects who knew this greatly good woman, through either her charities or her writings, who did not mourn the loss of a true and loving friend when she was removed from earth to heaven.

She was remarkably tall—so, indeed, were all the daughters and sons of Sir John Sinclair. The steps that led to their hall door in Edinburgh were known as the Giant's Stairs, and it was said the baronet had more than sixty feet of

children ! Her form was dignified ; her face would have been handsome, but that it was much "pitted" by the small-pox ; a keenly-observant and yet gentle eye, a peculiarly pleasant and generous mouth, and an expansive forehead, gave to her countenance the expression that is always indicative of goodness. She, like Maria Edgeworth and Barbara Hofland, needed no other beauty than that which is communicated to the features by the soul.

Religion assumed no ascetic character with Catherine Sinclair ; she could be merry and wise, and was always cheerful ; she was at times full of humour ; some of her sayings, indeed, though thoroughly womanly, might be circulated as examples of pure wit.

The following sketch (which Lady Glasgow quotes in a Memoir of her sister, privately printed) was written by Mrs. Hall soon after her death :—

"In composition she was as conscientious as in all other things, desiring simply to strengthen, impress, and fortify her object—caring comparatively little how to beautify it by extraneous ornament. In whatever she did she was faithfully in earnest, perfectly and entirely free from every idea of self. She sought truth with the diligence and simplicity of a child, whose first duty is obedience. In her it was obedience to the will of her Divine Master.

"Miss Sinclair's actual home was in Edinburgh ; she was only in London during 'the season,' where she was claimed by all circles—the literary, the scientific, the fashionable, the artistic, the religious, her enlarged mind and quick sympathies finding and giving pleasure wherever she went : young and old greeted her advent with delight. We have seen many a fair girl decline a quadrille for the greater pleasure of a quarter of an hour's 'talk' with 'Miss Catherine.' Gifted with great quietness, simplicity, and refinement of manner, she had also a certain dignity and self-possession that put vulgarity out of countenance, and kept presumption in awe. She was gifted, as indeed are all her family, with a singularly sweet, soft, and rather low voice, with remarkable elegance and ease of diction, a perfect taste in manners, and conversation *without* loquacity. She loved the world because it was GOD's world, and the people thereof because HE had breathed into them the spirit of immortality. If Catherine Sinclair sought to establish woman's 'rights,' it was simply by obtaining a wider range for the exercise of woman's duties. Apart from the 'strong-minded' clique on the one hand, and the 'fast' indelicacies of younger women on the other, Miss Catherine Sinclair worked, and wearied not. Devoted, without affectation ; faithful to her Maker and her fellow-creatures ; without guile ; without an atom of literary jealousy ; a woman whom it was a privilege and an honour to call 'friend.'"

JANE AND ANNA MARIA PORTER.

I KNEW the sisters JANE and ANNA MARIA PORTER so long ago as the year 1816, when they resided with their brother, a physician, at Bristol. I was a lad at school ; but I had read the "Scottish Chiefs," and the author of that most popular novel was to me all but an object of adoration. Jane Porter was then in the zenith of her beauty as well as fame : she had hosts of worshippers, and among them, it is no exaggeration to say, there were princes and kings ; for that novel had made its way, by translations, into nearly every court of Europe, and "Thaddeus of Warsaw" had been proscribed by the Emperor Napoleon—he who was, in 1816, a chained eagle on the rock of St. Helena. I can even now—though more than fifty years have passed, and she has been twenty years in her grave—recall the fine form and intellectual grace of the author, then a woman in her prime. "Waverley" had not been issued when Jane Porter was a Power in Fiction ; and, although an almost total eclipse obscured her light, if it did not

altogether destroy her renown, when a loftier genius absorbed public attention, the readers of her novels were, and are, enthusiastic admirers of her skill in devising a story, and her talent in portraying character.

We may marvel at the enormous popularity her romances achieved. They would find few readers now; but, as I have elsewhere observed, fifty or sixty years ago, when a woman wrote a book she became an idol; common-place was magnified into genius; and all the novel readers in England—they were as tens then to thousands now—were ready to kneel in homage at her feet. Let the most easily satisfied try to get through “Thaddeus of Warsaw,” and he will wonder how it was possible its author could have obtained such renown.



THE COTTAGE OF MRS. PORTER AT ESHER.

Their mother was a native of Durham—a thorough lady in all respects. Their father was an Irish gentleman of good family, and had been an officer in the Enniskillen Dragoons. The mother became a widow not long after her marriage, and resided in Edinburgh, chiefly to be within reach of education for her two sons, one of whom, afterwards becoming Sir Robert Ker Porter, an officer of rank in our own army, held a distinguished post in the service of Russia, and was a man of mark. Many can remember his panorama of the Storming of Seringapatam, one of the earliest, if not the first, of the pictures of that class. He was a remarkably handsome man, and had married a Russian princess.

Jane was born in 1776, and Anna Maria in 1781. It was during the residence

of the mother and sisters at Esher that we knew most of the eminent and truly estimable family. They lived there in comparative retirement in 1828, and during several subsequent years, resting mainly on the fame and means they had acquired ; the one largely, the other to a limited extent, yet sufficient for limited needs.

It was a pretty cottage, and we hope is so still ; the neighbourhood is very charming, full of interesting traditions of the long ago ; their little garden was backed by the Park of Claremont ; some relics are there associated with Cardinal Wolsey ; and Hampton Court is not far off. There the mother died, and in the adjacent churchyard she was buried. The last time we saw Jane we promised we would occasionally visit her grave, and we have done so. The tomb is here pictured.



THE TOMB OF MRS. PORTER.

This is the inscription on the tomb :—

“ Here sleeps in Jesus a Christian widow,
 JANE PORTER,
 Obit. June 18th, 1831; Ætat. 86,
 The beloved mother of W. Porter, M.D., of Sir Robert Ker Porter,
 And of Jane and Anna Maria Porter,
 Who mourn in Hope, humbly trusting to be born again
 With her unto the blessed kingdom of their
 Lord and Saviour.
 Respect the grave, for she ministered to the Poor.”

I borrow Mrs. Hall's portraits of the sisters :—

“ No two sisters of the same parents could have been more opposite in appearance : Anna Maria was a delicate blonde, with a *riant* face and an animated manner ; I had almost written she was peculiarly Irish, rushing at conclusions where Jane would have paused to consider and calculate. The beauty of Jane was statuesque, her deportment serious though cheerful, a seriousness quite as natural as her sister's gaiety. They both laboured diligently, but the labour of the one seemed sport when compared with the careful toil of the other. The mind of Jane

was of a lofty order; she was intense, ponderous perhaps, and obviously felt more than she said; while Anna Maria said more than she felt. They were a pleasant contrast, yet the harmony between them was complete. Indeed, an artist might have selected them as apt subjects for portraits of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*; certainly of *Thalia* and *Melpomene*.*

Writing in 1812, Crabb Robinson describes "the stately figure and graceful manners" of Jane. He might have praised both nearly fifty years afterwards.

I insert a characteristic letter I received from Jane Porter:—

"DEAR MR. HALL,

"October 25th, 1836.

"I wish to tell a little story, by way of excuse for troubling you again on the subject of publishing those MSS. I sent to you in the *New Monthly*. In short (though in matters of assisting our fellow-creatures, beyond themselves, the 'right hand should not know what the left hand does'), I am one whose never very extensive purse-strings often fail in meeting the stretch some hard necessity may require of them, and my object in wishing to publish those papers was to meet one of these exigencies. A poor lady, whom I knew in my own youth,—beautiful, admired, affluent,—first made an unfortunate marriage, then was left in struggling circumstances; and from one calamity to another overwhelming her, she has some time been reduced to so depressed and friendless a condition, that, as a last attempt to obtain a bare subsistence, she took a small house in Manchester to let its rooms, except one for herself and two daughters, and her parlour, into lodgings for humble occupants. She could not venture engaging a place suitable for persons of any higher degree, therefore their pay could not but be humble as their circumstances. To add to her means a little, I recommended to her collecting a few books to let out in the way of a circulating library, and what amusing books of my own that I had, or others I promised from kind friends, I sent to her. But of course, from so narrow a channel, the collection could be but small; the profits therefore short of any mentionable assistance. Hence, from time to time, as almost the only friend now left to the poor friend of my former days, she turns to me in any of her pecuniary distresses, and to the utmost of my own circumscribed limits of power I relieve them. Her times for paying rent and taxes are usually her trying seasons, for the fluctuation of lodgers often leaves her quite a-strand. In apprehension of this, lately, and in short to save their daily expenses, Theodora, her youngest daughter (to whom she gives charge of their little money concerns), has denied herself all other aliment but tea and dry bread. You may suppose, on a delicate girl (who also assists her poor mother in doing the household work of their small abode), that such abstinence has already brought symptoms on her which cause alarm to her mother. When I became aware of this sad effect, I despatched a sovereign to her in a letter, begging, for the sake of the life of her daughter, it might be applied to providing each day a little light animal food even as medicine for her. Before I received her answer to this, I obtained from my venerable host here a little donation of game, &c., which I sent without delay to my poor friend. It is her letter in acknowledgment for this that I inclose to you, to show you, in her own artless language, a little of her story, and therefore to explain more forcibly than my own could do, my reasons for wishing to gather a few pounds by Christmas by the publication of the papers I sent to you, for indeed her succour in her great anticipated need.

"Yours most true,

"JANE PORTER."

When we last saw Jane Porter (for Maria died many years before her sister†—at Montpelier, near Bristol, in 1832), it was at Bristol, in her brother's house; she was then but the shadow of her former self, and could not rise from her couch without assistance; yet she had the grace and dignity that appertain to honoured old age, and was still beautiful—the beauty of age. She was still the same gentle, holy-minded woman she had ever been, bending with Christian

* I know but of one portrait of Jane Porter, and that is by Harlowe. He painted her in the Canoness habit of the Order of St. Joachim, an honorary distinction conferred upon her by one of her admirers, I believe the Grand Duke of Wurtemberg, soon after she published "*Thaddeus of Warsaw*." No doubt, however, many portraits of her and her sister exist.

† Maria published a book, "*Artless Tales*," in 1793, when she was but thirteen years old. Jane did not publish her first book, "*Thaddeus of Warsaw*," until 1803.

faith to the will of the Almighty—biding her time. She died there on the 24th of May, 1850; and I presume she is buried in that city of neglected and forgotten worthies. As with the other admirable women of whom I have here given Memories, the sisters were never seduced by public homage to neglect the duties of private life. They were hard and earnest workers with the pen, but they were zealous in all the thoughts, cares, and industries that render a home tranquil and happy. They were prolific authors, indeed; but never forgot that there are duties more paramount, more honourable—more profitable, in truth, in the better sense of the term—than those they discharged for the benefit of the public.

I have thus given "Memories" of seven remarkable women. Each was a benefactor by her writings; these writings were specially designed and calculated to uphold the position of women in the several relations of mother, wife, daughter, friend, teacher, and companion; but neither Hannah More, nor Maria Edgeworth, nor Barbara Hofland, nor Jane nor Anna Maria Porter, nor Grace Aguilar, nor, later, Catherine Sinclair, foresaw a period when a wrangle for what is wrongly called "Woman's Rights" would not only be forced on public attention, but be pressed, with unseemly compulsion, on the Legislature; and I cannot better close this chapter than by printing the views of Mrs. S. C. Hall on this all-important and somewhat engrossing subject, believing that the truly great and essentially good women I have described would have "entered their protest" if they had lived to see the peril in which certain foolish brawlers are striving to place their sex.

It is matter for deep regret, for intense sorrow indeed—"be it spoken, to their shame"—that women have recently inaugurated a "movement" for the creation of what they call "Woman's Rights," and that among its zealous, but unthinking, advocates are a few—very few—Women of Letters. I do not find many, if any, whose views are entitled to much attention, or whose claims to be heard are indisputable; but those who push and clamour will force aside the judicious and just: the foolish are proverbially bolder than the wise; some will "rush in" where others "fear to tread;" and it may seem that those who are silent give consent.

I believe this "movement" to be pregnant with incalculable danger to men, but especially to women; and that, if the "claims" be conceded and women be displaced from their proper sphere, society, high and low, will receive such a shock as must not only convulse, but shatter, the fabric, which no after-conviction and repentance can restore to its natural form.

I address this warning to my sex, from the vantage-ground of the "Old Experience," that—

"doth attain
To something of prophetic strain;"

and I earnestly entreat women to beware of lures that in the name of "Electoral Rights"—the beginning of the end—would deprive them of their power and lower their position under a pretence to raise it.

I warn women of all countries, all ages, all conditions, all classes!

And I humbly urge upon the Legislature to resist demands that are opposed to Wisdom, Mercy, and Religion.

When women cease to be women, as regards all that makes them most attractive—and *that* must inevitably be the result of concessions which are asked for as rights, which are, indeed, daringly demanded on the principle that the Constitution shall recognise no distinction between women and men; that whatever men are required to do, women shall be, at the least, entitled to do—it is surely mental blindness which cannot foresee the misery that must follow the altered relations and changed conditions of both.

I do not consider it a degradation; but whether it be so or not, I am quite sure the leading, guiding, and controlling impulse of women is to render themselves agreeable and helpful to men—whether by beauty, gentleness, forethought, energy, intelligence, domestic cares, home-virtues, toil-assistance, in “hours of ease,” in sickness, or amid the perplexities, anxieties, disappointments, and labours that environ life: it is so, and it ever will be so, in spite of the “strong-minded” who consider and describe as humiliation that which is woman’s glory, and should be her boast.

That custom and law press heavily and unjustly on women cannot be doubted: they will be benefactors who succeed in guarding her against oppression, in obtaining for her protection, and in securing to her those “rights” which are based on policy and justice; but the rights that are calculated to make women happier and better are very different from those that are designed to give to them equality with men as regards pursuits, avocations, and duties, from which the minds of all rightly-thinking women will turn with instinctive dread.

It is easy to fancy women doing men’s work—with a smile and a sob: we have some sad examples of so revolting an evil; a few such cases in England, many more in continental countries. I have seen, in Bavaria, a woman harnessed with a cow to the plough, the men and horses being away drilling for war; and in the “black country” there are women bending all day long under shameful burdens from the coal-pit to the barge. Agitation to limit women’s work to work for which they are designed by nature—work, physical and intellectual—would be, indeed, a duty and a glory. But that is not what the “strong-minded” want.

The advocates of Women’s Rights do not contemplate their employment as soldiers and sailors; that is all.* The Senate, the Bar, the Church—all public offices, from that of the First Lord of the Treasury to the porter who stands at the door in Downing Street, are to be opened to them. The subject is too serious for ridicule; yet one is strongly tempted to use the weapon in dealing with it. It would be easy to picture a thousand absurdities that must arise from such a confusion as that contemplated; and easy would it be to show that evils, as yet scarcely conceivable, would issue from a successful attempt to place woman beside man as his competitor, instead of his helpmate. An unwomanly woman is always avoided; a masculine woman is more repulsive

* One lady of rank, who has “ensampled” the principle by public lecturing, excepts also “blacksmiths and iron-workers;” she makes no mention of coal-heavers, bricklayers, paviors, quarriers, chimney-sweepers—in short, a hundred employments that will occur to every reader, for which women are as naturally “unqualified” as they are for seats on the Bench or in Parliament, Governorships of Colonies—with a long *et cætera*.

than an effeminate man. How would it be if the Legislature decreed an "equality" that places the one in the position of the other—outraging the plainest principles of nature, and the obvious, as well as declared, will of God?

It is hard to believe that those who advocate this new version of "Woman's Rights" are really in earnest—that they actually desire the changes announced in their programme. No doubt some designing, or ambitious, or "unsexed" women, self-appointed leaders, have led weak women to follow them—sheep gone astray—and who have been deluded into sanction of this miserable scheme. The number is small; but it may be augmented by ignorance and prejudice; nay, by a false hope that good may come out of evil—that figs may grow on thistles, and grapes on thorns.

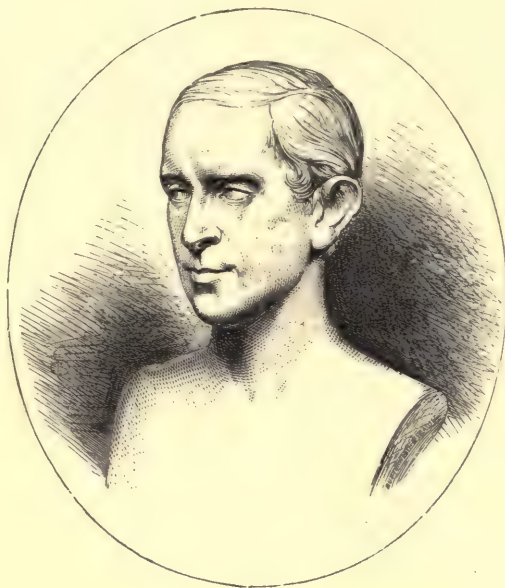
I believe the originators, and a large majority of the sustainers, of this monstrous project are not members of any Christian church. I hope it is so; for those who accept the New Testament as their guide can have no fellowship with those who put aside the first principles of its inspired teaching, and utterly ignore the precepts and example of our Lord and his Apostles. It is Christianity that places woman in her true position; and those who would remove her from it repudiate the faith by which she is elevated, purified, and upheld. A woman without an Altar is even more degraded than a woman without a Hearth.

Those who might be expected to make their way to high places in professions, or as merchants or bankers, or even manufacturers or traders, must, admittedly, be the best of the sex: with men it is so; the intellectually weak seldom succeed in gaining the winning-post. But is it not the best who are most needed to rock the cradle, and, in the higher sense of the phrase, to sweep the hearth, ministering to the needs and comforts of man, and so promoting his interests and happiness as well as her own? Are the feeblest and the worst to be put aside for the duties of wifehood and maternity? or are all "emancipated" women to ignore the sacred influences of Home?

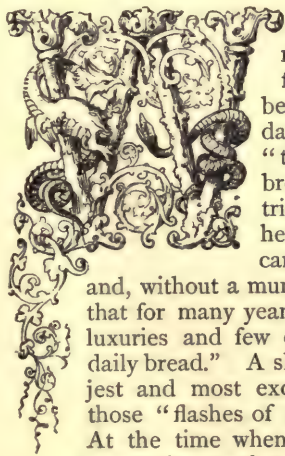
Woman has immense power; of a surety, it will be lessened, and not increased, by public manifestation of it—by a proclamation that "she rules"—by an independence that destroys all trust—by a spirit of rivalry and a struggle for pre-eminence which are, in fact, moral and social death!

Yes; woman *has* immense power. It is the mother who makes the man: long before he can lisp her name, her task of education is commenced; and, to be effective, it must be continuous. Alas for those who can teach but occasionally, by fits and starts—at wide intervals, between which there must be blanks or worse! There are many to whom that destiny is inevitable; but what woman so utterly sins against nature as to wish for it and seek for it?

It is no exaggeration to say that "those who rock the cradle rule the world." The future rests mainly with the mother; foolish are all, and wicked are some, who strive for the enactment of laws that would deprive her of her first, her greatest, her holiest "rights," to try a wild experiment by which, under the senseless cry of "equality," women would be displaced from the position in which God has placed them, since the beginning of the world, for all Time, and for Eternity.



THOMAS HOOD.



WHEN I first knew Thomas Hood, his star was but rising ; when I saw him last, he was on his death-bed ; his forty-six years of life from the cradle to the grave having been passed in so weak a state of health, that day by day there was perpetual dread that at any moment might "the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken." Continual bodily suffering was not the only trial to which this fine spirit was subjected. The world heard no wail from his lips ; no appeal for sympathy ever came from his pen ; his high heart endured in silence ; and, without a murmur of complaint, he died. Yet it is no secret now that for many years he had a fierce struggle with poverty ; enjoying no luxuries and few comforts ; his "means" derived from "daily toil for daily bread." A skeleton stood ever beside his bed, mocking his "infinite jest and most excellent fancy," converting into a succession of sobs those "flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar." At the time when nearly every drawing-room, attic, and kitchen—when every class and order of society—was made merry and happy by the brilliant fancies and genuine humour of Thomas Hood, he was enduring pain of body and anguish of mind. Nearly all his quaint conceits, his playful sallies, and his sparks from words were given to the printer from the bed on

which he wrote, propped up by pillows; continually, continually, it was the same, up to the day that gave him freedom from the flesh.

Yet it was a genial and kindly spirit that dwelt in so frail a tenement of clay. Although his existence was a long disease rather than a life, he was singularly free from all cumbrance of bitterness and harshness. Feeling strongly for the sufferings of others, he was entirely unselfish, ever gracious, considerate, and kind. Though perpetually dealing with the burlesque, he never indulged in personal satire. We find no passage that could have injured a single living person. Never did his wit verge upon indelicacy; never did his facetious muse treat a solemn or sacred theme with levity or indifference.

In old Brandenburgh House there was once a bust of Comus; the pedestal, according to Lysons, bore this inscription: it comes in so aptly when writing of Hood, that I quote it:—

“Come, every muse, without restraint;
Let genius prompt and fancy paint;
Let wit and mirth, and friendly strife,
Chase the dull gloom that saddens life;
True wit, that firm to virtue’s cause,
Respects religion and the laws;
True mirth, that cheerfulness supplies
To modest ears and decent eyes.”

The world has, however, done justice to Thomas Hood; and he is *not* “deaf to the voice of the charmer.” Reason, no less than Holy Writ, will tell us we plant that we may reap; that the knowledge of good or evil done is retained in a state after life; that death cannot destroy consciousness. We learn from the Divine Word that our works do follow us. Humanity is—and will be as long as men and women can read or hear—the debtor of Thomas Hood.

“Why come not spirits from the realms of glory
To visit earth, as in the days of old—
The times of ancient writ and sacred story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown cold?”

“To Bethlehem’s air was their last anthem given,
When other stars before the One grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Peter’s prison?
Or where exalting martyrs raised the hymn?”

Hood was born “a cockney,” on the 23rd of May, 1799, in the Poultry, close to Bow Bells. His father dwelt there as one of the partners in a firm of publishers—Verner, Hood, and Sharpe.* He was articled to his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, an engraver, and seems to have worked a while with the burin; but the specimens he has given us, however redolent of humour and rich in fancy, do not supply evidence that he would have excelled as an artist.† It is obvious, indeed, that he did not “take” to the profession, for he deserted it early, and became a man of letters, finding his first employment in 1821, as a sort of sub-editor of the *London Magazine*.

* Mr. Sharpe lived to be an old man, through varied changes of life, and in 1832 was a publisher at the Egyptian Hall. He published, among other works, *The Anniversary*, an annual, edited by Allan Cunningham. He was a kindly old man when I knew him, very deaf, with much literary taste and many literary sympathies.

† I form this opinion merely, however, from his published engravings. It is probable that the wood engravers did not do him justice. His daughter possesses some drawings in water-colours, some pen-and-ink sketches, and some etchings, that show far higher powers, and seem to indicate that he could have been an artist if he had given his mind to art.

One who knew him in his childhood described him to me as a singular child—silent and retired—with much quiet humour, and apparently delicate health. I knew another friend of his youth, a Mr. Mason, a wood engraver, who told me much of the “earlier ways” of the boy-poet; that when a mere boy, he was continually making shrewd and pointed remarks upon topics on which he was presumed to know nothing; that while he seemed a heedless listener, out would come some observation which showed he had taken in all that had been said; and that, when a very child, he would often make some pertinent remark which excited either a smile or a laugh.

He married, on the 5th of May, 1824, the sister of his “friend” Reynolds. It was a happy marriage, although both were poor; and it was “Love” who was “to light a fire in their kitchen.” She was his companion, counsellor, and friend during the remainder of his troubled life—the comforter in whom he trusted; in mutual love and mutual faith realising, all through their weary pilgrimage, the picture drawn by another poet:—

“As unto the bow the cord is—
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless one without the other.”

When first I knew them they resided in chambers, No. 2, Robert Street, Adelphi. While writing for the *London Magazine*, his labours must have been remunerative, for he removed from his “lodgings” in the Adelphi (where a child was born to him, who died in infancy), first to a pleasant cottage (then called “Rose Cottage”) at Winchmore Hill (where his daughter Fanny—Mrs. Broderip—was born), and not long afterwards to a really large house at Wanstead—“Lake House”—with ample “grounds.” He lost a considerable sum in some publishing speculation; and that loss early in his career was the cause of his subsequent embarrassment. At Lake House the younger “Tom” was born. It was originally the Banquet Hall of Wanstead

*Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty hunger, & dirt.
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the song of the Shrike.*

Thos. Hood

*1st June }
1844*

House (Wellesley Pole's mansion), and there was a lake between the two—now dwindled to a ditch. Both these dwelling-houses of the poet I have engraved.

His connection with the *London Magazine* led to intimacy with many of the finer spirits of his time, who appreciated the genius and loved the genial nature of the man. Foremost of those who exchanged warm friendship with him was Charles Lamb.

Owing mainly to his ill-health, he and his wife went but little into society ; so, indeed, it was at all periods of their lives. Comparative solitude was, there-



HOOD'S RESIDENCE AT WINCHMORE HILL.

fore, the lot of the poet. But the sacrifice implied little of self-denial. With wife, children, and friends, he could easily be made content ; and, although no doubt fully appreciating praise, he never had much appetite for applause.

His long residence abroad—at Coblenz and Ostend—was, in a degree, compulsory. His publisher was a craving creditor—if, indeed, he ever was really a “creditor” at all, which I have reason to doubt. It was not without difficulty his return to England was effected in the year 1839.* My intercourse with him

* There is no doubt that a lawsuit, in which he was involved with his publisher, and the worry and anxiety that ensued, induced a state of health that led to his death much earlier than, in the course of nature, it might have been looked for. I know that was the opinion of his physician.

was renewed in the small dwelling he occupied at Camberwell. He was there to be near his kind friend, Dr. Robert Elliot (brother of Dr. William Elliot, both of whom dearly loved the poet), "a friend in need and a friend in deed."*

It is in no degree necessary to my purpose to pass under review the works of Thomas Hood. They were very varied—novels, poems (serious as well as



HOOD'S RESIDENCE AT WANSTEAD.

comic)—filling seven volumes (exclusive of the two volumes of "Hood's Own"), collected by his daughter and his son. Nearly the whole of these were written,

* It is pleasant to record the fact that nearly every literary man or woman with whom I have been acquainted, or whose lives I have looked into, has found a generous and disinterested friend in a doctor. I could, of my own knowledge, tell many anecdotes of the sacrifices made to mercy by members of the profession; of continuous labours without a thought of recompense; of anxious days and nights, by sick or dying beds, without the remotest idea of "fees." I may tell one of a doctor, himself gone home; it was related to me by Sir James Eyre, M.D. Unfortunately, I have forgotten the name of the good physician; but there are, no doubt, many to whom the story will apply. Sir James called upon him one morning when his career was but commencing, and saw his waiting-room thronged with patients. "Why," said he, "you must be getting on famously." "Well, I suppose I am," was the answer; "but let me tell this fact to *you*. This morning I have seen eight patients; six of them gave me nothing—the seventh gave me a guinea, which I have just given to the eighth." Such a physician Providence sent to Thomas Hood.

not only while haunted by pecuniary troubles, but while under the depressing influence of great bodily suffering. So it was with the merriest of his poems, "Miss Kilmansegg," composed during brief intermissions of bodily pain which would have been accepted by almost any other person as sufficient excuse for entire cessation from work; and, perhaps, might have been by him, but that it was absolutely necessary the day's toil should bring the day's food. Yet at this very time a sum of £50 was transmitted to him, without application, by the Literary Fund. Hood returned it, "hoping to get through his troubles as he had done heretofore." There was then a gleam of brightness in the long-darkened sky. In 1841 Theodore Hook died, and Hood became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. "Just then," as Mrs. Hood writes, "poverty had come very near." He removed from Camberwell to 17, Elm-Tree Road, St. John's Wood. He did not long keep his editorship, however: differences having arisen between him and Mr. Colburn, he was induced to start a magazine of his own.

Meanwhile, an accident, totally unanticipated, did that which years of labour had not done—made him famous. In the Christmas number of *Punch*, in 1843, appeared the "Song of a Shirt." It ran through the land like wildfire; was reprinted in every newspaper in the kingdom, although anonymous; and there was intense desire to know who was the author. He had been so long absent from the active exercise of his "calling," that when the poem burst upon the world, there were many to whom the writer's name was "new."

In January, 1844, *Hood's Magazine* was issued. He laboured like a slave to give success to that speculation. It was in a melancholy sense "Hood's Own:" there was a "proprietor," but he was without "means;" there was an effort to do without a publisher; printer after printer was changed; the magazine was rarely "up to time;" vexation brought on illness; he "fretted dreadfully;" there was alarm as to the solvency of his co-proprietor, a man who had "lived too long in the world to be the slave of his conscience." Unhappy authors, who are their own publishers—lords of land in Utopia—will take warning by the fate of Thomas Hood and his "speculation" for his own behoof. It was a failure, and therefore his: had it been a success, no doubt it would have become the property of a publisher.

The number for June—the sixth number of *Hood's Magazine*—contained an announcement that on the 23rd of May he had been striving to continue a novel he had commenced; that on the 25th, "sitting up in bed, he tried to invent and sketch a few comic designs, but the effort exceeded his strength, and was followed by the wandering delirium of utter nervous exhaustion." Two of the "sick-room fancies" were published with the June number: the one is "Hood's Mag."—a magpie with a hawk's hood on; the other, "The Editor's Apologies," is a drawing of a plate of leeches, a blister, a cup of water-gruel, and three labelled vials; suggesting, according to some writing underneath, the sad thought by what harassing efforts the food of mirth is furnished, and how often the pleasures of the many are obtained by the bitter suffering and mournful endurance of the ONE.

Yet three of the pleasantest letters he ever penned were written soon afterwards to the three children of his dear and constant friend, Dr. Elliot.

He rallied, however, sufficiently to resume work for his magazine, and many valued friends were willing and ready to help him—authors who were amply recompensed by the knowledge that they could thus serve the author of “The Song of a Shirt.” “I must die in Harness, like a Hero or a Horse,” he writes to Bulwer Lytton on October 30th, 1844. Death was drawing nearer and nearer, but before its close approach there came a ray of sunshine to his death-bed—Sir Robert Peel granted to him a pension of £100 a year, or rather to his widow, for she was almost so. It was a small sum—a poor gift from his country in compensation for the work he had done; but it was very welcome, for it was the only boon he had ever received that was not payment for immediate toil—“toil hard and incessant” to the last. He was dying when the “glad tidings” came; yet in the middle of November, 1844, he “pumped out a sheet of Christmas fun,” and “drew some cuts” for his magazine. He was, as he said, “so near death’s door, that he could almost fancy he heard the creaking of the hinges!” His friends were about him with small gifts of love: they came to give him “farewells;” and for all of them he had kind words and thoughts.

On the 3rd of May, 1845, he died, and on the 10th he was buried in the graveyard at Kensal Green.

Some seven years afterwards, subscriptions were raised, chiefly owing to the exertions of a kindred spirit, Eliza Cook (with whom the thought originated), and a monument was erected to his memory, designed and executed by the sculptor, Matthew Noble. On the 18th of July, 1854, it was unveiled in the presence of many of the poet’s friends, Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton) “delivering an oration” over the grave that covered his remains. To raise that monument, peers and many men of mark contributed; but surely even higher honour was rendered to him—a yet purer and better homage to his memory—by the “poor needlewomen,” whose offerings were a few pence, laid in reverence and affection upon the grave of their great advocate—a fellow-worker, whose toil had been as hard, as continuous, and as ill rewarded as their own.

In person Hood was of middle height, slender and sickly-looking, of sallow complexion and plain features, quiet in expression, and very rarely excited, so as to give indication of either the pathos or the humour that must ever have been working in his soul. His was, indeed, a countenance rather of melancholy than of mirth: there was something calm, even to solemnity, in the upper portion of the face, seldom relieved, in society, by the eloquent play of the mouth, or the sparkle of an observant eye. In conversation he was by no means brilliant. When inclined to pun, which was not often, it seemed as if his wit was the issue of thought, and not an instinctive produce, such as I have noticed in other men who have thus become famous; who are admirable in crowds; whose animation, is like that of the sounding-board, which makes a great noise at a small touch when listeners are many and applause is sure.

We have been so much in the habit of treating Tom Hood as a “joker,” that we lose sight of the deep and touching pathos of his more serious poems. All are, indeed, acquainted with “The Song of a Shirt” and “The Bridge of Sighs,” but throughout his many volumes there are poems of surpassing worth, full of the highest refinement—of sentiment the purest and the most chaste.

In writing a memoir of him in the "Book of Gems," for which, in consequence of his absence from England, I received no suggestions from himself, I took that view, and some time afterwards I received from him a letter strongly expressive of the gratification I had thus afforded him. His nature was, I believe, not to be a punster, perhaps not to be a wit.* The best things I have ever heard Hood say are those which he said when I was with him alone. I have never known him laugh heartily, either in society or in rhyme. The themes he



THE HOUSE IN WHICH HOOD DIED.

selected for "talk" were usually of a grave and sombre cast; yet his playful fancy dealt with frivolities sometimes, and sometimes his imagination frolicked with nature in a way peculiarly his own. He was, however, generally cheerful, and often merry when in "the bosom of his family," and could, I am told, laugh heartily then; that when in reasonably good health, he was "as full of fun as a schoolboy." He loved children with all his heart; loved to gambol with

* Talfourd thus pictures him:—"Hood, so grave, and sad, and silent, that you were astonished to recognise in him the outpourer of a thousand wild fancies, the detector of the inmost springs of pathos, and the powerful vindicator of poverty and toil before the hearts of the prosperous."

them as if he were a child himself; to chat with them in a way they understood; and to tell them stories, drawn either from old sources, or invented for the occasion, such as they could comprehend and remember.* There was more than mere poetry in his verse—

“A blessing on their merry hearts,
Such readers I would choose,
Because they seldom criticise,
And never write reviews!”

Literature was, as he expresses it, his “solace and comfort through the extremes of worldly trouble and sickness,” “maintaining him in a cheerfulness, a perfect sunshine, of the mind.” Well might he add, “My humble works have flowed from my heart as well as my head, and, whatever their errors, are such as I have been able to contemplate with composure when more than once the Destroyer assumed almost a visible presence.”

Poor fellow! He was longing to be away from earth when I saw him last; struggling to set free the

“Vital spark of heavenly flame;”

lying on his death-bed, watched and tended by his good and loving wife, who survived him only a few brief months:—

“She for a little tried
To live without him—liked it not—and died!”†

But he lived long enough to know that a pension had been settled upon her by Sir Robert Peel—a pension subsequently continued to his children, and *which they still enjoy*. That comfort, that consolation, that blessing, came from his country to his bed of death!

Honoured be the name of Sir Robert Peel! great statesman and good man! It is not often that men such as he sit in highest places. Let Science, Art, and Letters consecrate his memory! It was he who whispered “peace” to Felicia Hemans, dying; bidding her have no care for those she loved and left on earth. It was he who enabled great Wordsworth to woo Nature undisturbed; he who lightened the drudgery of the desk to the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton; he who upheld the tottering steps, and made tranquillity take the place of terror in the overtaxed brain of Robert Southey. From him came the sunshine in the shady place that was the home of James Montgomery. It was his hand that opened the sick-room shutters, and let in the light of hope and heaven to the death-bed of Thomas Hood.‡

Whether it be or be not true that Addison sent for his step-son, Lord Warwick, to his death-bed, “that he might see how a Christian could die,” certain it is that the anecdote is often quoted as an encouragement and an example. We have,

* The son and daughter have preserved and printed some of these “impromptu” stories.

† In one of his letters to his wife he thus writes:—“I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail.”

‡ I refer in this passage only to those who are the subjects of my “Memories;” but to this list may be added the names of Tytler, Forbes, Owen, Sir William Hamilton, McCulloch, the widow and daughters of the artist Shree, the widow of the painter Haydon, the poet-laureate Tennyson, the widow of Sir Charles Bell, the “destitute” daughters of Principal Robertson, the botanist Curtis, the widow of Loudon, and probably others, of whom I have no knowledge. These were, or are, all participants of that state bounty which the country enables a minister to dole out to its worthies.

in the instance of Thomas Hood, such a case occurring under our immediate view, closing a life, not of glory and triumph, not of prosperity and reward, but of long-suffering in body and mind, of patient endurance, of humble confidence, of sure and certain hope, in the perfectness of holy faith. Ay, he was tried in the furnace of tribulation; and his battle of life ended in according, while receiving, "Peace."

These are the last lines he wrote :—

"Farewell, Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night,—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapour chill;
Strong the earthly odour grows,—
I smell the mould above the Rose!

"Welcome, Life! the spirit strives,
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows of the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom,—
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapours cold,—
I smell the Rose above the mould!"

In one of the letters I received about this time from his true and faithful and constant friend, Ward,* he writes to me :—"He saw the on-coming of death with great cheerfulness, though without anything approaching to levity; and last night, when his friends, Harvey and another, came, he bade them come up, had wine brought, and made us all drink a glass with him, 'that he might know us for friends, as of old, and not undertakers.' He conversed for about an hour in his old playful way, with now and then a word or two full of deep and tender feeling. When I left he bade me good-bye, and kissed me, shedding tears, and saying that perhaps we never should meet again."

I have his own copy of the last letter he ever wrote: it is to Sir Robert Peel:†—

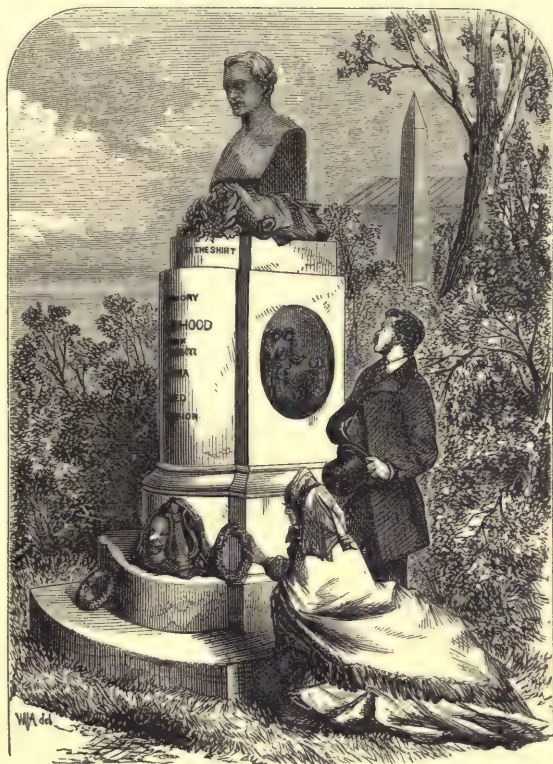
"DEAR SIR,—We are not to meet in the flesh. Given over by physicians and by myself, in this extremity I feel a comfort for which I cannot refrain from again thanking you with all the sincerity of a dying man, at the same time bidding you a respectful farewell.

"Thank God, my mind is composed, and my reason undisturbed; but my race as an author is run. My physical debility finds no tonic virtue in a steel pen, otherwise I would have written one more paper—a forewarning against an evil, or the danger of it, arising from a literary movement in which I have had some share; a one-sided humanity, opposite to that catholic, Shakspearian sympathy which felt with king as well as peasant, duly estimating the mortal temptations of both stations. Certain classes at the poles of society are already too far asunder. It should be the duty of our writers to draw them together by kindly attraction—not to aggravate the existing repulsion, and place a wider moral gulf between rich and poor—hate on the one side, and fear on the other. But I am too weak for this task—the last I had set myself. It is death that stops my pen, you see, and not my pension. God bless you, sir, and prosper all your measures for the benefit of my beloved country!"

* F. O. Ward, who, at the age of sixteen, distinguished himself by a work on Osteology; who has invented many useful processes, especially in connection with paper-making; and who, in the *Times*, drew great and active attention to the state of the London sewers, and the state of intramural churchyards. He edited Hood's magazine "for love" during Hood's illness.

† This letter has been printed since Mrs. Broderip gave me the copy. It is so pregnant a sermon that it cannot be too often in print.

Almost his latest act was to obtain some proofs of his portrait, recently engraved, and to send one to each of his most esteemed friends, marked by some line of affectionate reminiscence. The one he sent to us I have engraved at the head of this memory.



THE TOMB OF THOMAS HOOD.

His daughter writes me thus of his last hour on earth :—"Those who lectured him on his merry sallies and innocent gaiety should have been present at his death-bed, to see how the gentlest and most loving heart in the world could die!" "Thinking himself dying, he called us round him—my mother, my little brother, and myself—to receive his last kiss and blessing, tenderly and fondly given; and gently clasping my mother's hand, he said, 'Remember, Jane, I forgive all—*all!*'" He lay for some time calmly and quietly, but breathing painfully and slowly; and my mother, bending over him, heard him murmur faintly, 'O Lord, say, Arise, take up thy cross, and follow Me!'"

He died at Devonshire Lodge, in the New Finchley Road. Of that house we have procured a drawing, and have engraved it.

Genius is not often hereditary. There are but few immortal names, the glory of which has been "continued." It is gratifying to know that the seed planted by Thomas Hood and his estimable wife has borne fruit in due season. Their son and daughter were but children when both their parents were called away from guardianship on earth; but surely, as I firmly believe, to a more powerful and effectual guardianship over those they loved, and who remained "in the flesh." The daughter (Fanny) wedded a good clergyman in Somersetshire, and, though now a widow, is the happy mother of children: she is the author of many valuable works, the greater number of them being specially designed for the young. The name of "Fanny Broderip" is honoured in letters. To the son—another "Tom"—it is needless to refer. He has added renown to the venerated name he bears, and has written much that his great father himself might have owned with pride. They have had a sacred trust committed to them, and so far have nobly redeemed it.

In this Memory of Thomas Hood I have printed his last letter, and quoted his latest words. They are such as must, in the estimation of all readers, raise him even higher than he yet stands. The world owes him much; Humanity is his debtor; and who will not exclaim, borrowing from another poet—

"The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew
Upon thy grave, good creature?"



THEODORE HOOK.



THEODORE EDWARD HOOK was born in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, on the 22nd September, 1788. His father was a musical composer, who "enjoyed in his time success and celebrity." His elder brother, James, was Dean of Worcester, whose son is the present learned and eloquent Dean of Chichester. The mother was an accomplished lady, and also an author.

The natural talent of Theodore was, therefore, early nursed : unfortunately, the Green Room was the too frequent "study" of the youth, for his father's fame and income were chiefly derived from the composition of operetta songs, for which Theodore usually wrote the libretta. When little more than a boy he had produced, perhaps, thirty farces, and in 1808 gave birth to a novel. Those who remember the two great actors of a long period, Mathews and Liston, will be at no loss to comprehend the popularity of Hook's farces, for these eminent men were his "props."

In 1812, when his finances were low, and the chances of increasing them limited, and when, perhaps, also his constitution had been tried by "excesses," he received the appointment of Accountant-General and Treasurer at the Mauritius—a post with an income of £2,000 a year. Hook seems to have derived his qualification for that office from his antipathy to arithmetic, and his utter unfitness for business. The result might have been easily foreseen: in 1819 he returned to England, the cause being indicated by his famous pun. When the Governor of the Cape expressed to him a hope that he was not returning because of ill-health, Hook "regretted" to say "they think there is something wrong in the *chest*." He was found guilty of owing £12,000 to the Government, yet he was "without a shilling in his pocket." If public funds had been abstracted, he was none the richer, and there was certainly no suspicion that the money had been dishonestly advantageous to him. Although kept for years in hot water, battling with the Treasury, it was not until 1823 that the penalty was exacted—some time after the *John Bull* had made him a host of enemies. Of course, as he could not pay in purse, he was doomed to "pay in person." After spending some months "pleasantly" at a dreary sponging-house in Shoe Lane, where there was ever "an agreeable prospect, *barring* the windows," he was removed to the Rules of the Bench, residing there a year, being "discharged from custody" in 1825. While in the "Rules" he was under very little restraint, being almost as much in society as ever, taking special care not to be seen by any of his creditors, who might have "pounced" upon him, and made the marshal responsible for the debt. The danger was less in Hook's case than in that of others, for his principal "detaining creditor" was the King.

I remember his telling me that during his "confinement" in the "Rules," he made the acquaintance of a gentleman who, while a prisoner there, paid a visit to India. The story is this—the gentleman called one morning on the marshal, who said, "Mr. So-and-so, I have not had the pleasure to see you for a long time." "No wonder," was the answer, "for since you saw me last I have been to India." In reply to a look of astonished inquiry he explained, "I knew my affairs there were so intricate and involved, that no one but myself could unravel them, so I ran the risk and took my chance. I am back with ample funds to pay all my debts, and to live comfortably for the rest of my days." Mr. Hook did not say if the gentleman had obtained from his securities a license for what he had done; but the anecdote illustrates the extreme laxity enjoyed by prisoners in "the Rules," which extended to several streets, as compared with the doleful incarceration to which poor debtors were subjected, who, in those days, often had their miserable homes in a gaol for debts that might have been paid by shillings.

He then took up his residence at Putney, from which he removed to a "mansion" in Cleveland Row, but subsequently to Fulham, where the remainder of his life was passed, and where he died. The house at Fulham was a small detached cottage. It is of this cottage that Lockhart says, "We doubt if its interior was ever seen by half-a-dozen people besides the old confidential worshippers of Bull's Mouth." It was "removed" by the railroad.

Hook resided here in comparative obscurity. It gave him a pleasant prospect of Putney Bridge, and of Putney on the opposite side of the river. As the

Thames flowed past the bottom of his small and narrow garden, he had a perpetually cheerful and changing view of the many gay passers-by in boats, and yachts, and steamboats. The only room of the cottage I ever saw was somewhat coarsely furnished: a few prints hung on the walls, but there was no evidence of those suggestive refinements which substitute intellectual for animal gratifications in the internal arrangements of a domicile that becomes necessarily a workshop.

Hook's love of practical joking seems to have commenced early. Almost of that character was his well-known answer to the Vice-Chancellor at Oxford, when asked whether he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles—"Oh, certainly, to forty of them if you please;" and his once meeting the proctor dressed in his robes, who, having questioned him, "Pray, sir, are you a member of this University?" received a reply, "No, sir; pray are you?"

In the Memoirs of Charles Mathews, by his widow, abundant anecdotes are recorded of these practical jokes; but in fact, "Gilbert Gurney," which may be regarded as an autobiography, is full of them. Mr. Barham, his biographer, also relates several, and states that when a young man he had a "museum" containing a large and varied collection of knockers, sign-paintings, barbers' poles, and cocked hats, gathered together during his "predatory adventures;" but its most attractive object was "a gigantic Highlander," looted from the shop-door of a tobacconist on a dark, foggy night. These "enterprises of great pith and moment" are detailed by himself in full. The most "glorious" of them has been often told—how he sent through the post some "four thousand" letters, inviting on a given day a huge assemblage of visitors

*My first for age hath great reput.
My second is a Tailor
My whole is like the other took
Only a little poles*

*Theodore. S. Hook
September 4, 1888.*

to the house of a lady of fortune, living at 54, Berners Street, beginning with a dozen sweeps at daybreak—including lawyers, doctors, upholsterers, jewellers, coal-merchants, linen-draper, artists, even the Lord Mayor, for whose behoof a special temptation was invented. In a word, there was no conceivable trade, profession, or calling that was not summoned to augment the crowd of foot passengers and carriages by which the street was thronged from dawn till midnight, while Hook and a friend enjoyed the confusion from a room opposite.* Lockhart, in the *Quarterly*, states that the hoax was merely the result of a wager that Hook would in one week make the quiet dwelling the most famous house in all London. Mr. Barham affirms that the lady, Mrs. Tottenham, had, in some way or other, fallen under the displeasure of "the formidable trio"—Mr. Hook and two unnamed friends.

His conversation was an unceasing stream of wit, of which he was profuse, as if he knew the source to be inexhaustible. He never kept it for display, or for company, or for those who knew its value—wit was, indeed, as natural to him as common-place to common-place characters. It was not only in puns, in repartees, in lively retorts, in sparkling sentences, in brilliant illustrations, or in apt or exciting anecdote, this faculty was developed. I have known him string together a number of graceful verses—every one of which was fine in composition and admirable in point—at a moment's notice, on a subject the most inauspicious, and apparently impossible either to wit or rhyme, yet with an effect that delighted a party, and might have borne the test of criticism the most severe. These verses he usually sung in a sort of recitative to some tune with which all were familiar; and if a piano were at hand, he accompanied himself with a gentle strain of music.

Mrs. Mathews relates that she was present once when Hook dined with the Drury Lane company, at a dinner given to Sheridan in honour of his return for Westminster. The guests were numerous, yet he made a verse upon every person in the room: "every action was turned to account; every circumstance, the look, the gesture, or any other accidental effects, served as occasion for wit." Sheridan was astonished at his extraordinary faculty, and declared that he could not have imagined such power possible had he not witnessed it.

People used to give him subjects the most unpromising, to test his powers. Thus Campbell records that he once supplied him with a theme, "Pepper and Salt," and that he amply seasoned the song with both.†

I was present when this rare faculty was put to even a more severe test at a party at Mr. Jerdan's, at Grove House, Brompton—a house long since removed to make room for Ovington Square. It was a large supper party, and many men and women of mark were present; for the *Literary Gazette* was then in the zenith of its power, worshipped by all aspirants for fame, and courted even by those whose laurels had been won; while its editor, be his shortcomings what they may, was then, as he ever was, ready with a helping hand to those who

* In "Gilbert Gurney" Hook makes Daly say—"I am the man; I did it; for originality of thought and design, I do think that was perfect."

† Campbell thus writes of Hook in 1812:—"Yesterday an improvisatore—a wonderful creature of the name of Hook—sang some extempore songs, not to my admiration, but to my astonishment. I prescribed a subject, 'Pepper and Salt,' and he seasoned the impromptu with both—very truly Attic salt."

needed help—a lenient critic, a generous sympathiser, who preferred pushing a dozen forward to thrusting one back.

Hook, having been asked for his song, and, as usual, demanding a theme, one of the guests, either facetious or malicious, called out, "Take Yates's big nose" (Yates, the actor, was of the party). To any one else such a subject would have been appalling. Not so to Hook; he rose, glanced once or twice round the table, and chanted (so to speak) a series of verses perfect in rhythm and rhyme, the incapable theme being dealt with in a marvellous spirit of fun, humour, serious comment, and absolute philosophy, utterly inconceivable to those who had never heard the marvellous improvisatore; each verse describing something which the world considered great, but which became small when placed in comparison with

"Yates's big nose!"

It was the first time I had met Hook, and my astonishment was unbounded. I found it impossible to believe the song was improvised; but I had afterwards ample reason to know that so thorough a triumph over difficulties was with him by no means rare.

I had once a glorious day with him on the Thames, fishing in a punt on the river, opposite the Swan, at Thames Ditton. Hook was in good health and good spirits, and brimful of mirth. He loved the angler's craft, though he seldom enjoyed it; he spoke with something like affection of a long ago time, when bobbing for roach at the foot of Fulham Bridge, the fisherman perpetually raising or lowering his float, according to the ebb and flow of the tide.

Yes, it was a glorious day! A record of his "sayings and doings," from early morn to set of sun, would fill a goodly volume. It was a fine summer day. Fishing on the Thames is lazy fishing; the gudgeons bite freely, but there is little labour in "landing" them: it is the perfection of the *dolce far niente*, giving leisure for talk, and frequent desire for refreshment. In a punt, at all events, though not by the river side, idle time *is* idly spent; but the wit and fun of Mr. Hook that day might have delighted a hundred by-sitters, and it was a grief to me that I was the only listener—Hook and I—to borrow a pun that is said to have been made by another upon another occasion. Hook then conceived—probably then made—the verses he afterwards gave me for the *New Monthly*, entitled "The Swan at Ditton."

The last time I saw Hook was at Priors Bank, Fulham, where his neighbours, Mr. Baylis and Mr. Whitmore, had given an "entertainment," the leading feature being an amateur play, for which, by the way, I wrote the prologue. Hook was then in his decadence, in broken health, his animal spirits gone, the cup of life drained to the dregs. It was morning before the guests departed, yet Hook remained to the last, and a light of other days brightened his features as he opened the piano and began a recitative. The theme was, of course, the occasion that had brought the party together; and perhaps he never, in his best time, was more original, powerful, and pointed. I can recall two of the lines—

"They may boast of their Fulham omnibus,
But *this* is the Fulham stage."

There was a fair young boy standing by his side while he was singing: one

of the servants suddenly opened the drawing-room shutters, and a flood of light fell upon the lad's head. The effect was very touching, but it became a thousand times more so as Hook, availing himself of the incident, placed his hand upon the youth's brow, and in tremulous tones uttered a verse of which I remember only the concluding lines—

*"For you is the dawn of the morning,
For me is the solemn good-night."*

He rose from the piano, burst into tears, and left the room. Few of those who were present saw him afterwards.*



THE RESIDENCE OF THEODORE HOOK.

All the evening Hook had been low in spirits ; it seemed impossible to stir him into animation until the cause was guessed at by Mr. Blood, a surgeon, who, under the name of Davis, was at that time an actor at the Haymarket. He prescribed a glass of sherry, and retired to procure it, returning presently with a bottle of pale brandy. Having administered two or three doses, the machinery was wound up, and the result was as I have described it.

* Mr. Barham has a confused account of this incident. He was not present on the occasion, as I was—standing close by the piano when it occurred.

I give one more instance of his ready wit and rapid power of rhyme. He had been idle for a fortnight, and had written nothing for the *John Bull*; the clerk, however, took him his salary as usual, and on entering his room said, "Have you heard the news?—the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands are dead" (they had just died in England of the small-pox); "and," added the clerk, "we want something about them." "You shall have it," said Hook; "it's done!

'Waiter, two sandwiches!' cried Death;
And their wild majesties resigned their breath.'"

I remember once breakfasting with him, mulled claret being on the table, in jugs that were unmistakably sacramental, and his telling me that when Mrs. Wilson Croker was shocked at so great an outrage on propriety, he succeeded in persuading her they were not what she supposed, the cherubim being neither more nor less than little models of Bacchus.

The *John Bull* was established at the close of the year 1820, and it is said that Sir Walter Scott having been consulted by some leader among "high Tories," suggested Hook as the person precisely suited for the required task. The avowed purpose of the publication was to extinguish the party of the Queen Caroline, wife of George IV., and in a reckless and frightful spirit the work was done. She died, however, in 1821, and persecution was arrested at her grave. Its projectors and proprietors had calculated on a weekly sale of seven hundred and fifty copies, and prepared accordingly. By the sixth week it had reached a sale of ten thousand, and became a valuable property to "all concerned." Of course there were many prosecutions for libels—damages and costs, and incarceration for breaches of privilege; but all search for actual delinquents was vain. Suspicions were rife enough, but positive proofs there were none. Hook was, of course, in no way implicated in so scandalous and slanderous a publication. On one occasion there appeared among the answers to correspondents a paragraph purporting to be a reply to a letter from Mr. Hook, "disavowing all connection with the paper." The gist of the paragraph was this:—"Two things surprise us in this business: the first, that anything we have thought worthy of giving to the public should have been mistaken for Mr. Hook's; and secondly, that *such a person as Mr. Hook* should think himself disgraced by a connection with *John Bull*."

Even now, at this distance of time, few of the contributors are actually known. Among them were undoubtedly John Wilson Croker, and avowedly Haynes Bayly, Barham, and Dr. Maginn.

In 1836, when I had resigned the *New Monthly* into the hands of Mr. Hook, he proposed to me to take the sub-editorship and general literary management of the *John Bull*. That post I undertook, retaining it for a year. Our "business" was carried on, not at the *John Bull* office, but at "Easty's Hotel," in Southampton Street, Strand, in two rooms on the first floor of that tavern. Mr. Hook was never seen at the office—his existence, indeed, was not recognised there: if any one had asked for him there by name, the answer would have been that no such person was known. Although, at the period of which I write, there was no danger to be apprehended from his walking in and out of the small office in Fleet Street, a time had been when it could not have been done without personal peril. Editorial work was therefore conducted with much secrecy, a confidential

person communicating between the editor and the printer, who never knew, or rather, was assumed not to know, by whom the articles were written. In 1836—some years before, and during the years afterwards—no paragraph was inserted that in the remotest degree assailed private character: political hatreds and personal hostilities had grown less in vogue; and Hook had lived long enough to be tired of assailing those whom he rather liked and respected. The bitterness of his nature (if it ever existed, which I much doubt) had worn out with years; but, undoubtedly, much of the brilliant wit of the *John Bull* had evaporated; in losing its distinctive feature, it had lost its power, and, as a “property,” it dwindled to comparative insignificance.

Mr. Hook derived but a small income from his editorship during the later years of his life. I will believe that higher and more honourable motives than those by which he had been guided during the fierce and turbulent party times when the *John Bull* was established had led him to relinquish scandal, slander, and vituperation as dishonourable weapons; but I know that in my time he did not use them. His advice to me, on more than one occasion, while acting under him, was, to remember that “abuse” seldom effectually answered a purpose; and that it was wiser, as well as safer, to act on the principle that “praise undeserved is satire in disguise.” All that was evil in the *John Bull* had been absorbed by two infamous weekly newspapers, the *Age* and the *Satirist*: they were prosperous and profitable. Happily, no such newspapers now exist; the public not only would not buy, they would not tolerate, the personalities, the indecencies, the gross outrages on public men, the scandalous assaults on private character, that made these publications “good speculations” at the period of which I write, and undoubtedly disgraced the *John Bull* during the early part of its career.

No wonder, therefore, that no such person as Mr. Theodore Hook was connected with the *John Bull*. He invariably denied all such connection, and perseveringly protested against the charge that he had ever written a line in it. I have heard it said that during the troublous period of the Queen’s trial, Sir Robert Wilson met Hook in the street, and said, in a sort of confidential whisper, “Hook, I am to be traduced and slandered in the *John Bull* next Sunday.” Hook, of course, expressed astonishment and abhorrence. “Yes,” continued Wilson, “and if I am, I mean to horsewhip you the first time you come in my way. Now stop; I know you have nothing to do with that newspaper; you have told me so a score of times; nevertheless, if the article, which is purely of a private nature—if that article appears, let the consequences be what they may, I will horsewhip you!” The article never did appear. I can give no authority for this anecdote, but I do not doubt its truth.

I have another story to tell of these editorial times. One day a gentleman entered the *John Bull* office, evidently in a state of extreme exasperation, armed with a stout cudgel. His application to see the editor was answered by a request to walk up to the second-floor front room. The room was empty, but presently there entered to him a huge, tall, broad-shouldered fellow, who in unmitigated brogue asked, “What do you plase to want, sur?” “Want!” said the gentleman, “I want the editor.” “I’m the idditur, sur, at your sarvice;” upon which the gentleman, seeing that no good could arise from encounter with such an “editor,” made his way down-stairs and out of the house without a word.

In 1836 Mr. Hook succeeded me in the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*. The change arose thus: when Mr. Colburn and Mr. Bentley had dissolved partnership, and each had his own establishment, much jealousy, approaching hostility, existed between them. Mr. Bentley had announced a comic miscellany, or rather, a magazine, of which humour was to be the leading feature. Mr. Colburn immediately conceived the idea of a rival in that line, and applied to Hook to be its editor. Hook readily complied, the terms of £400 per annum having been settled: as usual, he required payment in advance, and "then and there" received bills for his first year's salary. Not long afterwards Mr. Colburn saw the impolicy of his scheme; I had strongly reasoned against it, representing to him that the *New Monthly* would lose its most valuable contributor, Mr. Hook, and other useful allies with him; that the ruin of the *New Monthly* must be looked upon as certain; while the success of his *Joker's Magazine* was problematical at best. Such arguments prevailed: he called upon Mr. Hook with a view to relinquish the design. Mr. Hook was exactly of Mr. Colburn's new opinion. He had received the money, and was not disposed, even if he had been able, to give it back; but suggested his becoming editor of the *New Monthly*, and in that way "working it out." The project met the views of Mr. Colburn, and so it was arranged.

But when the plan was communicated to me, I declined to be placed in the position of sub-editor. I knew that however valuable Mr. Hook might be as a large contributor, he was utterly unfitted to discharge editorial duties; and that, as sub-editor, I could have no power to do aught but obey the orders of my superior; while, as co-editor, I could both suggest and object, as regarded articles and contributors. This was also the view of Mr. Colburn, but not that of Mr. Hook: the consequence was that I retired. As to the conduct of the *New Monthly* in the hands of Mr. Hook, until it came into those of Mr. Hood, and not long afterwards was sold by Mr. Colburn to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, it is not requisite to speak.

A word here of Mr. Colburn. I cherish the kindest memory of that eminent bibliophile. He has been charged with many mean acts as regards authors; but I know that he was often liberal and always considerate towards them: he could be implacable, but also forgiving, and it was ever easy to move his heart by a tale of sorrow or a case of distress. For more than a quarter of a century he "led" the general literature of the kingdom, and I believe his sins of omission and commission were very few. Such is my impression, resulting from six years' continual intercourse with him.

He was a little man, of mild and kindly countenance, and of much bodily activity. His peculiarity was that he rarely or never finished a sentence, appearing as if he considered it hazardous to express fully what he thought; consequently, one could seldom understand what was his real opinion upon any subject he "debated or discussed." His debate was always a "possibly" or a "perhaps;" his discussion invariably led to no conclusion for or against the matter in hand.*

* Of Colburn, Lady Morgan said, "He could not take his tea without a stratagem. He was a strange *mélange* of meanness and munificence in his dealings."

It was during my editorship of the *New Monthly* that the best of all Hook's works, "Gilbert Gurney," was published in that magazine. The part for the ensuing number was rarely ready until the last moment; and more than once at so late a moment of the month, that unless in the printer's hands the next morning, its publication would have been impossible. I have driven to Fulham, to find not a line of the article written; and I have waited, sometimes nearly all night, until the MS. was produced. Now and then he would relate to me one of the raciest of the anecdotes before he penned it down; sometimes as the raw statement of a fact before it had received its habiliments of fiction, but often as even a more brilliant story than the reader found it on the first of the month.*

Hook was in the habit of sending pen-and-ink sketches of himself in his letters. I had one of especial interest, in which he represented himself down upon knees, with handkerchief to eyes. The meaning was to indicate his grief at being late with his promised article for the *New Monthly*, and his begging pardon thereupon. He had great facility for taking off likenesses.

Here is Hook's contribution to Mrs. Hall's Album:—

"Having been requested to do that which I never did in my life before, write two charades upon two given and by no means sublime words, here they are. It is right to say that they are to be taken with reference to each other.

"My first is in triumphs most usually found;
Old houses and trees show my second;
My whole is long, spiral, red, tufted, and round,
And with beef is most excellent reckoned.

"My first for age hath great repute,
My second is a tailor;
My whole is like the other root,
Only a *little* paler.

"THEODORE E. HOOK,
"Sept. 4th, 1835.

"Do you give them up? "Car-rot.
"Par-snip."

The reader may permit me here to introduce some Memories of the immediate contemporaries and allies of Hook, whose names are, indeed, continually associated with his, and who, on the principle of "birds of a feather," may be properly considered in association with this master-spirit of them all.

The Rev. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM, whose notes supplied material for the "Memoirs of Hook," edited by his son, and whose "Ingoldsby Legends" are famous, was a stout, squat, and "heartily-looking parson" of the old school. His face was full of humour, although, when quiescent, it seemed dull and heavy; his eyes were singularly small and inexpressive—whether from their own colour, or the light tint of the lashes, I cannot say, but they seemed to me to be what are called white eyes. I do not believe that in society he had much of the sparkle that characterised his friend, or that might have been expected in so

* Hook's biographer does not seem to have been aware that for several months before he became editor of the *New Monthly*, he wrote the "Monthly Commentary" for that magazine—a pleasant, piquant, and sometimes severe series of comments on the leading topics or events of the month.

formidable a wit of the pen. SAM BEAZLEY, on the contrary, was a light, airy, graceful person, who had much refinement, without that peculiar manner which bespeaks the well-bred gentleman. He was the "Daly" of "Gilbert Gurney," whose epitaph was written by Hook long before his death:—

" Here lies Sam Beazley,
Who lived hard, and died easily."*

When I knew him he was practising as an architect in Soho Square. He was one of Hook's early friends, but I believe they were not in close intimacy for some years previous to the death of Hook.

TOM HILL was another of Hook's frequent and familiar associates: he is the "Hull" of "Gilbert Gurney," and is said to have been the original of "Paul Pry" (which Poole, however, strenuously denied), a belief easily entertained by those who knew the man—a little, round man he was, with straight and well-made-up figure, and rosy cheeks that might have graced a milkmaid, when his years numbered certainly fourscore.† Tom Hill was a drysalter in Queenhithe, a man of narrow education, of no literary attainment, while his manners were by no means those of a gentleman. He managed, however, to draw the wits about him, giving *recherché* dinners at Sydenham, never costly. He was in reality their "butt"; some liked but none respected him. One of his friends pictures him as "a little, fat, florid man—an elderly Cupid." Another says he had a face like a peony." He had a rare collection of books, of which he knew only the titles and their marketable value: drysalting and literary tastes did not harmonise. In his later days he was poor: he lived and died in third-floor chambers in the Adelphi. But his age no one ever knew. The story is well known of James Smith asserting that it never could be ascertained, for that the register of his birth was lost in the fire of London; and Hook's comment, "Oh, he's much older than that; he's one of the little Hills that skipped in the Bible." He was a merry man, *toujours gai*, who seemed as if neither trouble nor anxiety had ever crossed his threshold, or broken the sleep of a single night. His peculiar faculty was to find out what everybody did, from a minister of state to a stable-boy; and there are tales enough told of his chats with child-maids in the park to ascertain the amounts of their wages, and with lounging footmen in Grosvenor Square to learn how many guests had dined at a house the day before. His curiosity seemed bent upon prying into small things; for secrets that involved serious matters he appeared to care nothing. "Pooh, pooh, sir, don't tell me! I happen to know!"—that phrase was continually coming from his lips. It is said that when he gave a penny to a crossing-sweeper, he used to ask his name and address.

* Mr. Peake, the dramatist, who wrote most of Mathews' "At Homes," attributes this epitaph to John Hardwick. Lockhart gives it to Hook. Hook pictures Beazley in "Gilbert Gurney," "His conversation was full of droll conceits, mixed with a considerable degree of superior talent, and the strongest evidence of general acquirements and accomplishments."

† He was plump, short, with an intelligent countenance, and near-sighted; with a constitution and complexion fresh enough to look forty, when I believed him to be at least four times that age."—*Gilbert Gurney*.

Of a far higher and better order was Hook's friend Mr. BRODRICK, so long one of the police magistrates, a gentleman of large acquirements and sterling rectitude. Nearly as much may be said of DUBOIS, more than half a century ago the editor of a then popular magazine, the *Monthly Mirror*. Dubois, in his latter days, enjoyed "the sweets of office" as a magistrate in the Court of Requests. He was a pleasant man in face and in manners, and retained to the last much of the humour that characterised the productions of his earlier years. To the admirable actor and estimable gentleman, CHARLES MATHEWS, I can merely allude. His memory has received full honour and homage from his wife, but there are few who knew him who will hesitate to indorse her testimony to his many excellences of head and heart.

I knew WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D., when he was a schoolmaster in Cork, where he was born in 1794. He died in London in 1842. When very young he established a reputation for scholastic knowledge, and attained some eminence as a wit; and about the year 1820 astounded "the beautiful city" by poetical contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which certain literary citizens of Cork were somewhat scurrilously assailed. The doctor, it is said, was invited to London in order to share with Hook the labours of the *John Bull*.^{*} I believe, however, he was but a very limited "help;" perhaps the old adage, "two of a trade" applied in this case. Certain it is that he subsequently found a more appreciative paymaster in Westmacott, who conducted the *Age*, a newspaper then greatly patronised, but, as I have said, one that now would be universally branded with the term "infamous."

It is known, also, that he became a leading contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*, a magazine that took its name less from its publisher, Fraser, than from its first editor, Fraser, a barrister, whose fate I have understood was mournful, as his career had been discreditable. The particulars of Maginn's duel with the Hon. Grantley Berkeley are well known. It arose out of an article in *Fraser* reviewing Berkeley's novel, in the course of which he spoke in utterly unjustifiable terms of Berkeley's mother. Mr. Berkeley was not satisfied with inflicting on the publisher so severe a beating that it was the proximate cause of his death, but called out the doctor, who manfully avowed the authorship. Each, it is understood, fired three shots without effect, and when Fraser, who was Maginn's second, asked if there should be another shot, Maginn is reported to have said, "Blaze away, by ——! a barrel of powder!"[†]

The career of Maginn in London was, to say the least, mournful. Few men ever started with better prospects; there was hardly any position in the state to which he might not have aspired. His learning was profound; his wit of the tongue and of the pen ready, pointed, caustic, and brilliant; his essays, tales, poems, scholastic disquisitions—in short, his writings upon all conceivable topics

^{*} Lockhart, in one of his letters to Wilson in 1824, expresses a belief that Maginn had come over (from Ireland) to assist Theodore Hook in the *John Bull*, and "to do all sorts of bye jobs." That was after he had become somewhat renowned as a leading contributor to *Blackwood*. His first article in *Blackwood* was, I believe, a translation into Latin of the ballad of "Chevy Chase."

[†] Since this was written, Mr. Grantley Berkeley has published, in a volume of his "Recollections," full details of this duel. It is, of course, an *ex parte* statement—very *ex parte* indeed.

were of the very highest order. "O'Dogherty" is one of the names that made *Blackwood* famous. His acquaintances, who would willingly have been his friends, were not only the men of genius of his time; among them were several noblemen and statesmen of power as well as rank. In a word, he might have climbed to the highest rung of the ladder, with helping hands all the way up: he stumbled and fell at its base.

It is notorious that Maginn wrote at the same time for the *Age*, outrageously Tory, and for the *True Sun*, a violently Radical paper. For many years he was editor of the *Standard*. It was, however, less to his thorough want of principle than to his habits of intoxication that his position was low when it ought to have been high; that he was indigent when he might have been rich; that he lost self-respect and the respect of all with whom he came in contact, except the few "kindred spirits" who relished the flow of wit, and little regarded the impure source whence it issued.

Maginn's reckless habits soon told upon his character, and almost as soon on his constitution. They may be illustrated by an anecdote related of him in Barham's *Life of Hook*. A friend, when dining with him and praising his wine, asked where he got it. "At the tavern close by," said the doctor. "A very good cellar," said the guest; "but do you not pay rather an extravagant price for it?" "I don't know, I don't know," returned the doctor; "I believe they do put down something in a book." And I have heard of Maginn a story similar to that told of Sheridan, that once when he accepted a bill, he exclaimed to the astonished debtor, "Well, thank Heaven, *that* debt is off my mind!"

The evil seemed incurable; it was not only indulged in at noon and night, but at morning. He was one of the eight editors engaged by Mr. Murray to edit the *Representative* during the eight months of its existence. I was a reporter on that paper of great promise and large hopes. One evening Maginn himself undertook to write a notice of a fancy ball at the Opera House in aid of the distressed weavers of Spitalfields. It was a grand affair, patronised by the royal family and a vast proportion of the aristocracy of England. Maginn went, of course inebriated, and returned worse. He contemplated the affair as if it had taken place among the thieves and demireps of Whitechapel, and so described it in the paper of the next morning. Well I remember the indignation of John Murray, and the universal disgust the article excited.

I may relate another anecdote to illustrate this sad characteristic. It was told to me by one of the doctor's old pupils and most intimate and steady friends, Mr. Quinten Kennedy, of Cork. A gentleman was anxious to secure Maginn's services for a contemplated literary undertaking of magnitude, and the doctor was to dine with him to arrange the affair. Kennedy was resolved that at all events he should go to the dinner sober, and so called upon him before he was up, never leaving him for a moment all day, and resolutely resisting every imploring appeal for a dram. The hour of six drew near, and they sallied out. On the way Kennedy found it almost impossible, even by main force, to prevent the doctor's entering a public-house. On their road they passed an undertaker's shop; the doctor suddenly stopped, recollected he had a message there, and begged Kennedy to wait for a moment outside. The request was complied with, as there could be no possible danger in such a place. Maginn entered, with his

handkerchief to his eyes, sobbing bitterly; the undertaker, recognising a prospective customer, sought to subdue his grief with the usual words of consolation, Maginn blubbering out, "Everything must be done in the best style—no expense must be spared; she was worthy, and I can afford it." The undertaker, seeing such intense grief, presented a seat, and prescribed a little brandy. After sufficient resistance both were accepted. A bottle was produced, and emptied, glass after glass, with suggested instructions between whiles. At length the doctor rose to join his wondering and impatient friend, who soon saw what had happened. He was, even before dinner, in such a state as to preclude all business talk; and it is needless to add that the contemplated arrangement was never made.

He lived in wretchedness and died in misery—wantonly worn out at the age of forty-two. His death took place at Walton-on-Thames, and in the churchyard of that village he is buried. Not long ago I visited the place, but no one could point out to me the precise spot of his interment. It is without a stone, without a mark, lost among the clay sepulchres of the throng who had no friends to inscribe a name or ask a memory.*

Maginn was rather under than above the middle size; his countenance was "swarthy," and by no means genial in expression. He had a peculiar thickness of speech, not quite a stutter. Latterly excesses told upon him, producing their usual effects. The quick intelligence of his face was lost; his features were sullied by unmistakable signs of an ever-degrading habit; he was old before his time. He is another sad example to "warn and scare." A life that might have produced so much yielded comparatively nothing; and although there have been suggestions, from Lockhart and others, to collect his writings, they have never been gathered together from the periodical tombs in which they lie buried, and now, probably, they cannot be all recognised.†

Among the leading contributors to the *New Monthly*, before and after the advent of Mr. Hook, was JOHN POOLE, the author of "Little Pedlington," "Paul Pry," and many other pleasant works—not witty, but full of true humour. He was, when in his prime, a pleasant companion, though nervously sensitive; and, like most professional "jokers," irritable exceedingly whenever a joke was made to tell against himself.

It is among my "Memories" that during the first month of my editorship of the *New Monthly* I took from a mass of submitted MS. one written in a

* While on his death-bed Sir Robert Peel sent him a sum of money, probably not the first. It arrived in time to pay his funeral expenses.

† In September, 1842, a subscription was made for the widow and children of Dr. Maginn, Dr. Giffard (then editor of the *Standard*) and Lockhart being trustees in England; the Bishop of Cork and the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in Ireland; and Professor Wilson, in Scotland. The "card" that was issued stated truly that "no one ever listened to Maginn's conversation, or perused even the hastiest of his minor writings, without feeling the influence of very extraordinary talent. His classical learning was profound and accurate, his mastery of modern languages almost unrivalled, his knowledge of mankind and their affairs great and multifarious;" but it did not state that which was true when it stated that, "in all his essays, verse or prose, serious or comic, he never trespassed against decorum or sound morals," or that "the keenness of his wit was combined with such playfulness of fancy, good-humour, and kindness of natural sentiment, that his merits were ungrudgingly acknowledged even by those of politics most different from his own." On the contrary, such statement was palpably and notoriously untrue.

small, neat hand, entitled "A New Guide Book." I had read it nearly half through, and was about to fling it with contempt among "the rejected" before I discovered its point. I had perused it, so far, as an attempt to describe an actual watering-place, and to bring it into notoriety. When, however, I did discover the real purpose of the writer, my delight was large in proportion. The MS. was the first part of "Little Pedlington." I believe he had then no intention of continuing it; "it was complete in itself," but the popularity it acquired induced him to make of it a book. It was "drawn out" until it became a mere thread.

It was, as I have said, generally believed that Tom Hill suggested the character of Paul Pry. Poole never would admit this. In 1831 he wrote a sort of "funny" autobiography for the *New Monthly* (to accompany a portrait of him published there), in which he declined to tell his age, where he was born, what he had written, what he was inclined to do, or, indeed, anything about himself, except that *Hamlet Travestie* was published in 1810. But that was "when he was a child," and the piece of *Tomfoolery* led to his being a writer for the stage, his first farce being *Who's Who?* In that article he thus gave the origin of Paul Pry:—

"The idea of the character of Paul Pry was suggested to me by the following anecdote related to me several years ago by a beloved friend. An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbours, that she at length acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell ill, and was, for several days, confined to her bed. Unable to observe, in person, what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window, as a substitute for the performance of that duty. But Betty soon grew weary of the occupation. She became careless in her reports, impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence. "Betty, what *are* you thinking about? Don't you hear a double knock at No. 92? Who is it?" "The first-floor lodger, ma'am." "Betty, Betty, I declare I must give you warning: why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?" "Why, lor, it's only the baker with pies." "Pies, Betty! What CAN they want with pies at 54? They had pies yesterday!"

Poole had the happy knack of turning every trifling incident to valuable account. I remember his telling me an anecdote in illustration of this faculty. I believe he never printed it. Being at Brighton one day, he strolled into an hotel to get an early dinner, took his seat at a table, and was discussing his chop and ale, when another guest entered, took his stand by the fire, and began whistling. After a minute or two, "Fine day, sir," said he. "Very fine," answered Poole. "Business pretty brisk?" "I believe so." "Do anything with Jones on the Parade?" "Now," said Poole, "it so happened that Jones was the grocer from whom I occasionally bought a quarter of a pound of tea, so I answered, 'A little.'" "Good man, sir," quoth the stranger. "Glad to hear it, sir." "Do anything with Thompson in North Street?" "No, sir." "Shaky, sir." "Sorry to hear it, sir; recommend Mohammed's baths!" "Anything with Smith in James Street?" "Nothing. I have heard the name of Smith before certainly, but of this particular Smith I know nothing." The stranger looked at Poole earnestly, advanced to the table, and, with his arms a-kimbo, said, "By Jove, sir, I begin to think you are a gentleman!" "I hope so, sir," answered Poole, "and I hope you are much the same." "Nothing of the kind, sir," said the stranger, "and if you are a gentleman, what business have you here?" upon which he rang the bell, and as the waiter entered, indignantly

exclaimed, "That's a gentleman; turn him out!" Poole had unluckily entered, and taken his seat in, the commercial room of the hotel.

All who knew Poole know that he was ever full of himself, believing his renown to be the common talk of the world. A whimsical illustration of this weakness was lately told me by a mutual friend. When at Paris recently, he chanced to say to Poole, "Of course you are free at all the theatres?" "No, sir, I am not," he answered solemnly and indignantly. "Will you believe *this*? I went to the Opéra Comique, and told the director I wished for a free admission. He asked me who I was. I said, 'John Poole!' Sir, I ask *you*, will you believe *this*? He said—he *didn't know me!*"

The Queen gave him a nomination to the Charter-house, where his age might have been passed in ease, respectability, comfort, and competence; but it was impossible for one so restless to bear the wholesome and necessary restraint of that institution. He came to me one day, boiling over with indignation, having resolved to quit its quiet cloisters—his principal ground for complaint being that he must dine at two o'clock, and be within walls by ten. He resigned the appointment, but subsequently obtained one of the Crown pensions, and took up his final abode in Paris, where during the last ten years of his life he lived—if that can be called "life" which consisted of one scarcely ever interrupted course of self-sacrifice to *eau-de-vie*. His mind was, of late, entirely gone. I met him in 1861, in the Rue St. Honoré, and he did not recognise me.

I am not aware of any details concerning his death. When I last inquired concerning him, all I could learn was that he had gone to live at Boulogne; that two quarters had passed without any application from him for his pension; and that therefore of course he was dead.

He was a tall, handsome man, by no means "jolly" like some of his contemporary wits—rather, I should say, inclined to be taciturn; and I do not think his habits of drinking were excited by the stimulants of society.* Little, I believe, is known of his life—even to the actors and playwrights with whom he chiefly associated—from the time when his burlesque of *Hamlet Travestie* (printed in 1810) commenced his career of celebrity, if not of fame, to his death, in the year 1862, I believe, being then probably about seventy years old. He is perhaps entitled to a more enlarged Memory than I can give him.

One of the earlier contributors to the *John Bull*, and a frequent contributor to the *New Monthly*, was the "song-writer"—THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. He was of a good family, born in Bath. Although his songs, of which he wrote many hundreds, are now seldom heard, there was a time when every street chorister had them perpetually on his tongue; and a barrel-organ would have been very imperfect if it did not contain at least, "I'd be a butterfly," and "Oh, no! we never mention her." In fact, the ear was cloyed by their perpetual repetition at the corner of every lane and alley of the metropolis; yet not there only: for a long time they were the "pets" of the drawing-room, and favourites at all the

* He played a practical joke upon the actors of the Brighton Theatre, who were defective of a letter in their dialogue, by sending to them a packet, containing, of various sizes, the letter H.

theatres, being generally wedded to simple music that suited the tastes of the masses.

Haynes Bayly was a gentleman of refined habits, tall, slight, and of handsome person and agreeable manners. His father was an eminent solicitor of Bath, and at one period of his life he was rich. He lost his inheritance, however, it was understood, by the rascality of a trustee.

There was another Bayley—his very opposite in all ways—F. W. N. BAYLEY, who was usually distinguished as “Initial Bayley.” He, too, wrote songs, and they were popular, but his productions were often mistaken for those of his namesake, which they resembled much as does the pinchbeck of Birmingham the pure gold of twenty carats. He prided himself on copying Maginn, whom he was rather like in person, and certainly in acquired “ways,” even to the slight stutter—a peculiarity of his prototype. He died young, the victim, no doubt, of perilous habits, which could not stand the wear and tear of life as “a book-seller’s hack.” He had, however, much natural wit, and a singular facility in writing rhymes, some of which were certainly above mediocrity. There is one of his books that yet lives; it describes the adventures of two tourists in India who made their escape in a very odd way from a tiger. Few can remember and recall him now; and there are not many who have read a line of his multifarious “scribblings” in prose and verse.

Other “aids” of the *John Bull* I might summon from the “vasty deep;” but there are not many of them whose names are worthy the record of even a line.

From what I have written, the reader will gather that I only knew Hook in his decline—the relic of a manly form, the decadence of a strong mind, and the comparative exhaustion of a brilliant wit. Leigh Hunt, speaking of him at a much earlier period, thus writes:—“He was tall, dark, and of a good person, with small eyes, and features more round than weak; a face that had character and humour, but no refinement.” And Mrs. Mathews describes him as with sparkling eyes and expressive features, of manly form, and somewhat of a dandy in dress. When in the prime of manhood and the zenith of fame, Mr. Barham says, “he was not the tuft-hunter, but the tuft-hunted;” and it is easy to believe that one so full of wit, so redolent of fun, so rich in animal spirits, must have been a marvellously coveted acquaintance in the society where he was so eminently calculated to shine; from that of royalty to the major and minor clubs; from the “Athenæum” to the “Garrick,” of which he was a cherished member.

In 1828, when I first saw him, he was above the middle height, robust of frame, and broad of chest; well-proportioned, with evidence of great physical capacity; his complexion dark, as were his eyes. There was nothing fine or elevated in his expression; indeed, his features when in repose were heavy; it was otherwise when animated; yet his manners were those of a gentleman, less, perhaps, from inherent faculty than from the polish which refined society ever gives.*

* The portrait that heads this Memory is from a drawing made by Mr. Eddis for the collection of Mr. Magrath, long the respected secretary of the Athenæum Club.

He is described as a man of "iron energies," and certainly must have had an iron constitution, for his was a life of perpetual stimulants, intellectual as well as physical.

When I saw him last—it was not long before his death—he was aged, more by care than time; his face bore evidence of what is falsely termed "a gay life;"



THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THEODORE HOOK.

his voice had lost its roundness and force, his form its buoyancy, his intellect its strength.

"Alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!"

Yet his wit was ready still; he continued to sparkle humour even when exhausted nature failed, and his last words are said to have been a brilliant jest.

At length the iron frame wore down ; he was haunted by pecuniary difficulties, yet compelled to daily work, not only for himself, but for a family of children by a lady to whom he was not married. He then lived almost entirely on brandy, and became incapable of digesting animal food. Well might his friend Lockhart say, " He came forth, *at best*, from a long day of labour at his writing-desk, after his faculties had been at the stretch ; feeling, passion, thought, fancy, excitable nerves, suicidal brain, all overworked, perhaps well-nigh exhausted."

And thus, "at best," while "seated among the revellers of a princely saloon," sometimes losing at cards among his great "friends" more money than he could earn in a month, his thoughts were labouring to devise some mode of postponing a debt only from one week to another. Well might he have compared, as he did, his position to that of an alderman, who was required to relish his turtle soup while forced to eat it sitting on a tight rope.

The last time he went out to dinner was with Colonel Shadwell Clarke, at Brompton Grove. While in the drawing-room he suddenly turned to the mirror and said,—“Ay, I see I look as I am, done up in purse, in mind, and in body too, at last!”

Colonel Clarke was the editor of the *United Service Journal*,* a magazine published by Mr. Colburn, to represent and advocate the interests of the army and navy. At his house I used to meet many of the officers of both services who had distinguished themselves as authors, Captain Marryatt more especially—a short, stout, thick-set man, who walked, and looked, and spoke as if he were at home only on the quarter-deck. He seemed "every inch a sailor," with energy, promptness, and courage. He may be said to have commenced the class of naval novels, in which he had many followers and imitators ; but none of them have retained the public favour that is still given to "The King's Own" and "Peter Simple."

Hook died on the 24th of August, 1841, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, and was buried in the churchyard at Fulham, which adjoined his residence. His grave is in a nook under the west window, where a score of Bishops of London are interred. Close beside the upright stone that bears the name of Theodore Edward Hook is the tomb of Bishop Sherlock.

Yes, when I knew most of him he was approaching the close, not of a long, but of a "fast" life. He had ill-used Time, and Time was not in his debt.

He was tall and stout, but not healthfully stout, with a round face, which told too much of jovial nights and wasted days ; of toil when the head aches and the hand shakes ; of the absence of self-respect ; of mornings in ignoble rest to gather strength for evenings of useless energy ; of, in short, a mind and constitution naturally vigorous and powerful, but sadly and grievously misapplied and misused.

No writer concerning Hook can claim for him an atom of respect. His history is but a record of written, or spoken, or practical jokes, that made no one wiser or better. His career "points a moral" indeed, but it is by showing the wisdom of virtue. In the end, his "friends," so called, were ashamed

* Colonel Clarke had lost a leg in one of the Peninsular battles.

openly to give him help ; and although bailiffs did not—as in the case of Sheridan—

“ Seize his last blanket,”

his death-bed was haunted by apprehensions of arrest, and it was a relief rather than a loss to society when a few comparatively humble mourners laid him in a corner of Fulham Churchyard.

Alas ! let not those who read the records of many distinguished, nay, some illustrious, lives imagine that because men of genius have too often cherished the perilous habit of seeking consolation or inspiration from what it is a libel on nature to call “ the *social glass*,” it is therefore reasonable or excusable, or can ever be innocuous. Talfourd may gloss it over in Lamb as averting a vision terrible ; Beattie may deplore it in Campbell as having become a dismal necessity ; the biographer of Hook may lightly look upon the curse as the spring-head of his perpetual wit. I will not continue the list ; it is frightfully long. Hook is but one of many men of rare intellect, large mental powers, with faculties designed and calculated to benefit mankind, who have sacrificed character, life—I had almost said SOUL—to habits which are wrongly and wickedly called pleasures—the pleasures of the table ! Many indeed are they who have thus made for themselves miserable destinies, useless or pernicious lives, and unhonoured or dishonourable graves. I will add the warning of great Wordsworth when addressing the sons of Burns :—

“ But ne’er to a seductive lay
Let faith be given ;
Nor deem the light that leads astray
Is light from heaven.”

Take also the impressive warning of Earl Russell, that “ vice in men of wit and intellect is of tenfold peril : it is not ‘ light from heaven,’ but flashes from a volcano that has its source in hell ! ”



AMELIA OPIE.



MELIA OPIE lived to be eighty-four years old. I saw her but a short time before her death, sitting in an easy-chair, in her drawing-room at Norwich; and the ruling passion was still alive, for she was neatly and gracefully dressed, and moved as if she would rise from her seat to welcome me. She had preserved other of the attributes of her youth, and in her "the beauty of age" was a charming picture. She was the only child of James Alderson, M.D., and was born on the 12th of November, 1769, in the parish of St. George, Norwich, and in that city she died on the 2nd of December, 1853, having passed there nearly the whole of her life; for when she became a widow she returned to it, and, with few brief intermissions, it was ever afterwards her home.

She did not become an author until after her marriage. That event took place in 1798. Late in the previous year she wrote to one of her friends, "Mr. Opie (but mum) is my declared lover." She hints, however, that her heart was pre-engaged, and that she "ingenuously" told him so. He persisted, nevertheless. At that time, she adds, "Mr. Holcroft also had a mind to me," but he "had no chance." She was "ambitious of being a wife and mother," and "willing to wed a man whose genius had raised him from obscurity into fame and comparative affluence." Her future husband she first saw at an evening party, as she entered (as her friend and biographer, Lucy

Brightwell, states) bright and smiling, dressed in a robe of blue, her neck and arms bare, and on her head a small bonnet, placed in somewhat coquettish style, sideways, and surmounted by a plume of three white feathers." The painter, John Opie, was "smitten" at first sight. He was rugged and unpolished; she had the grace and lightness of a sylph. He (according to Allan Cunningham) looked like an inspired peasant; she, if her admirers are to be credited, had the form and mind of an angel. Yet they were married, in Marylebone Church, on the 8th of May, 1798; and the young bride preserved a record of her *trousseau*—"blue bonnet, eight blue feathers, twelve other feathers, two blue Scotch caps, four scollop'd-edge caps à la Marie Stuart, a bead cap, a tiara, two spencers with lace frills, et cætera, et cætera."

Opie was not rich; "great economy and self-denial were necessary;" and so she became "a candidate for the pleasures, the pangs, the rewards, and the penalties of authorship."

"Gaiety" was her natural bent; not so that of Opie; yet she did her duty by him from first to last; and as, no doubt, she expected little of romance, giving her husband more respect than love, her married life passed in easy contentment until his death on the 9th of April, 1807, and his burial in St. Paul's, in a grave beside that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. She bears testimony to his "general worth and natural kindness;" yet he was undoubtedly a coarse man, as one who knew him well writes, "rugged and unpolished, to say the least," although, as Haydon describes him, "of strong understanding, manly, and straightforward." *

She is described, at that period, as exceedingly beautiful, intellectual, refined, graceful, and altogether lovely. She sung sweetly,[†] painted skilfully, and was remarkably brilliant in conversation; and it must have astonished many to find the lovely, fascinating, and accomplished girl preferring Opie to the host of lovers that gathered in her wake.

From that far-away time she was a widow; as she mournfully writes in after years, "a lone woman through life, an only child, a childless widow," yet ever as maid, wife, and widow enjoying society, for some time the gayest of the gay, but always without spot or blemish, slander never having touched her fame. She was all her life long "true and lovely, and of good report."

She did not join the Society of "Friends" until the year 1825, although she attended their meetings much earlier. In 1814 she writes, "I left the Unitarians;" but it does not appear that she was ever in actual connection with that body, although she had frequent intercourse with them, and held "unsettled opinions" concerning the Christian faith.

In 1825 her father died. He, too, had "accepted Christianity," was "a believer in the atoning work of the Saviour," and, if not a Quaker, was, notwithstanding, interred in the Friends' burying-ground at Norwich, in a grave in which his daughter was laid more than a quarter of a century afterwards.

* The biography she wrote of her husband she considered a failure, only because she had "not done justice to his talents or his virtues."

† She was perfect as a musician, according to the simple "perfecting" of those days, and sung with power and sweetness the music then in vogue—the "Sally in our Alley," the "Savourneen Deelish," the soprano songs in *Love in a Village*, in the *Beggars' Opera*, and *Artaxerxes*; and, added to this fascinating accomplishment, she had a knowledge of, and affection for, art.

Probably it was her intimacy with the family of the Gurneys (honoured be the name, for it has long been, and is, that of many good women and good men) that led to her joining the Society of Friends. It is said, indeed, that she had an early attachment to one of them, Joseph John Gurney. He had known her when "a gay and lively girl," when she was a beautiful and young widow, and when she was sedate and aged; and perhaps, as far as we can think and see, it is to be lamented that she did not become his wife; for that they had devoted friendship each for the other there can be no doubt.

It was soon after she had become a Quaker we first knew her. As a trait of character, I may mention that about this time I had occasion to write and ask her to furnish a story for a work I was then conducting, the *Amulet*. In reply, she stated it was opposed to her principles to write a *story*, but she would send me an *anecdote*. She did so, and the distinction made no difference, for a very touching and pathetic story, called "An Anecdote," I received.*

Dear friend, allow me to assure
 thee in plain prose of my most
 earnest wishes for thy happiness
 5th Mo 16th 1832—
 Amelia Opie—

Not long afterwards we made her acquaintance. She was verging upon fifty, but looked much younger. Her personal appearance then might be described by the single word "sonsie." Her full bust, upright form, and stately carriage were indicative of that rare privilege of age,

"Life to the last enjoyed."

Despite somewhat of severity in her quick blue eye, her manner and appearance were extremely prepossessing. There was a pleasant mixture of simplicity and coquetry in the folds of the pure white kerchief scrupulously arranged over a grey silk dress of the richest fabric, though plainly made and entirely without ornament. One of her Quaker friends describes her cap as "of beautiful lawn, and fastened beneath her chin with whimpers, which had small crimped frills."

* "Thou knowest—or thou ought to know"—she wrote to Mrs. Hall, at the commencement of our correspondence in the year 1827, "that since I became a Friend I am not free to what is called 'make a story,' but I will write a *fact* for thy annual, or any little matters of history, or truth, or a poem if thou wishest, but I must not write pure fiction; I must not *lye*, and say, 'so and so occurred,' or 'such and such a thing took place,' when it did not: dost thou understand me?"

Her hair, of a singular colour, between flaxen and grey, was worn in waving folds in front. It had a natural wave, but, of course, was never curled. Her carriage was erect, her step firm and rapid, her manner decided, her voice low and sweet in tone, her smile perfect sunshine. She "flirted" a fan with the ease and grace of a Spanish donna; and if her bright, inquiring, and restless eyes made one rather nervous at a first interview, the charm of her smile and the winning grace of her nature placed one at ease after a few minutes' conversation. Still, the incessant sparkling of those quick blue eyes told

"that e'en in the tranquillest climes,
Light breezes might ruffle the flower sometimes."

When we met in after years, the restless manner was much calmed. As the face became less beautiful it grew more soft, less commanding, but more lovable.

Miss Brightwell thus pictures her:—"She was about the standard height of woman, her hair was worn in waving folds in front, and behind it was seen through the cap, gathered into a braid. Its colour was peculiar—between flaxen and grey; it was unusually fine and delicate, and had a natural bend or wave. . . . Her eyes were especially charming: there was in them an ardour mingled with gentleness that bespoke her true nature." She was aged when Miss Brightwell wrote this, but she pictures her also in youth—no doubt from hearsay. "Her countenance was animated, bright, and beaming; her eyes soft and expressive, yet full of ardour; her hair abundant and beautiful, of auburn hue; her figure well formed, her carriage fine, her hands, arms, and feet well shaped; and all around and about her was the spirit of youth, and joy, and love."

Yet, although a member of the Society of Friends, and bound by duty to be sedate, the old leaven clung to her through life—innocently and harmlessly; and there was no sin in her occasional murmurs of self-reproof—"Shall I ever cease to enjoy the pleasures of the world? I fear not."

In truth, she never did. And so her Diary oddly mingles gaieties with gravities: May meetings with brilliant evenings, labours of love and works of charity with half-idolatrous hero-worship; and if there occur records of worldly sensations, at which an Elder among the Friends might shake his head and sigh, there are many such passages as these:—"Went to the gaol—have hopes of one woman."—"Called to see that poor wretched girl at the workhouse; mean to get the Prayer-book I gave her out of pawn."

Mrs. Opie was brought up as an "ultra-liberal." Her sympathies were with the people. They were often exercised, at the close of the past and the beginning of the present century, when advocacy of freedom was a crime, and there was peril even in free interchange of thought. But though a Liberal in politics, her heart had room enough for all humankind: her bounty was large, and her charities were incessant. Among other merciful projects, in conjunction with Mrs. Fry—another of the earth's excellents—she conceived the idea of reforming the internal management of hospitals and infirmaries. In 1829 a project had been actually "set on foot—an institution for the purpose of educating a better class of persons as nurses for the poor," a project much encouraged by Southey, who considered that "nothing in the system need be adopted at variance with the feelings of a Protestant country."

Mrs. Fry did actually establish a society of "nursing sisters," and I believe it is in existence still.

It was in reference to his belief in the peculiar fitness of Amelia Opie to carry out this work of wisdom and mercy that Southey thus wrote of her in his "Colloquies :"—

"One who has been the liveliest of the lively, the gayest of the gay ; admired for her talents by those who knew her only in her writings, and esteemed for her worth by those who were acquainted with her in the relations of private life ; one who, having grown up in the laxest sect of semi-Christians, felt the necessity of vital religion while attending upon her father during the long and painful infirmities of his old age, and who has now joined the lively faith for which her soul thirsted ; not losing, in the change, her warmth of heart and cheerfulness of spirit, nor gaining by it any increase of sincerity and frankness ; for with these Nature had endowed her, and society, even that of the great, had not corrupted them."*

So far back as the year 1818, Mrs. Hall was acquainted with MRS. FRY, of whom it may be emphatically said, "her works do follow her ;" and Mrs. Hall supplies me with this Memory of that estimable woman :—

It was my privilege to accompany her more than once to Newgate, some years, however, after she had commenced her herculean and most merciful task of reforming that prison. I first met her at the house of William Wilberforce, to whom humanity still owes a large debt, although it has been, in part, paid by the abolition of negro slavery in all lands where the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken. The great philanthropist was then living at Brompton, and after a lapse of so many years, I recall my sensations of intense happiness when, in my dawn of youth, conversing with that venerable man.

Newgate, when first visited by Elizabeth Fry, was a positive Aceldama. The women were all in rags, no care of any kind having been given to their clothing, and almost as little to their food. They slept without bedding on the floor of their prison, the boards raised in parts to furnish a sort of pillow. With the proceeds of their noisy beggary from occasional visitors they purchased spirits at a tap-room within the gaol ; and the ear was constantly outraged by frightfully revolting language. Though military sentinels were placed at intervals, even the governor entered their part of the prison with misgiving and reluctance.

Things had, however, changed for the better when I accompanied Mrs. Fry to Newgate. She had been at her work—and not in vain—during five years. My companion was the Rev. Robert Walsh, one of the most dear and valued friends of my girlhood—of my womanhood also. His children and his grandchildren are of my best and most beloved friends to-day.†

But of Elizabeth Fry. I do not remember how it came about ; yet I can see myself now clasping her hand between mine, and entreating to be taken with her once, only once ; and I can recall the light and beauty that illumined her features—the gentle smile and look of kindness—as she moved back the hair from my moist eyes, and said, "Thy mother will trust thee with me and thy

* In another of his letters Southey says of Amelia Opie :—"I like her in spite of her Quakerism, nay, perhaps the better for it ; for it must be always remembered in what sect she was bred up, among what persons she had lived, and that religion was never presented to her in a serious form until she saw it in drab."

† Dr. Walsh was, during many years, Chaplain to the Embassies at Constantinople and at Rio, and his works on Turkey and Brazil retained places in all libraries. He died Rector of Finglas, near Dublin, honoured and beloved : of him I shall have more to say before I close these "Memories," and something of his son, the late Right Hon. John Edward Walsh, Master of the Rolls, our very dear friend, who died in Paris in 1869.

friend the doctor. Her heart is urged to this for good ; do not check the natural impulse of thy child, friend," addressing my dear mother ; " better for thy future in her to hear her pleading to visit those with whom the Lord is dealing in His mercy, than for thy sanction to visit scenes of pleasure, where there can be gathered no fruit for hereafter." I felt the words as a reproof ; for only the night before I had seen the elder Kean play Macbeth. It was the first time I had been at a theatre, and the consequent excitement had kept me awake all night. Her words made me thoughtful. I remember removing the rosette from my bonnet, and putting on my gravest-coloured dress, to accompany Elizabeth Fry to Newgate.

Hannah More, speaking of this heroic " Friend," pictured her well :—" I thought of her as of some grand woman out of the Old Testament—as Deborah judging Israel under the palm-tree."

When in repose, there was an almost unapproachable dignity in Mrs. Fry. Her tall figure, the lofty manner in which her head was placed on its womanly pedestal, her regal form, and the calmness of her firm, yet sweet voice, without an effort on her part, commanded attention. You felt her power the moment you entered her presence ; but when she read and expounded the Scripture, and above all, when she prayed, the grandeur of the woman became the fervour of the saint. In person she was not unlike Amelia Opie, though obviously of a " stronger" nature, and though by no means unfeminine, more masculine in form.

When I passed with her and Dr. Walsh, and a lady whose name I have forgotten, into the dreaded prison, and heard the loud gratings of the rattling keys in the locks, and the withdrawing and drawing of the bolts, and felt the gloom and damp of the walls, and heard my friends speak with bated breath, and then saw the door open, and a number of women—stained by "*the trail of the serpent*"—I should have been glad to have been anywhere but where I was. " Wilt thou go back, young friend ?" whispered a kind voice. I looked up to her sweet face, and laying my hand in hers, felt strengthened by her strength. A Bible was on the table, and a chair and hassock were beside it ; but, before she read or prayed, Mrs. Fry went to each individually. Not one word of reproof fell from her to any, though several were loud in their complaints against one particular woman, who really looked a fiend. She took that woman apart, reasoned with her, soothed her, laid her hand on her shoulder, and the hard, stubborn, cruel (for I learned afterwards how *cruel* she had been) nature relented, and tears coursed each other down her cheeks. " She promises to behave better," she said, " and thou wilt not taunt her, but help her to be good. And He will help her who bears with us all !" She had an almost miraculous gift of reading the *inner* nature of all with whom she came in contact. She seemed to show a peculiar interest in each ; while each felt as if the mission was specially to her. I shall never forget the wild scream of delight of a young creature who fell at her feet, to whom she had said, " I have seen thy child." One of the women told the girl that if she was not quiet she could not remain for the prayer. I remember even now how she clenched her hands on her bosom, to still its heavings, and how she kept in her sobs, while her bright glittering eyes followed every movement of Mrs. Fry, when she added, " Thy child is well, and has cut two teeth, and thy mother seems so fond of her !"

This preparation for prayer and teaching occupied fifteen or twenty minutes, and eager and even noisy as some of those poor women had previously been, when Mrs. Fry sat down and opened THE BIBLE, the only sound that was heard was the suppressed sobs of the girl to whom Mrs. Fry had spoken of her child. There was something very appalling in the instantaneous silence of these dangerous women, subdued in a moment into the stillness which so frequently precedes a thunder-storm. The calm and silvery tones of the reader's earnest voice fell like oil on troubled waters. Gradually the expressions of the various faces changed into what may well be called *reverential* attention. Her prayer I remember thinking very short, but comprehensive; its entreaties were so earnest, so anxious, so fervent, that few were there whose moistened eyes did not bear testimony to its influence. She seemed to know and feel every individual case, to share every individual sorrow, and to have a ready balm for every separate wound. I can see the radiance of her face through the long lapse of years, and recall the "winningness" of her voice, so clear and penetrating, yet so tender. When she paused—remaining silent a while—and then rose to withdraw, the women did not crowd towards her, as on her first entrance, but continued hushed, and gathered together; indeed, several were too overpowered for words; but they gazed on her as if she were an angel, and was she not?

It was my privilege to repeat my visit. The second was but a repetition of the first—a few new faces, and some of the old ones gone; among them the girl whose child Mrs. Fry had taken under her own care. The mother had been sent over seas, for a crime that would now be atoned for by a few weeks' incarceration.

Amid the admirably-performed duties of domestic life, followed, as years advanced, by trials that the world calls "bitter," that holy woman never wavered from her holy mission; removing with marvellous patience the chains of mind as well as of body, that weighed so heavily upon the human race, and teaching the liberty that only the Christian appreciates, values, or enjoys.

Our most interesting intercourse with Amelia Opie occurred in Paris, in February, 1831, not long after the so-called "three glorious days." We had met and chatted with her at the receptions of the Baron Cuvier, where, among the philosophers, she was staid and stately.

And the Baron Cuvier is a rare Memory. His thick and somewhat stubbed form; his massive head containing the largest quantity of brain ever allotted to a single human being; his broad and high forehead; his features far more German than French; his manner sedate almost to severity: such is the picture I recall of the marvellous man, the parent of many great men who have opened to us the portals of New Worlds.*

* These lines, descriptive of Cuvier, were written by Mrs. Opie, after his death:—

"'Twas sweet that voice of melody to hear,
Distinct, sonorous, stealing on the ear;
And watch, to mark some sudden gesture throw
The hair aside, that veiled that wondrous brow,—
That brow, the throne of genius and of thought,
And mind, which all the depths of science sought."

This is Mrs. Hall's Memory of Amelia Opie at the Baron Cuvier's :—" In Paris, Mrs. Opie was one of the lights of the liberal and intellectual, as well as of the legitimate and aristocratic, *soirées*. One evening we met her in the circle at the Baron Cuvier's, where the Bourbonists were certain to congregate, and where the Baron's magnificent head 'stood out' like the head of Imperial Jove. At one moment she was discussing some point of natural history with the great naturalist ; the next, talking over the affairs of America with Fenimore Cooper, who, however much he disliked England, was always kindly and courteous to the English in Paris ; the next, explaining in very good English-French to some sentimental girl, "who craved her blessing, and called her *mère*," that she never was and never would be a nun ; and that she belonged to no such laborious, useful, or self-denying order as the *Sœurs de Charité* ; and at the close of the evening, when, in compliment to the English present, a table was covered with a white cloth, and tea was made and kindly poured out by Madame Cuvier's daughter, Mrs. Opie was certainly one of the pillars of the tea-table, laughing and listening (she never could have been so universally popular had she not been a good listener), and being to perfection the elderly English lady, tinged with the softest *blue*, and vivified by the graceful influence of Parisian society."

But one memorable evening we had the honour of passing in the *salons* of General Lafayette—the venerable soldier whose singular career of glory was then drawing to a close. The occasion was eventful : there were present many young Poles. The fatal struggle was then commencing in Poland ; they were on the eve of departure, and had come to bid the aged hero adieu, and receive his blessing. It was touching in the extreme to see the old man kissing the cheek of each young soldier as he advanced, place a hand upon his head, and give the blessing that was asked for.

This is Mrs. Hall's recollection of the evening at Lafayette's :—"The gathering at Lafayette's is never to be forgotten. The General was a most remarkable and most deeply interesting man ; he was at that time (in 1831) worn down, with much of his fire quenched, resembling rather a patriarch than a soldier ; yet he had a short time previously given a crown to Louis Philippe. The rooms were crowded, and in the crowd was Fenimore Cooper, more at home with the Republicans, warmer and more genial than he had been at Cuvier's on the previous evening, where the society was courtly and constrained. All the remarkable men of that party were there, and all seemed agitated about something going forward, which at first was incomprehensible to us. Lafayette stood in an inner room, conversing with a staff of old friends, who appeared privileged to crowd around him ; but every five or six minutes the circle opened, a youth in a foreign uniform approached, the old man pressed his hands, looked earnestly and affectionately in his face, addressed to him a few words in a low tone, and then the youth bent and kissed his hand, some even knelt and craved his blessing, and he dismissed them with a sentence, 'Ah, le bon Dieu vous bénit, mon fils !' or, 'Allez à la gloire !' or, 'Vive la patrie !' One, a fine handsome fellow, more than six feet high, the General embraced and kissed ; tears rushed to his eyes, and twice when the young man knelt he raised him and pressed him to his heart. Mrs. Opie wept, as indeed many did, who hardly comprehended the cause either of the reception or the parting, but we soon

learned that the youth was the son of a distinguished Polish officer, who had fallen in defending his country, and that he was going to Poland with his countrymen to renew the struggle—that all those who so craved the blessing of Lafayette were Poles, all resolved to conquer or die, all destined to leave Paris at the dawn of the following day; and they did so, and in six weeks all those young hearts had ceased to beat—

‘Their last fight fought—
Their deeds of glory done.’

Indeed, the meeting was a singularly solemn one for Paris; even when the little ceremony was concluded, there was so much serious matter connected with Poland to think of and talk about, so much anxiety as to the result of the struggle, the young *braves* excited so much interest, and Lafayette appeared so overpowered, that we withdrew earlier than usual, leaving Mrs. Opie walking through the rooms in earnest and animated conversation.

“Suddenly we were somewhat startled by a buzz and an audible whisper; we could only make out the words *Sœur de Charité*, and walking with formal state up the room, we saw Amelia Opie, leaning on the arm of a somewhat celebrated Irishman (O’Gorman Mahon), six feet high, and large in proportion, with peculiarities of dress that enhanced the contrast between him and his companion. She was habited as usual in her plain grey silk, and Quaker cap ‘fastened beneath her chin with whimpers which had small crimped frills.’ No wonder such a vision of simplicity and purity should have startled gay Parisian dames, few or none of whom had the least idea of the nature of the costume; but the good old General selected her from a host of worshippers, and seemed jealous lest a rival should steal the fascinating Quaker from his side.”

To Lafayette and his family Mrs. Opie was greatly attached. She described him as “a delightful, lovable man,” “a handsome, blooming man of seventy,” “humble, simple, and blushing at his own praises;” and in allusion to her appearance at one of his “receptions,” she writes:—“I sighed when I looked at my simple Quaker dress, considered whether I had any business there, and slunk into a corner.” But that was when the General “received” in state at the *Etat Major* of the *Garde Nationale*, and not when she was “at home” with him and his family at “The Grange.”

It was at that time she sat to the sculptor David for the medal I have engraved. David was a small, undignified man, much pock-marked. He was to the last a fierce republican; as fierce, though not as ruthless, as his relative and namesake, the painter. I saw much of him during several after-visits to Paris.

Mrs. Opie occupied an *entresol* in the *Hôtel de la Paix*, and a servant, with something of the appearance of a sobered-down soldier in dress and deportment, waited in the anteroom of the Quaker dame to announce her visitors. Singularly enough, Mrs. Opie was never more at home than in Paris, where her dress in the streets, as well as at the various *réunions*, attracted much attention and curiosity, the Parisians believing she belonged to some religious order akin to the Sisters of Charity.

The last time Mrs. Opie visited London was to see the Great Exhibition in

1851. There she was wheeled about in a garden chair. She retained much of her original freshness of form and mind, and was cheerful and "chatty." In the brief conversation I had with her, surrounded as she was by friends who loved, and strangers who venerated, her, she recalled our pleasant intercourse in Paris, murmuring more than once, "How many of them have gone before!"

In the autumn of that year I chanced to be in Norwich, and there my last visit to her was paid at her residence in the Castle Meadow. The house exists no longer, but a picture of it has been preserved by her friend, Lucy Brightwell,



THE DWELLING OF AMELIA OPIE AT NORWICH.

and I have engraved it. Plain house though it was, and fitly so, its memory is hallowed.

The room was hung with portraits, principally of her own drawing;* flowers she was never without. She was delighted with its cheerful outlook, and described it as a "pleasant cradle for reposing age." From her windows she saw "noble trees, the castle turrets," and "the woods and rising grounds of Thorpe." She

* "It was her custom, from a very early period, to take profile likenesses, in pencil, of those who visited her: several hundreds of these sketches were preserved in books and folios."

was thankful that "the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places." There, venerated and loved, she dwelt from 1848 to her death.

She was at that time very lame, yet the courtesy of her nature was manifested in an effort to rise and give me a cordial welcome, and we passed an hour chatting pleasantly and cheerfully of gone-by people and times.

Her society was eagerly sought for by the most enlightened persons of the age: to name her friends would be but to catalogue the most remarkable of those



AMELIA OPIE'S SITTING-ROOM AT NORWICH.

who are interwoven with the history of our times. She was earnestly and sincerely philanthropic; her name was not frequently seen in the list of subscribers to public charities; but when a tale of want or sorrow was told to Mrs. Opie, tears rapidly twinkled in her blue eyes, and gradually those pretty hands, which were demurely folded Quaker-fashion, would unclasp, and presently the right one found its way through the ample folds of her dress to her purse, from which she gave with frank liberality.

She described her dwelling in a letter written to Mrs. Hall, dated 8th Month, 4, 1851:—

"I am glad Mr. Hall liked my residence. I had *long wished* for it. The view is a constant delight to me. My rooms are rather too small, but my sitting-rooms and chamber being *en suite*, they suit a lame body as I now am; and below I have three parlours, two kitchens, and a pretty little garden—for a town. I have a second floor and an attic which commands Norwich and the adjacent country; but this is thrown away on me. I have seen it, and that is enough. The noble trees, flowering shrubs, and fine acacias round the castle keep, into which I am daily looking, have to me an unfailing charm. The road runs under my window; and I have seen many groups of *le tiers état* hastening along, evidently to the Monday cheap train to London. It is a pleasant sight. The wind is rather high, and the trees I have told thee of are waving and bending their light branches so gracefully and invitingly before me, that I could almost fancy they were bowing to me, and get up to return the compliment, however *gauchely*. After this extraordinary flight of fancy, it is necessary that I should pause a while to recover it; so farewell! Thy loving friend,

"AMELIA OPIE."

It was obvious, however, that the time of her removal was drawing on. The death of her dear friend, Joseph John Gurney, one of "the excellent of the earth," in 1847—of Dr. Chalmers soon afterwards—and of other beloved friends and relatives, affected her much, though he bore her losses resignedly, if not cheerfully, bowing in submission to the Divine Will, remembering her favourite text, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Age and infirmities had been creeping on; the comforting influence of the good Bishop Stanley was continually with her; numerous friends thronged around her; she still manifested interest in all they said and did. But, in 1849, Bishop Stanley died. She loved that good man very dearly, and his death was accepted as a warning that her own was near at hand. Writing to Mrs. Hall in 1851, she says,—speaking of the good man's grave,—"*It is covered by a large black marble slab, with a deep border round of variegated marble, the colours black and grey. He lies in the middle of the great aisle of the cathedral, and when the painted-glass window, as a memorial to his memory, is finished, and placed over the great western gates of entrance, it is thought that the rays of the setting sun, on which he loved to gaze, will shine upon the stone that covers his 'dear remains.'*" *

She suffered much, yet was cheerful, buoyant, and happy to the last; and at midnight on the 2nd of December, 1853, she breathed her last, murmuring, "All is peace!—all is mercy!" And so she joined the good and holy spirits—her friends in life and after life—who had been waiting to give her welcome.

The good works she did on earth she considered and has characterised thus:—"They are good only as the evidence of faith."

She died in the full possession of those clear and admirable faculties which rendered her one of the most remarkable women of her time, and it is no small evidence of her qualities—of the heart as well as of the head—to say that all the young who knew her regretted her as they would a chosen friend or companion. When she passed away from earth Norwich lost one of its attractions, for many made pilgrimage (especially from the New World) to the shrine of

* Another of her friends was Archdeacon Wrangham. I knew him well: he was a tall, slight man, of exceedingly gentle and attractive manners, with the ease and grace and persuasive eloquence of a Christian gentleman. He had a proneness to translate favourite poems into Latin verse, and usually had a copy or two in his pocket to present as a memorial, where he had reason to think the gift would be acceptable.

this brilliant but true-hearted woman, whose enthusiasm overthrew time, and outlived the decay of life itself.

Mrs. Opie's nature was most essentially feminine. It was feminine in its gifts—in its graces—in its strength—in its weakness—in its generosity. She was without a particle of jealousy, and her colour rose and her eyes sparkled while she bestowed warm and earnest, if not always critically judicious, praise on what she admired. She would have made a *heroine*, and died in a cause she believed right and righteous, but she never could have been guilty of the vulgarity of



THE BURIAL-PLACE OF AMELIA OPIE.

modern "Bloomerism;" she honoured her sex and its peculiar virtues too much to wish it unsexed. The sensitive delicacy of her mind was evident, not only in her writings, but in her words and deportment, and it was impossible for the young to have a better guide or a more excellent example. Her manners would have graced a court, and not encumbered a cottage. Her lessons continue to be of value; they were not written merely for a time or for a passing purpose.

She was interred in the Friends' burying-ground at the Gildenscroft, in the same grave with her father, and in association with so many of her beloved

friends. At the extreme left side of the ground, beneath an elm-tree that overshadows the wall, is a small slab bearing the names of James Alderson and Amelia Opie, with the dates of their births and deaths.*

Dear Amelia Opie! her nature was essentially feminine in its gifts, its graces, its goodness, its weakness, and its vanities; truthful, generous, and considerate ever. Pure of heart and upright in walk and conversation, her memory is without a blot; her precepts are those of Virtue; and her example was their illustration and their comment.

" Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

BERNARD BARTON.

It may be "fitting" to associate with that of Amelia Opie the name of Bernard Barton, merely, however, because he also was of the Society of Friends. As dear Amelia Opie felt bound to eschew fiction after she donned the sober garb of drab or grey, so the Quaker-poet had serious misgivings whether it might not be a crime in one of his "persuasion" to write, or at all events to print, poetry. He consulted Southey, who could see in it no wrong at all.† He referred his scruples to Byron, who bade him continue to court the Muses. Of others he asked advice, but followed his own natural bias, being "inclined to think that poetry might be composed with strict consistency, and by no means in opposition to *our* code, and yet not be exclusively religious." Some of the "Friends," however, thought otherwise. By one of them he was severely reprov'd for using the word "November" in poetry.

He sought the counsels of friends concerning his project of abandoning the desk and trusting for bread to the issue of his pen. Among others, Charles Lamb quoted his own example, that "desks were not deadly"—that anything was better than dependence on publishers; while Byron reminded him of the common lot of those whose sole dependence was literature:—

"Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."

The warning of Charles Lamb to Bernard Barton may serve its sacred purpose now as it did then; for there are many who foolishly fancy a career of letters must be a successful one. These are the words of the gentle essayist:—

"Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support, but what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!!! Throw yourself rather from the steep Tarpeian rock—slap, dash, headlong upon iron spikes. . . . Come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread, some repining, others enjoying the blest security of a counting-house, all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not? than the things they were. I have known some starved, some go mad, one dear friend 'dying in a workhouse.' Oh, you know not—may you never know!—the miseries of subsisting by authorship!"

* These are the words of her affectionate biographer, Lucy Brightwell, in a little memoir published by the Religious Tract Society:—"Should any wanderer, at some future day, desire to visit the grave of Amelia Opie, he will find at the extreme left of the ground, beneath an elm-tree that overshadows the wall, a small slab, bearing the names of James Alderson and Amelia Opie, with their ages and the dates of their deaths."

† Bernard Barton wrote to Southey, in 1820, to ask whether the Society of Friends was likely to be offended at his publishing a volume of poems—a question which Southey said he could no more answer than whether a ship setting sail for India should make a prosperous voyage, but adding, that if poetry were unlawful, the Bible itself must be a prohibited book.

So worthy Bernard Barton—having first tried trade and not liking it—remained a banker's clerk at Woodbridge, a position which he wisely kept during forty years, not quite contented with his lot, but cheerful, easy, and comparatively happy, in

“Health, peace, and competence.”

He was, however, helped up “the steep” by a subscription among friends who saw and feared no evil in the poet's messages from the Muses. It enabled him to buy the house in which he lived—a house where had dwelt the mother of the wife he lost in giving birth to an only child. It was old-fashioned, and so suited the poet well, and was wildly overgrown with trees, one of which, a tall poplar, “mother stuck there a twig” when he brought her home a bride. Let us hope that it may be growing still—a poet's memory and monument.

In advanced age his circumstances were rendered comfortable by an annual pension of £100, obtained for him by Sir Robert Peel.

I recall him in his broad-brim hat and Quaker-cut coat as he walked the streets of London; a tall man, with a complexion gathered, not from the counting-house, but from rural walks through “the valley of Fern,” by the banks of his “favourite Deben.” His expression had, I thought, more of the keenness of the man of business than the visionary fancies of the poet. His mouth was close and “mercantile,” but his eyes were gentle, generous, and kindly. Assuredly, however, he seemed country-born, country-bred, and with country manners—they were neither rude nor coarse. His daughter is justified in saying he had “a happy frankness of nature,” and was a pleasant companion, with a general flow of good spirits, with much of the prudence, sound sense, and “rationality” of the “Friends,” mixed with the cordiality and outward as well as inward sympathy they are too frequently educated to repress.

He was born in London on the 31st of January, 1784, and died at Woodbridge on the 19th of February, 1849. He was but a few days old when his mother died, but in his father's second wife he had a friend so loving and true, that he did not know she was not his own mother until he learned the fact when a boy at a boarding-school.

His simple poetry illustrates the homely joys and domestic virtues: it is full of feeling and fancy; by no means of the highest class, but easily comprehended by the mind and the heart. A letter I received from him in 1845 may be given as an illustration of his character; it accompanied a little volume entitled “Household Verses:”—

“For the book thus forwarded to thee I do not feel called upon to say much. I expect it will be thought tame and insipid by many. But I am a lover of the quiet household virtues—can breathe most freely in that purer atmosphere in which they live, move, and have their being; and have felt restrained, not less by my taste than by my religious creed, from seeking to gain popularity by the use of those exciting stimulants so much in vogue of later years with the followers of the Muses. To those who can analyse and appreciate the deep, still under-current of thought and feeling which home and every-day life affords, I do not think my subjects, or mode of treating them, will be insipid; others I can hardly hope to please, so if I must suffer for my somewhat unfashionable predilections, I shall have the comfort of knowing they are hearty, though homely, and sincere, though simple.”

His daughter (and she is not the only witness) bears testimony to “his

genuine piety to God, good-will to men, and cheerful, guileless spirit which animated him, not only while writing in the undisturbed seclusion of the closet, but through the walk and practice of daily life." Though town born and bred, he loved nature with intense love ; " earth, and sky, and water, trees, fields, and lanes ;" and above all, the human face divine. Memory and fancy made his little study full of life, peopling its silent walls with nature's cherished charms.

I knew another Quaker-poet—JOSEPH WIFFIN, the translator of "Tasso." He spent the whole of his later life in easy and comfortable retirement, in the palatial dwelling, and among the patrician woods, of Woburn Abbey, as secretary and librarian to the Duke of Bedford. Here he enjoyed all that wealth could give, without its drawback of responsibility. The richest stores of literature and art were fully and freely his ; and men of letters, whose daily toil is for daily bread, may be pardoned if they envied him the luxury of repose among the books and pictures that successive Russells had gathered together. He was a handsome, unassuming man, of peculiarly suave and gentle manners, seemingly one who neither courted the honours nor encountered the struggles of an outer world. He died in 1836. His sister is the widow of another esteemed and popular poet—Alaric A. Watts.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

My only reason for inserting here a Memory of the great American novelist is, that I was introduced to him by Amelia Opie, meeting him first at her hotel in the Rue de la Paix, Paris, in 1831. During our residence there in that year I saw him often. Not long after my return I wrote my "recollections" of him for the *New Monthly Magazine*, to accompany an engraving from a picture painted by Madame Mirbel, the leading miniature painter of France. This is my written portrait of him then :—

He is rather above than under the middle height, his figure well and firmly set, and his movements more rapid than graceful. All his gestures are those of promptness and energy. His high, expressive forehead is a phrenological curiosity : a deep indenture across its open surface throws the lower organs of eventuality, locality, and individuality into fine effect ; while those immediately above—comparison, causality, and gaiety—are equally remarkable. His eyes, which are deeply set, have a wild, stormy, and restless expression. An inflexible firmness gives expression to the mouth. His head, altogether, is startlingly intellectual.

He was the *beau idéal*—let the term be translated at will—of an American citizen, and gave me, more than any other man I have ever seen, the idea of a Republican of our own Republic of 1650 : stern, perhaps, in his bearing, certainly not cordial ; massive in head, in figure, and in mind ; proud—but it was democratic pride, the growth of study and necessity, not the aristocratic pride that you see, at once, comes by nature. His step was firm, as if intended

as an outer manifestation of strong will and approved purpose. I cannot describe him as "a lovable man;" but certainly he was one who would have extorted respect, and have excited fear—if fear had been necessary for an object to be achieved.

Later in life, and not long before his death, this portrait of him was drawn by his friend and physician, Dr. Francis:—"His manly figure, high, prominent brow, clear and fine grey eye, and royal bearing, reveal the man of will and intelligence."

At the time to which I refer, I received a letter from him containing some biographical facts. From that letter I extract the following passage:—

"My family settled in America in the year 1579. It came from Buckingham, in England, and for a century it dwelt in the county of Bucks, in Pennsylvania. It then, or rather my branch of it, became established in the State of New York. My mother was the daughter of Richard Fenimore, of Burlington County, New Jersey. I was born in 1789, at Burlington, on the Delaware, but was carried an infant to Corfrentour, Ostego County, New York. I was sent to various grammar schools between the ages of six and twelve, and at thirteen I was admitted to Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut. Here I remained three years, and then went to sea. My father died in 1809. I married the second daughter of John Peter De Lancey, of Mamaronech West, Chester County, New York. On my marriage I quitted the navy. From that time until I came to Europe, I resided either at Cooperstown or in West Chester County, or in the city of New York. My first book was published in 1821, since which time a tale has appeared annually. I was appointed Consul at Lyons, but merely to protect my papers, &c. Never having visited Lyons, this nominal post I resigned on quitting Switzerland in 1828. In 1826 I came to Europe as a traveller, and with a view of improving my health, which had been much injured by a violent fever in 1824. I am much better, thank God, and begin to think of returning home."

He did return home in 1833—to receive the honours he had so justly earned, and to enjoy the repose to which he was so fairly entitled. He did not, however, relinquish work. It was not until 1840 that one of the best of his books—"The Pathfinder"—was published. Some one called him "the prose poet of the woods and seas." He was more than that; he was not a mere writer of fiction; his novels are histories, correct and authentic, of the early struggles for freedom and for progress in civilisation of his country; while they are accurate delineations of American character, coloured, no doubt, by patriotic zeal, but, in the main, true. Moreover, they sustain morals and add dignity to humanity. Cooper has done more than all the other writers of America—they are many, and worthy of all honour—to make known to the world (for there are few languages into which his works have not been translated) "his country, her scenery, her characteristics, her aboriginal inhabitants, and her history."

He died, "in the full fruition of the promises of the Christian faith," at his beautiful sylvan retreat on Ostego Lake, on the 14th September, 1851, "in full possession of all his intellectual powers;" and a worthy monument to his memory was erected by subscription, soon after his death, in the city of New York.

I knew also WASHINGTON IRVING when he had passed his zenith, and was resting with his crown of bays pressing on his broad and lofty brow. I found him then, as others found him, sleepy in a double sense—physically and intellectually. The time was somewhat later than that when Jeffrey (1822) described

him as "rather low-spirited and ailing in mixed company." He was then the very opposite of the bold and energetic man of whom I have just written.

There are but few other distinguished Americans with whom I have been acquainted; among them, however, I must name HAWTHORNE—not long ago removed from us. He was a handsome man, of good "presence;" reserved—nay, painfully "shy," and apparently utterly unconscious of his *status* in society. He was, it is known, a most estimable gentleman. Those who knew him intimately depose to the high qualities of his mind and heart. Generous in all his sympathies, of a nature earnestly affectionate, a disposition naturally and emphatically good, he was dearly loved and is truly mourned by the widow and children who survive him.

I knew also N. P. WILLIS, from whose recollections of English celebrities I have frequently had occasion to quote. He was introduced to me by Lady Blessington, with a view to his contributing articles for the *New Monthly*; and several of his most valuable papers were published in that magazine. He was but then newly arrived in London from a lengthened tour in the East, and soon made his way into the best English circles; for his manners were essentially those of a gentleman, though somewhat tainted with what was then called "dandyism;" his person was in his favour; he dressed well, and conversed with much fluency and marked effect; he had seen much, read much, and was a keen observer of men and manners. He is one of the men of mark of whom his great country is rightly and justly proud.

It is a pleasure to make record of our short acquaintance with that most excellent American lady, MRS. SIGOURNEY. We maintained, however, a close correspondence with her during many years. She was a sweet and essentially womanly woman, of mild demeanour and very gentle manners; handsome, too, although she had passed the mid-age of life; and was thoroughly lovable. Those who knew her well bear testimony to her many noble qualities. Her mind was of a high order. She saw all things with generous eyes; strove—and successfully—to find good in everything; and has left many records that the young especially may study with great profit—treading in the footsteps of those who teach much that is right and nothing that is wrong.



ROBERT SOUTHEY.

T was not my happy destiny to know much of Robert Southey—the man of all the men of letters of my time I most revere ; yet it is something to have conversed and corresponded with that truly great man,—a lofty poet, a sound teacher, a thorough Christian, who, if he never wrote a line that “dying he might wish to blot,” certainly never penned a sentence that was not intended to do good. He was not a Christian in theory only ; he practised *all* the virtues inculcated by the precepts and example of his Divine Master ; and the less assured believer may refer to him as one of the many great intellectual lights who had faith in the Divinity of the Saviour, and in the Gospel as a direct gift from God. Who shall say how much, in the perilous time of prevalent infidelity in which he lived, he dispelled doubts and destroyed scepticism, by exhibiting a man who had read and thought extensively and deeply, seeking for truth in every occult as well as open source—who was not a missionary by profession, nor a teacher of whom instruction was demanded as a duty—declaring implicit belief in Christianity, and thus confirming and strengthening thinkers and reasoners comparatively weak in faith ? *

* Writing to James Montgomery in 1811, he says :—“I have passed through many changes of belief, as is likely to be the case with every man of ardent mind who is not gifted with humility,” adding that Gibbon first struck his faith in Christianity, and that he became, “for a time, a Socinian,” was then “inclined to try Quakerism,” but ended “in clinging to all that Christ has clearly taught, yet shrinking from all attempts at defending, by articles of faith, those points which the Gospels have left indefinite.” “For many years,” he writes at a period long afterwards, “my belief has not been clouded with the shadow of a doubt ;” and, still later, “Without hope there can be no happiness, and without religion no hope but such as deceives.” *

I desire to do justice to the memory of this illustrious man, chiefly because he was a man of letters *by profession* : it was his pride so to proclaim himself. There is "a craft," of which he is the chief (I have the honour to be a humble member of it), which numbers many thousands, who derive honourable independence solely from literary labour ; "whose *ways*," to borrow a sentence from Southey, "are as broad as the Queen's high road, but whose *means* lie in an



THE BIRTHPLACE OF SOUTHEY.

inkstand." It cannot fail to cheer and encourage all such to consider the career of Robert Southey ; so useful to every class that came under his influence ; at once so high and so humble ; so honourable, so independent, so pure ; so brave, yet so conciliating ; so prudent, yet so generous ; so careful of all home duties ; so truly the idol of a household ; so just in all his dealings with fellow-men ; so

rational in the expenditure of time ; so lavish in distributing good in thought, word, and deed ; so true to man, and so faithful to God !

The family of Southey was originally—as far back as the poet could trace its history—settled at Wellington, in Somersetshire, where their “heads” appear to have been small farmers or substantial yeomen. His father was a linen-draper at Bristol, where the poet was born on the 12th August, 1774. The house is still standing in Wine Street : I have engraved it. It has not undergone much alteration, except that what was formerly one house is now divided into two.

Chiefly by the help of a maternal uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, Southey was sent, in 1788, to Westminster School ; and in 1792 was entered at Balliol College, Oxford. His boy-teaching had been obtained at Corston, near Bristol. In 1793 he visited the school “when it had ceased to be one,” and that visit induced a poem, entitled “The Retrospect,” which shows, however much he may have wandered from the right road to happiness, the seed of goodness was fructifying in his soul. It is dated 1794, and addressed to “Edith,” his after wife. These are the concluding lines :—

“ My path is plain and straight, that light is given,
Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven.”

*Birds of a feather flock together ;
But inde the opposite page,
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the Birds in this cage.*

Robert Southey. 22 Oct. 1836.

In 1836, accompanied by his son Cuthbert, Southey visited his old haunts in Bristol, and was entertained by Joseph Cottle, who had published his “Joan of Arc” in 1793. He had forgotten nothing—not even a by-way !—in the city of his birth. Let us imagine his feelings, so long after the battle had been fought and the victory won, and when, by universal accord, he was recognised among the foremost men of his age and country. Sixty-two years had passed since his birth, and nearly fifty since he had gone out into the world to find the road to fame. He was a way-worn, though not a way-weary, man, for life had been pleasant to him, and he had trodden mostly in the paths of peace ; but he had a long career of struggles passed, obstacles encountered, and difficulties overcome, to look back upon, as he stood before that tradesman’s house in Wine Street, and walked among his fellow-citizens, few of whom knew the glory he conferred upon their city, and the intellectual wealth he had acquired—to lavish it on mankind. Probably, in that great capital of commerce, he would have excited more homage if he had been a prosperous sugar-baker ; but if that thought had come to him,

which we venture to say it did not, it would not have kept away the God-given happiness with which he reviewed his past, or have lessened his gratitude for the mercy that had kept him active in His service for nearly half a century of life. He visited the school-house where he had been taught fifty-five years ago. Fifty-five years ago! His teachers, no doubt, had gone home long before, and we are not told that there were any to greet him, in the streets or in the houses of magnanimous Bristol! But we are free in fancy to picture the venerable white-headed man wearing his crown of glory, conscious of his triumphs, and going back, back—with the pride that God sanctions and approves—into the long past.

He was, in a manner, compelled to leave Westminster, his "crime" being that he had written "a sarcastic attack upon corporal punishment," at which the self-accused head-master took mortal offence; and on that ground he was refused admission to Christ Church, which thus lost the glory that would have clung to it for all time—conferring it on Balliol.*

In 1791, while at college, having made the acquaintance of Coleridge, they entered into the Utopian scheme of "Pantisocracy," agreeing to become emigrants to the New World; "to purchase land by common contributions, to be cultivated by their common labour"—and so forth. However much of thoughtless folly there was in the project, it certainly originated in benevolence; and that it met the earnest advocacy of Southey is only evidence of large and genuine love of his kind. Fortunately it was abandoned, mainly by the wise advice of good Joseph Cottle, the first publisher of Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, to whose volume of "Recollections" I have referred in writing of Coleridge. By him "Joan of Arc" was published in 1794.

Southey was married to Edith Fricker on the 14th November, 1795, at Redcliff Church, Bristol; her sister having been wedded to the poet Coleridge. It was a marriage of pure affection, without a worldly thought, scarcely with a worldly hope; and it endured unbroken and undiminished through a varied and trying lifetime of forty-two years.

In 1801 Coleridge was residing at Greta Hall, close to Keswick, in Cumberland; he described to Southey the attractions of the locality:—"A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings" (Southey had but recently returned from Portugal); and to that house, in 1805, Southey removed. There he dwelt all the remainder of his days; and in the neighbouring churchyard of Crosthwaite he is buried.

There were a few friends in the neighbourhood—many far off, with whom to correspond, with beautiful scenery, the wonderful works of God in rich abundance all about him, and a library full of the books he loved—all his own!

In 1813, by the death of Pye, the Laureateship became vacant, and the appointment was conferred upon Southey, having been, however, previously offered to, and declined by, Walter Scott; and, for the first time, the office, instead of conferring dignity, received it from the holder. Southey's successors have been Wordsworth and Tennyson.

* Southey was never "at home" in Oxford. Coleridge, writing to him in 1724, says, "I would say thou art a nightingale among owls, but thou art so songless and heavy towards night, that I will rather liken thee to the matin lark; thy nest is in a blighted corn-field, where the sleepy poppy nods its red-cowled head, and the weak-eyed mole plies his dark work; but thy soaring is ever unto heaven."

It is needless to give, even in outline, a history of the full life of Southey : its main facts are well known ; yet some notes I may offer in prefacing my slight personal Memory of the great and good man. His first work, the drama of "Wat Tyler," written when he was a mere youth, haunted by visions of imaginary Freedom, has been, for more than half a century, a subject of irrational censure ; and because he repented him of the evil, he has been branded as a traitor and renegade by men who were utterly incapable of comprehending the change that time and reason—and surely it is not too much to say Providence—had wrought in the mind and heart of the poet. To call Southey a renegade is tantamount to calling the Apostle Paul an apostate.*

Byron had "a sort of insane and rabid hatred" of Southey ; but the Laureate



GRETA HALL, THE DWELLING OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.

was an over-match for the chief "of the Satanic school." He "sent a stone from his sling that smote the Goliath in the forehead." When in 1817, in the House of Commons, William Smith, of Norwich, branded "Wat Tyler" as "the most seditious book that ever was written," and its author as a "renegade," Southey addressed to him a letter, explaining that the obnoxious poem had been written twenty-three years previously to 1817 ; that a copy of it had been surreptitiously obtained, and made public by some skulking scoundrel, who had found a book-seller to issue it without the writer's knowledge, for the avowed purpose of

* Southey himself wrote, "I should be as much ashamed of having been a republican as I should of having been a child."

insulting him, and with the hope of doing him injury; that it was "a boyish composition," "full of errors," and "mischievous," written under the influence of opinions long since outgrown and repeatedly disclaimed; that the writer had claimed the book only that it might be suppressed.*

The "reply" to William Smith was scathing: it is, perhaps, as grand a "defence" as the English language can supply—stern, fierce, and desperately bitter, yet manly, dignified, and thoroughly TRUE. There was self-gratulation, but no self-glorification, in his reference to "Wat Tyler,"—"Happy are they who have no worse sins of their youth to rise up in judgment against them,"—and when he says of himself, "He has not ceased to love Liberty with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength." It was with a pride not only justifiable, but holy, that in this famous letter he said, in future biographies of him it will be recorded that "he lived in the bosom of his family, in absolute retirement; that in all his writings there breathed the same abhorrence of oppression and immorality, the same spirit of devotion, and the same ardent wishes for the amelioration of mankind; . . . that in an age of personality he abstained from satire."†

His biographers may say much more than that. Although there is abundant evidence of his sacrifices to serve or comfort young aspirants for fame, to draw upwards and onwards struggling men of letters who needed help, there is not a tittle of proof—there could not be, for it does not exist—of his ever having written a line to discourage deserving. [In a letter to Bernard Barton, Southey, referring to his connection with the *Quarterly Review*, makes note of "the abuse and calumny he had to endure for opinions he did not hold and articles he had not written."] Now that every review he ever wrote is known, they may be read to obtain only conviction that he was generous as well as just, merciful as well as wise, whenever a work came under his hands as a reviewer. "As a writer" (I quote from Coleridge, who knew him so well) "he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety. His cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence and national illumination."

These are, among others, the subjects on which he wrote—advocating

* Sir W. Scott, writing to Southey in 1817, refers to William Smith as a "coarse-minded fellow," who "deserved all he got." † His attack seems to have proceeded from the vulgar insolence of a low mind, desirous of attacking genius at a disadvantage.

† He indulged, at times, in mild and gentle satire, such as left no festering wound. In Mrs. Hall's Album he wrote the following. I must premise that the autographs of Joseph Buonaparte and Daniel O'Connell occupied the "opposite page." On the same page are the autographs of Amelia Opie and Maria Edgeworth:—

"Birds of a feather flock together,
But *vide* the opposite page,
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the birds in this cage."

"ROBERT SOUTHEY, 22nd October, 1836."

Some years afterwards Charles Dickens, good-humouredly referring to Southey's change of opinion, wrote in the Album, immediately under Southey's lines, the following:—

"Now if I don't make
The completest mistake
That ever put man in a rage,
This bird of two weathers
Has moulted his feathers,
And left them in some other cage.
"Boz."

religion, virtue, the cause of humanity, and the natural rights of man—at a time when envenomed slander was brawling to “cry him down” as a Tory, a Government hack, and a hired enemy of freedom:—

The diffusion of cheap literature of a healthy and harmless kind; the importance of a wholesome training for children in large towns; the wisdom of encouraging female emigration under a well-organised system; a better order of hospital nurses; the establishment of savings-banks throughout the country; the abolition of flogging in the army and navy; extensive alterations in the Game Laws; arguments for greatly diminishing the punishment of death; regulations for lessening the hours of labour of children in factories; the policy of discontinuing interments in crowded cities and towns; the employment of paupers in cultivating waste lands; proposals for increasing facilities for educating the people;* the wise humanity of Magdalen institutions; against a Puritanical observance of the Sabbath; advocating judicious alterations in the Liturgy.

In short, there is hardly a theme of rational reform of which he was not the zealous and eloquent advocate.

These lines were written by Southey in the year 1813, long after he had become, by God's mercy, “a renegade:”—

“Train up thy children, England, in the ways
Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread
Of wholesome doctrine. Where hast thou thy mines
But in their industry?
Thy bulwarks where, but in their breasts?
Thy might but in their arms?
Shall not their numbers, therefore, be thy wealth,
Thy strength, thy power, thy safety, and thy pride?
Oh grief, then, grief and shame,
If in this flourishing land
There should be dwellings where the new-born babe
Doth bring into its parent's soul no joy,
Where squalid poverty
Receives it at its birth,
And on her withered knees
Gives it the scanty food of discontent.”

It was Southey who edited the first collected edition of the poems of Chatterton (published 1802), by which the sister and niece of the unhappy boy obtained £300, that “rescued them from great poverty.” It was he, too, who, when reviewers were hard upon Henry Kirke White, reached out a hand to him struggling amid troubled waters, editing his poems, and consecrating his memory after his death. For Herbert Knowles, who had written a poem “brimful of power and of promise,” he “wanted to raise (and did raise) £30 a year,” of which “he would himself give £10,” to send him as a sizar to Oxford. Like unhappy White, however, who died while “life was in its prime,” Knowles enjoyed the aid but a short time: “the lamp was consumed by the fire that burned in it.” So far back as 1809 he wrote encouragement to Ebenezer Elliott, saying, “Go on, and you will prosper.” The footman, “honest John Jones,” and the milkmaid, Mary Colling, were not too humble or insignificant for his helping praise. Both had that which Peers coveted at his hand in vain—laudatory reviews in the *Quarterly Review*; and of the poems of each he was the

* “I want to show how much moral and intellectual improvement is within the reach of those who are made more our inferiors than there is any necessity that they should be, to show that they have minds to be enlarged and feelings to be gratified, as well as souls to be saved.”

"editor," to the profit as well as honour of both. When he dipped his pen in gall—for, as he somewhere says, he was not in the habit of diluting his ink—it was to assail those he considered equally the foes of God and man. The impetus may be found in the following passage from one of his "Letters concerning Lord Byron :"—

"The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences that can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned; and those consequences no after repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands that are sent abroad; and so long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation."

Yes, a very large portion of his busy, active, and hard-working life was devoted to the cause of benevolence—the whole of it to the advancement of his kind in knowledge, virtue, loyalty, and piety. It was indeed a hard-working life; yet so regular, so methodic, so "systematised," that when one reviews his habits, one ceases to wonder at the quantity of labour he "got through."*

It was to this regularity the world is mainly indebted for the rich and abundant legacy he bequeathed to posterity. "Every day, every hour, had its allotted employment;" his son tells us, and he himself describes, the even tenor of his way from early morn till night. He was "by profession a man of letters;" and though he found ample leisure for home duties, for the domestic charities that dignify and sweeten life, he had none for what is usually called pleasure. He dared not be idle; for continual and arduous labour only could bring to that home the comforts and small luxuries there were so many to share; not alone of his own immediate family, but of near and dear relatives, whose dependence was chiefly, in some cases solely, upon the fruits of his toil.

"My notions of competence," he writes, "do not exceed £300 a year." Earlier than that, in 1808, we find him rejoicing that "the £200 a year which is necessary for my expenditure is within my reach." In that year, writing to Cottle, he says: "The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring and paid my marriage fees was supplied by you;" and he adds, "There lives not the man upon earth whom I remember with more gratitude, or more affection."

The income he derived from his post of Poet-Laureate he devoted to effect an insurance on his life. Indeed, at no period of his career was his income so large as that of a first-class banker's clerk; yet he was often described as "rich," and once, at least, as "rolling in riches unworthily obtained."† He was a spend-thrift only in books—the tools without which he could do no work: among them

* Some idea of his early industry in verse-making may be formed from the fact that, in 1793, he burned ten thousand verses, preserved about the same number, and put aside fifteen thousand as "worthless," excluding letters, many of which were written in rhyme. "Time has been when I have written fifty, eighty, one hundred lines before breakfast, and I remember to have composed twelve hundred (many of them the best I ever did produce) in a week."—*Southey in a letter to Montgomery*.

† From a letter (inedited) to Miss Seward, I quote the following passage:—"Your estimate of the value of my copyrights moved me to a doleful smile. I sold the copyright of 'Joan of Arc' or fifty guineas and fifty copies. I sold the edition of 'Thalaba' for £115, and the edition hangs on hand. The fate of 'Madoc' you know. No bookseller would give me £500, nor half the sum, for the best poem which it is in my power to produce. Constable would not even make me an offer for 'Kehama,' when, in return to his overture (which proved to relate to his Review), I asked him, through Scott, what he would give for it. It is only Scott who can get his thousands. He has got the goose. My swan's eggs are not golden ones. Now that looks like a sarcasm, and it belies me in looking so."

he lived. De Quincey calls his library "his wife:" it was, at all events, there his time was spent. "They are on actual service," he writes. They were books, not for show, but for use; acquired by degrees, as his means enabled him to procure them: gradually they multiplied until they numbered 14,000 volumes. With them he dwelt, "living in the past," and "conversing with the dead." In one of his Colloquies he gives a few interesting notes as to the sources from which some of them came: from monasteries and colleges that had been ransacked, many; from the old book-stalls, where he haunted, others; while some were the welcome gifts of cherished friends. Again they have been dispersed; but they had done their work. "Wherever they go," he writes, "there is not one among them that will ever be more comfortably lodged, or more highly prized by its possessor." Yes, they had done their work; the proof is this: he published nearly one hundred volumes, original and edited, and upwards of two hundred articles contributed to the *Quarterly* and other reviews. He had, as one of his friends writes, "enjoyment in all books whatsoever that were not morally tainted or absolutely barren." He read with amazing rapidity, and saw at a glance over a page where was the grain and where the chaff.

"Here," he exclaims, "I possess those gathered treasures of time, the harvest of so many generations, laid up in my garners; and when I go to the windows, there is the lake, and there the circle of the mountains, and the illimitable sky!"

The pure and lofty—nay, the "holy" character of Southey may be judged from his works; but if other testimony be needed, there is ample—not alone from friends, but from foes. "In all the relations and charities of private life," writes Hazlitt, who was in many ways his adversary, "he is correct, exemplary, generous, just." William Howitt—who by no means takes a generous view of his works, their motives and their uses—deposes to his "many virtues and the peculiar amiability of his domestic life." Lamb, after his unmeaning quarrel with him, is made happy by the tenderness with which the high-souled Laureate sought reconciliation; the essayist writing, "Think of me as of a dog that went mad and bit you." The political bias of Thackeray was the opposite to that of Southey; yet this is the testimony of the author of "The Four Georges" to the Poet Laureate of George IV.:—"An English worthy; doing his duty for fifty noble years of labour; day by day storing up learning; day by day working for scant wages; most charitable out of his small means; bravely faithful to the calling he had chosen; refusing to turn from his path for popular praise or prince's favour. I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honour, its affection."

I offer no comments on either the poetry or prose of Southey; I assume both to be sufficiently known to my readers. Indeed, generally in these "Memories" I adopt that plan. Others have shown, and others may yet show, the purity of his style. No author, living or dead, drank more exclusively from "the pure well of English undefiled," and no student of "English" can drink from a better source than the writings of Southey.*

* In a MS. note of Lætitia Landon concerning Southey I find this remark:—"There is something in Southey's genius that always gives me an idea of the Alhambra. There is the grand proportion and the fantastic ornament. The setting of his verses is like a rich arabesque; it is fretted gold. The Oriental magnificence of his longer poems—such as 'Thalaba'—is singularly contrasted with the quaint simplicity of his minor poems.

I may, however, quote this passage from a letter written to me by Walter Savage Landor :—

“Of late years the prose of Southey has been preferred to his poetry. It rarely happens that there is a preference without a disparagement. No poet in the present or the past century has written three such poems as ‘Thalaba,’ ‘Kehama,’ and ‘Roderick.’ Others have more excelled in *DELINEATING* what they find before them in life, but none have given such proofs of extraordinary power in *CREATING*. He has been called diffuse, because there is a spaciousness and amplitude about his poetry, as if concentration was the highest quality of a writer. He lays all his thoughts before us, but they never rush forth tumultuously. He excels in unity of design and congruity of character; and never did poet more adequately express heroic fortitude and generous affection. He has not, however, limited his pen to grand paintings of epic character. Among his shorter productions will be found some light and graceful sketches, full of beauty and feeling, and not the less valuable because they invariably aim at promoting virtue.”

That he had many and bitter foes is certain. No doubt they disturbed him much; but “the conscience void of offence” justified his repeated declaration that they took little from his peace and happiness, and affected him no more than a pebble could a stone wall. It is, I think, Coleridge who says, “Future critics will have to record that quacks in education, quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism were his only enemies.”

I quote his own lines :—

“We soon live down
Evil or good report, when undeserved.”

The earliest testimony to his moral and intellectual worth is that of the publisher Cottle; yet this of Coleridge may have been even earlier :—“It is Southey’s almost unexampled felicity to possess the best gifts of talents and genius free from all their characteristic defects.” He deposes also to the poet’s matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits, and the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; to the methodical tenor of his daily labours, which might be envied even by the mere man of business; the dignified simplicity of his manners; the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. As “son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm, yet light steps, alike unostentatious and alike exemplary;” and in one of his letters to Southey of a later date he writes,—“God knows my heart. I am *delighted* to feel you as superior to me in genius as in virtue.”

I might quote such testimonies in abundance, but another will suffice. It is that of one who knew him as intimately, and had studied him as closely, as his friend Coleridge—the poet Wordsworth. These lines, written after Southey’s death, are inscribed on his monument :—

“Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the State’s guidance, or the Church’s weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgment sanctioned in the Patriot’s mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind,
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet for holier rest.”

They give the idea of innocent yet intelligent children, yet almost startle you with the depth of knowledge that a simple truth may convey.” Some one said of his “style,” it was “proper words in proper places.”

Thus Lamb writes to Southey :—“The antiquarian spirit strong in you, and gracefully blending even with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality”—the dim aisles and cloisters of the old abbey at Westminster.

I may add, perhaps, that of one other dear friend and true lover—the author of “Philip Van Artevelde :”—

“That heart, the simplest, gentlest, kindest, best,
Where truth and manly tenderness are met,
With faith and heavenward hope, the suns that never set.”

The earliest description of his person is that of his friend, the Bristol publisher, Cottle. The youth, as he pictures him, was “tall, dignified, an eye piercing; a countenance full of genius, kindliness, and innocence; possessing great suavity of manners.”* His height was five feet eleven inches. “His forehead was very broad; his complexion rather dark; the eyebrows large and arched; the eye well shaped, and dark brown; the mouth somewhat prominent, muscular, and very variously expressive; the chin small in proportion to the upper features of the face.” So writes his son, who adds that “many thought him a handsomer man in age than in youth,” when his hair had become white, continuing abundant, and flowing in thick curls over his brow. Byron, who saw him but twice,—once at Holland House, and once at one of Rogers’s breakfasts,—said, “To have that man’s head and shoulders, I would almost have written his sapphics.” That was in 1813, when Southey was in his prime. Hazlitt thus pictures him :—“Southey, as I remember him, had a hectic flush upon his cheek, a roving fire in his eye, a falcon glance, a look at once aspiring and dejected.” Other authors write of him in similar terms—all describing him as of refined yet manly beauty of person.†

To his habits I have made some reference. Cottle says of him when a youth, —“His regular habits scarcely rendered it a virtue in him never to fail in an engagement.” Thus wrote De Quincey long afterwards :—“So prudently regular was Southey in all his habits, that all letters were answered in the evening of the day that brought them.” “Study,” Hazlitt says, “serves him for business, exercise, recreation.” Not quite so, for he was a good walker, “walking twenty

* There is a portrait of Southey engraved in Cottle’s “Reminiscences,” picturing him with long hair, “curling beautifully,” the hair which he declined to submit to the shears and powder of the barber at Oxford, to the barber’s intense disgust.

† In a pleasant rambling epistle, in rhyme, to Allan Cunningham, and published by Allan in the *Anniversary*, of which he was the editor, Southey treats of the various portraits that had been painted of him. Of most of them he complained—

“They
Who put one’s name, for public sale, beneath
A set of features slanderously unlike,
Are our worst libellers.”

He showed to Allan such an array of “villainous visages” as would suffice to make him, in “mere shame,” take up an alias, and forswear himself. First was “a dainty gentleman,” with sleepy eyes, half closed, “saucy and sentimental;” next, “a jovial landlord,” whose cheeks had been engrained by many a pipe of Porto’s vintage; next, a leaden-visaged specimen of one in the evangelical line; next, one sent from Germany by the Brothers Schumann; he wished them no worse misfortune for their recompense

“Than to fall in with such a cut-throat face
In the Black Forest of the Odenwald.”

He owned “Sir Smug,” and recognised the likeness when “at the looking-glass” he stood “with razor-weaponed hand;” but next saw himself so pictured as if on trial at the Old Bailey, when

“that he is guilty
No judge or jury could have half a doubt.”

Notwithstanding, however, these “complaints,” he was often “well and truly” painted. The best portrait of him, probably, is that by Lawrence, which has been often engraved, and of which my woodcut is a copy.

miles at a stretch." It was thus he made acquaintance not only with the mountains and lakes, but with the hills, and dales, and crags, and streams of the wild district in which he dwelt. He did not often, as Wordsworth did, sound their praises in verse, but he had as full a capacity for enjoying the beauties of nature—the more so because he ever looked from nature up to nature's God.

His manner seemed to me to be peculiarly gentle. William Hazlitt has complained that "there was an air of condescension in his civility." To him, perhaps, there was, for he neither respected the writer nor liked the man; but De Quincey also writes,—“There was an air of reserve and distance about him—the reserve of a lofty, self-respecting mind—perhaps a little too freezing, in his treatment of all persons who were not amongst the *corps* of his ancient fireside friends.” But he adds, “For honour the most delicate, for integrity the firmest, and for generosity within the limits of prudence, Southey cannot well have a superior.” He writes also “of his health so regular, and cheerfulness so uniformly serene;” and adds that “his golden equanimity was bound up in a threefold chain—in a conscience clear of offence, in the recurring enjoyments from his honourable industry, and in the gratification of his parental affections.”

Southey was “constitutionally cheerful, and therefore hopeful.” In a letter to James Montgomery he thus writes:—“Oh that I could impart to you a portion of that animal cheerfulness which I would not exchange for the richest earthly inheritance! For me, when those whom I love cause me no sad anxiety, the skylark on a summer morning is not more joyous than I am; and if I had wings on my shoulders, I should be up with him in the sunshine carolling for pure joy.”

“A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.”

His religion was practical. In his calm solitude, amid a quiet and contented peasantry, few cases of grief and misery came in his way, and he was ever too busy a man to seek them; but there were many pensioners on his small income; some who had rights, others who had none. This is one of his very few references to the subject:—“It is my fate to have more claimants upon me than usually fall to the share of a man who has a family of his own.” Only once in his life was he able to say he had a year's sufficient income “in advance.” Yet he writes, “On the whole, few men have had more reason to be thankful for blessings enjoyed.”

Although he said of himself—

“Thus, in the ages which are past I live,
And those which are to come my sure reward will give”—

anticipated honours were not the only ones he enjoyed, albeit he was so wise as uniformly to decline the political and social distinctions that were offered him. In 1826, during his absence in Holland, he was elected member for the borough of Downton by the influence of Lord Radnor; that honour he declined, as consistent neither with his circumstances, inclinations, habits, nor pursuits in life. Moreover, the return was *null*, inasmuch as he held a pension of £200 a year “during pleasure,” and was without a “qualification.” The latter objection would have been removed by a subscription of admirers and friends to purchase

for him the requisite "estate;" but other objections retained their force. Robert Southey, therefore, continued to be "Robert Lackland," and a new writ was moved for.

In 1835 (the letter is dated February 1st) Sir Robert Peel communicated to Southey thus:—"I have advised the king to adorn the distinction of baronetage with a name the most eminent in literature, and which has claims to respect and honour that literature alone can never confer." And in a second letter Sir Robert alludes to the eminent services he had rendered not only to literature, but to the higher interests of virtue and religion.

That honour Southey also declined, having, however, first communicated with his son, and found the opinions and feelings of that son in entire harmony with his own. "I am writing," he said, "for a livelihood, and a livelihood is all I have gained." Incessant work "enabled him to live respectably, nothing more:" "without his pension," he says, "it would not have done even that."

Walter Scott, in a letter to Southey, entreats him to take warning and not *overwork* himself. How frequently is this counsel given, where only daily toil produces daily bread! Few worked harder than Scott, and none harder than Southey. To Southey, however, mental labour was an absolute necessity; a year of illness such as most men have to suffer during life would have inevitably brought that which most of all things terrified him—debt. Of course he "overworked" himself; of course we all do, whose incomes are precarious, determined not only by the fancy of the public, but by a score of circumstances, on any one of which depends life—the life of the "man of letters by profession." The caution, "Do not overwork yourself," to such men is something like the prescription of port wine daily to an artisan whose wages are twenty shillings a week.

The prime minister, however, had the happiness to augment his pension to £500 a year. That independence came somewhat late; it was the sunshine when the day was closing in, but it dispelled the clouds that otherwise would have darkened its decline. He had passed his sixtieth year, having known but one great sorrow, the loss of his darling son, Herbert:—

"In whose life I lived, in whom I saw
My better part transmitted and improved."

The "common lot" had been his, but troubles were now gathering with age. In 1834 his beloved wife was placed in a lunatic asylum, in the vain hope that her restoration might be surer there than at home. It had pleased God to visit him with the "severest of all domestic afflictions, those alone excepted into which guilt enters." He seldom afterwards quitted the retirement in which he lived at Greta Hall.

In November, 1837, his wife, Edith Southey, died. It was, as he writes to his old friend Cottle, "a change from life to death, from death to life." "While she was with me I did not feel the weight of years; my heart continued young, and my spirits retained their youthful buoyancy." "We have been married two-and-forty years, and a more affectionate and devoted wife no man was ever blessed with." "After two-and-forty years of marriage, no infant was ever more void of offence towards God and man. I never knew her to do an unkind act, nor say an unkind word." His wife was his "note-taker;" her pen had been

his ever-ready help before her daughters grew up to aid him. She made extracts for him ; and therefore he writes, in a letter after her death,—“She will continue to be my helpmate as long as I live and retain my senses.”*

Two years afterwards, when his threshold rarely echoed familiar footsteps, when his children and friends had gradually departed for homes on earth or homes in heaven, he resolved on marrying his very dear friend, Caroline Anne Bowles. They were married on the 5th of June, 1839, at Boldre Church, and he returned to Greta Hall with her in the August following.†

She came to his home when it was all but desolate ; when his vigour had declined ; when he could no more take the long walks that gave him health and strength ; when his mind was clouded, and when his days could be but few ; when he was indeed “shaken at the root.”

I knew Caroline Bowles before she became the wife of Southey. She had long passed the middle age, was not handsome, though with a very gentle manner and gracious countenance ; a lovable, because a good, woman. Her books, though now seldom read, are not forgotten. She was worthy to be the companion, the friend, the wife, of Robert Southey. She has been silent as to his latter days ; but it is certain, from the pious nature of her mind, that she led him onward towards the celestial city to which he was hastening.

“No sacrifice,” writes one of the friends of Caroline Bowles (in a contribution to the *Athenæum*), “could have been greater than the one she was induced to make. It can be placed beyond all doubt that she was fully prepared for the distressing calamity which impended over both. . . . She consented to unite herself to him, with a sure prevision of the awful condition of mind to which he would shortly be reduced, from the purest motive that could actuate a woman in forming such a connection—namely, the faint hope that her devotedness might enable her, if not to avert the catastrophe, to acquire at least a legal title to minister to the sufferer’s comforts, and watch over the few sad years of existence that might remain to him.”

That was indeed true heroism. Her high and holy purpose was accomplished ; and we may be very sure she had her reward.

* It was at that time of trial he quoted a passage from “some old author :”—“Remember, under any affliction, that Time is short, and that although your cross may be heavy, you have not far to bear it.”

† “We have been acquainted more than twenty years, and that acquaintance was matured into friendship at a time when no possibility that it might ever proceed farther could have been looked to on either part. I am in my sixty-fifth year, Caroline Bowles in her fifty-second year. I shall have for my constant companion one who will render my fireside cheerful, and save me from that forlorn feeling against which even my spirits, buoyant as they are by constitution, might not always have been able to bear me up.” Southey, so long ago as the 21st February, 1829, prefaced his poem of “All for Love” with a tender address, that is now, perhaps, worth reprinting :—

“TO CAROLINE BOWLES.

“Could I look forward to a distant day,
With hope of building some elaborate lay,
Then would I wait till worthier strains of mine
Might have inscribed thy name, O Caroline !
For I would, while my voice is heard on earth,
Bear witness to thy genius and thy worth.
But we have been both taught to feel with fear
How frail the tenure of existence here ;
What unforeseen calamities prevent,
Alas ! how oft, the best resolved intent ;
And, therefore, this poor volume I address
To thee, dear friend and sister poetess !

“ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I have preserved a letter from Caroline Bowles to Mrs. Hall, dated July 2, 1830, which contains passages that may illustrate her character :—

“At present the little energy restored by partial restoration to health is all in requisition to answer claims of this ‘work-a-day world’ which may not be put off till a more convenient season; and then, I must confess, that when I can command my own time, and a gleam of sunshine is vouchsafed to us, I am more restless *within walls* than a squirrel in his cage, and grudge every moment not spent in the garden, or in a little open carriage, or on the back of a certain palfrey, Miniken yclept, whose diminutive proportions would just fit him for a charger to Queen Mab, and who seems to have as much taste for scrambling with me over hill, dale, and common, as if he was still roaming his native isle. Judge by this very *uncalled-for* history of my *un-literary* pursuits and rambling propensities whether I cannot sympathise with your longing for green fields and babbling brooks. . . . I might well expect to be forgotten, except by the few who love me for myself, and expect no return but of affection.”*

The “enemy”—so Death is wrongfully called—was creeping towards him. “His movements were slower; he was subject to frequent fits of absence; there was an indecision in his manner, and an unsteadiness in his step, wholly unusual to him.” “He sometimes lost his way even in familiar places;” “in some of the last notes he wrote, the letters were formed like those of a child.” “His mind,” writes one of his friends, “was beautiful even in its debility;” the river was not turbulent as it joined the ocean. In 1840 Wordsworth describes a visit to his old friend of half a century :—“He did not recognise me till he was told. Then his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness, but he sank into the state in which I found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately like a child.”

In the malady of his departed wife he had learned what a woeful thing it is

“When the poor flesh surviving doth entomb
The reasonable soul;”

and not long afterwards he was doomed himself to feel that terrible affliction.

It was a sad sight to see the aged and venerable man “shaken at the root,” “irritable as he had never been before,” “losing his way in well-known places,” his form thin and shrunk, the fire gone from his eyes, or shining dimly as a light going out, and the bright intelligence fading from the still fine features; growing worse and worse, with brief intervals of consciousness, during which, with “placid languor,” sometimes, apparently, torpor, he hopelessly and helplessly saw the shadow approach; still “mechanically” moving about his books, taking down one and then another, looking upon them with relics of old love, and mournfully murmuring as he put them by,—

“Memory, memory, where art thou gone?”

So passed the last three or four years of his life, giving the clearest proof that he could do nothing, because nothing was done. There had been no sudden shock, no bodily ailment; the mind was simply worn out by the wear and tear of life—fifty years of labour, as “by profession a man of letters!”

On the 21st of March, 1843, he died, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, “in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.”

* In 1852 Caroline Southey received one of the Crown pensions—£200 a year—“in consideration of her late husband’s eminent literary merits;” and in 1861 Miss Kate Southey received a pension—£100 a year—“on account of the important services rendered by her father to English literature.” Mrs. Southey died in 1854.

On the 23rd of March, 1843, he was buried in the churchyard of Crosthwaite, where his wife Edith, four of his children, and several of his dear household, relatives and friends, had been, or have since been, laid. The tombstone contains their names, the dates of their births and deaths—no more.* Here “the dead speak, and give admonition to the living.” His funeral was private. Except the members of his family, there were but two strangers. A white-headed man, older by four years than the departed, walked over the mountains that gloomy and stormy day, to offer a last tribute of affection on his grave ; it was the venerable poet, William Wordsworth, who leaned upon the arm of his son-in-law, Quillinan



THE GRAVE OF SOUTHEY.

—a most estimable gentleman and true poet, who survived but a short time his illustrious father-in-law. It was told to me, by one who was present, that as the solemn words were uttered, “Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” a ray of unlooked-for

* The family have all passed away from Keswick ; and only memory and these churchyard graves remain to preserve, as they will do for ever, the renowned name in that most beautiful district. Katherine Southey, who was born at Greta Hall, died at Lairthwaite Cottage, Keswick, on the 12th of August, 1864, and was laid by the side of her kindred. She was aged fifty-four. Her aunt, Mrs. Lovell (one of the three sisters, Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Southey being the others), died there but a few years previously, at the patriarchal age of ninety-one, having been a widow sixty-six years, and nearly all that time a cherished inmate in the dwelling of the Laureate, and, after his death, in that of his daughter Katherine.

sunshine suddenly fell upon the grave ; the rain ceased, the wind lulled, and, at the instant, two small birds sung from an adjacent tree. In a poem entitled "The Funeral of Southey," written by Mr. Quillinan, he notices this, which we may accept as a striking and most interesting fact :—

"Heedless of the driving rain,
Fearless of the mourning train,
Perched upon the trembling stem,
They sung the Poet's requiem."

Posthumous honours were accorded to the poet. There is a bust in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, and another in the cathedral of the city whose chiefest glory it is—or ought to be—that Bristol was his place of birth.

"A simple slab marks where his ashes lie,
Fast by the church ; while, from the sculptor's art,
Within the aisle his semblance meets the eye ;
The marble sleeper makes the stranger start."



VIEW OF KESWICK.

The monument in Crosthwaite Church is a fine and very beautiful achievement of sculptured art : a recumbent figure, in pure white marble, without a spot ; and the sculptor, Lough, by a happy inspiration, has preserved, with singular fidelity, the features and expression of the poet,* as he describes him in placid and tranquil sleep. On the base are inscribed the lines by Wordsworth

* It ought to be recorded that the commission to the sculptor was for a work in Caen stone ; but Mr. Lough (so writes the poet's son), "with characteristic liberality, executed it in white marble at a considerable sacrifice."

I have elsewhere quoted. Two of his own might also be placed there: he

"teacheth in his songs
The love of all things lovely, all things pure."

I have intimated that my personal memory of this great and good man, who was so "lovely in his life," is but limited. I knew him only in London, in 1830, when he was in the wane of life, yet not older than fifty-six; even then he had been forty years, or very nearly so, an author—living "laborious days" from his youth upwards. I met him more than once at the house of Allan Cunningham, whom he cordially greets in one of his poems,—

"Allan, true child of Scotland, thou who art
So oft in spirit on thy native hills."

Though I can add nothing of worth to the portrait I have given, I may recall him as he appeared to me. He was the very *beau idéal* of a poet—singularly impressive, tall, somewhat slight, slow in his movements, and very dignified in manner, with the eye of a hawk, and with sharp features and an aquiline nose, that carried the similitude somewhat further. His forehead was broad and high, his eyebrows dark, his hair profuse and long, rapidly approaching white. I can see vividly, even now, his graceful and winning smile. To the commonest observer he was obviously a man who had lived more with books than men, whose converse had chiefly been with "the mighty minds of old," whose "days," whose "thoughts," whose "hopes," were, as he tells us they were, "with the dead."

In the few and brief conversations I had with him, he impressed me—as, indeed, he did every person who was, even for an hour, in his company—with the conviction that he elevated the profession of letters not only by knowledge acquired and distributed, not alone by the wisdom of his career and the integrity of his life, but by manners unassuming and unexacting, and by a condescending gentleness of demeanour that, if not humility in the common sense of the term, arose out of generous consideration and large charity.

Not long ago I made a pilgrimage to the house in which Southey lived, and to the grave in which he is buried. I had for my pleasant and profitable companion [to his graceful pencil I am chiefly indebted for the illustrations that accompany this Memory] the artist Jacob Thompson, who knew the poet, and knew also his neighbour, Wordsworth.

Greta Hall, for nearly half a century his residence—his "loophole of retreat"—stands on a slight elevation above the river Greta, and close to its confluence with the Derwent.* From a picturesque bridge—Greta Bridge—a view of the house is obtained. It was originally two houses, converted by the poet into one. It consists of many rooms, all small, except what was the poet's library—his library in chief, that is to say, for every apartment was lined with books. "Books," writes Wordsworth, "were his passion:"—"Books were his passion, as *wandering* was mine;" and, he adds, circumstances might have made the one a Benedictine monk, in whose monastery was a library, and the other a

* The river Derwent connects the two lakes—Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite. The Greta joins the Derwent, and together they make their way into the lake (Bassenthwaite).

pedlar, such as he describes his "Wanderer" to have been. Adjoining it is the chamber in which he died, or rather, in which his spirit was released from its earthly tabernacle, to companion the angels and pure spirits who had gone before, and to be with the Master he had long served. He there, to borrow a line from his friend Coleridge,

"Found life in death."

A garden surrounds the house; there is a sloping lawn in front; and immediately facing the entrance are two "narrow-leaved" maple-trees, planted by the poet. Let us hope that no thoughtless or heedless hand will ever remove them. Behind is a thick growth of shrubs and underwood, leading down to an embasure of the river; along the bank is the Poet's Walk, at the end of which was a seat



GRETA BRIDGE.

beneath an elm-tree, where he often sat looking across the stream upon the ruins of an ancient friary (now a barn) and the mountains of old Skiddaw and Blencathra.

In front of the house, however, the grandest view is obtained. It commands Derwentwater (the loveliest of all the English lakes: "I would not," writes Southey, "exchange Derwentwater for the Lake of Geneva"), on which look down the loftiest and the most picturesque of the mountains of Cumberland. From every one of the windows there is a glorious prospect. Within ken is the "gorgeous confusion of Borrowdale, just revealing its sublime chaos through the narrow vista of its gorge." There is bleak Skiddaw, with "its fine black head," that extorted a compliment even from London-loving Charles Lamb. There

is Souther Fell, where ghosts have been seen in troops in the broad light of day. There is the Druids' Temple, little more than a mile from Keswick, at the foot of Saddleback,—old Blencathra,—near the entrance to St. John's Vale, the stones of which "no person can count with a like result as to number." There is Derwentwater, seen from so many points, with its traditions of the young lord who was "out in the fifteen," and died on a scaffold on Tower Hill. You may ascend the "Lady's Rake," up which his lady fled for shelter; and if you listen calmly, you may hear the distant fall of Lodore. From his window he saw, as he wrote, not only Derwent, "that under the hills reposed," but other views that were to him "perpetual benedictions." Thus he describes some of them:—

"'Twas at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
And from surrounding things the hues wherewith day has adorn'd them
Fade like the hopes of youth till the beauty of youth is departed:
Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window beholding
Mountain and lake and vale; the valley disrobed of its verdure;
Derwent retaining yet from eve a glassy reflection,
Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror,
Under the woods reposed; the hills that, calm and majestic,
Lifted their heads into the silent sky, from far Glaramara,
Bleacrag, and Maidenmawr, to Griesdale and westernmost Wythrop;
Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds had gathered above them,
High in the middle air huge purple pillowly masses,
While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight,
Green as the stream in the glen, whose pure and chrysolite waters
Flow o'er a schistous bed, and serene as the age of the righteous.
Earth was hush'd and still: all motion and sound were suspended;
Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor humming of insect—
Only the voice of the Greta, heard only when all is in stillness."

I borrow a description of the adjacent scenery from my valued friend William Howitt's excellent and interesting volumes—"Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets:—"

"The situation of Southey's house, taking all into consideration, is exceeded by few in England. It is agreeably distant from the road and the little town, and stands in a fine open valley, surrounded by hills of the noblest and most diversified character. From your stand on the Greta Bridge, looking over the house, your eye falls on the group of mountains behind it. The lofty hill of Latrig lifts its steep green back, with its larch plantations clothing one edge, and scattered in groups over the other. Stretching away to the left, rise the still loftier range and gaunt masses of Skiddaw, with its intervening dells and ravines, and summits often lost in their canopy of shadowy clouds. Between the feet of Skiddaw and Greta Bridge lie pleasant knolls and fields, with scattered villas and cottages and Crosthwaite Church. On your right hand is the town, and behind it green swelling fields again, and the more distant inclosing chain of hills. If you then turn your back on the house and view the scene which is presented from the house, you find yourself in the presence of the river, hurrying away towards the assemblage of beautifully-varied mountains which encompass magnificently the Lake of Derwentwater."

Yes, Southey perhaps as fully as Wordsworth enjoyed the beautiful and glorious scenery of "the English lakes." The one wrote much concerning them; the other said little about them in verse; but who can doubt that they influenced the mind, heart, and soul of the one as fully as they did the mind, heart, and soul of the other?

The two poets, and others who were their associates in this locality, have added deep interest to the charms it derives from nature; and for all time the places they have commemorated will be "delights" to all visitors who dwell even for a day among the mountains and rivers, the hills and dells, of Westmoreland.

The walks that were familiar to the poet were in all directions ; some at a distance from his home. He walked ever with his head raised, thrown back somewhat, looking upwards, and was rarely seen without a book in his hand.* Of these walks, his favourite was to "The Friars' Crag," or Walk,—a promontory that overhangs Derwentwater, a short way from Keswick. It was of this spot he said,—“If I had Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus's purse, I would here build myself a house.” The crag—which I have pictured—is said to have derived its name from the monks of Lindisfarn coming to it once a year to receive the blessing of St. Herbert. The view hence is very lovely. Close to the foot of the crag the rocks are washed by the waters of the lake, the whole expanse of



THE FRIARS' WALK.

which is seen, with its picturesque islands. On the right the eye takes in the sunny slopes of "the Catbells"—scarcely to be called mountains when compared with mighty Scafell in the distance—while beneath them lies the fairest of all the islands, the island dedicated to St. Herbert†

* James Hogg, writing of Southey, says :—"Deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye ; but there is a defect in his eyelids, for these he has no power of raising, so that when he looks towards the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think he was looking at the zenith." Although he adds, "This peculiarity is what will most strike every stranger in the appearance of the accomplished Laureate," I do not find the "defect" referred to by any other writer.

† Bede tells us that the saint went once a year to see St. Cuthbert, of Farn Island, and to hear from him the words of everlasting life. As they sat together one day, St. Cuthbert told his friend that he felt his time

At the head of the lake, standing like a sentinel guarding the entrance to Borrowdale, is Castle Crag, and on its left lies the beautiful Fall of Lodore, immortalised by Southey in some quaint verses which are known to most readers :—

“ And dashing and flashing, and splashing and crashing,
With a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.”



THE FALL OF LODORE.

Lodore Waterfall is about three miles from Keswick, on the road to Borrowdale, between two towering cliffs: one on the left, Gowdar Crag; on the right,

was coming when his spirit would depart hence. St. Herbert, in his agony of grief, prayed to God that he might not survive his teacher. Tradition has it that the friends both died on the same day, even at the same hour (A.D. 687).

Shepherd's Crag. The *perpendicular* height through which the water descends is said to be 150 feet (the whole height of the fall is 360 feet). The crags on either side are covered with trees overhanging the water; the oak, ash, birch, holly, and even the wild rose, flourish in wanton luxuriance. The foaming cataract, as it bounds over the huge rocks, is to be seen more than three miles off. The fall runs into the lake, and the noise which it makes can be heard *miles* away. There is a pretty rustic bridge over it, and at its foot stands a little hotel, once an ancient hostelry, but now much enlarged to accommodate the many thousands that annually visit the place.

But the grand and glorious scenery of the Lakes may be adverted to more fitly when I recall to memory the great High Priest of Nature, Wordsworth.



CROSTHWAITE CHURCH.

An illustrative anecdote was told me by the sexton of Crosthwaite Church, who, however, had little to say of the poet, except that he seldom saw him smile. He met him often in his walks, but he seemed pensive, full of thought, and looked as if his life was elsewhere than on earth. The anecdote is this. Southey had a great dislike to be "looked at;" and although very regular in his attendance at church, he would stay away when he knew there were many tourists in the neighbourhood. One Sunday, two strangers who had a great desire to see the poet besought the sexton to point him out to them. The sexton, knowing that this must be done secretly, said, "I will take you up the aisle, and, in passing, touch the pew in which he sits." He did so, and no doubt the strangers had "a

good stare." A few days after, the sexton met Southey in the street of Keswick. The poet looked somewhat sternly at him, said, "*Don't do it again*," and passed on, leaving the conscience-stricken sexton to ponder over the "crime" in which he had been detected by the poet.

The graveyard of Crosthwaite is a lonely graveyard, in the midst of mountains, commanding an open view of Derwentwater, on which the mountains Blencathra and Skiddaw look down. There are few human dwellings near at hand, and even those are being hidden by intervening trees. The church is very ancient—more than seven centuries have passed since its foundations were laid: it was not long ago thoroughly restored by a liberal "neighbour."

In 1816, Southey, in describing the churchyard, which thirty years afterwards was to be his resting-place, writes:—"The churchyard is as open to the eye and to the breath of heaven as if it were a Druids' place of meeting." A wall has since been placed, but it is looked over,—upon the lake and on the mountains, "the everlasting hills" of which he somewhere speaks.

And in that calm and isolated graveyard lie the mortal remains of Robert Southey,—

"He who sung
Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song;"

he who, in so many ways, inculcated the wisdom of Virtue. If his prophecy of himself has not been as yet altogether fulfilled—

"Thus, in the ages which are past I live,
And those which are to come my sure reward will give,"

at least it is certain that he has received the justice he looked for, and knew to be his right.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

FEW great men have been more earnest and sincere in friendship than Robert Southey and WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. I knew Landor in 1837, at Clifton, and had many walks with him over its health-giving downs; more than once I met him at the "evenings" of Lady Blessington; but any records of his life and character would now be superfluous—all that one could desire to know, and more than one would care to know, has been written of him by his early and constant friend, John Forster, in two bulky volumes.

It was by Forster I was introduced to Landor, and by his counsel I published examples of Landor's poetry in "The Book of Gems." At that time he gave me a memoir of himself, which I here copy:—

"Walter Landor, of Ipsley Court, in the county of Warwick, married first Maria, only daughter and heiress of J. Wright, Esq., by whom he had an only daughter, married to her cousin, Humphrey Arden, of Longcroft, in Staffordshire; secondly, Elizabeth, eldest daughter and coheiress of Ch. Savage, of Tachbrook, who brought above £80,000 into the family. The eldest of this marriage was born January 30th, 1775. He was educated at Rugby. His private tutor was Dr. Sleath, of St. Paul's. When he had reached the head of the school, he was too young for college, and was placed under the private tuition of Mr. Langley, of Ashbourne. After a year he was entered of Trinity College, Oxford, where the learned Benwell was his

private tutor. At the peace of Amiens he went into France, but returned at the end of the year. In 1808, on the first insurrection of Spain, in June, he joined the Viceroy of Galicia, Blake. The *Madrid Gazette* of August mentions a gift from him of 20,000 reals. On the extinction of the constitution he returned to Don P. Cevallos the tokens of royal approbation in no very measured terms.* In 1811 he married Julia, daughter of J. Thuillier de Malaperte, descendant and representative of J. Thuillier de Malaperte, Baron de Mieuville, First Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to Charles VIII. He was residing at Tours when, after the battle of Waterloo, every other Englishman to the number of four thousand went away. He wrote to Carnot that he had no confidence in the moderation or honour of the Emperor, but resolved to stay, because he considered the danger to be greater in the midst of a broken army. His house was the only one without a billet. In the autumn of that year he retired to Italy. He occupied the Palazzo Medici in Florence, and then bought the celebrated villa of Count Gherardesca, at Fiesole, with its gardens and two farms, immediately under the ancient villa of Lorenzo de Medici. His visits to England have been few and short."

In a subsequent letter he wrote to me:—

"I ought to have told you some evil of myself, which is always worth having, as there is always a demand for it in England in all states of the market. I was rusticated at Oxford for shooting across the quadrangle at prayer-time. I was guilty of offering a subscription of £1,000 to whatever association might be formed in Monmouthshire in opposition to the Duke of Beaufort. At the same time, I never asked one of my sixty-four tenants at Lantony for his vote, but told them all to act according to their conscience. They alone could have turned the scale in any contested election."

These remarks, however, do not bring his life to a period later than 1838. I will endeavour to compress into a few pages the remainder of it, although the whole comprises—dating from the day of his birth to that of his death—a period of eighty-seven years.

He was born at Warwick (where his father was a physician), on the 30th of January, 1775. "Well born" on both sides, and heir to a large fortune and a large estate, his family could trace their descent from the Norman who founded it. In person, also, he was liberally endowed by nature; handsome in youth, especially so in middle age, and hardly less so when he was far past the allotted term of life. Forster thus pictures him at sixty:—

"He was not above the middle stature, but had a stout, stalwart presence; walked without a stoop; and in his general aspect, particularly the set and carriage of his head, was decidedly of what is called a distinguished bearing. His hair was already silvered grey, and had retired far upward from his forehead, which was wide and full, but retreating. . . . What at first was noticeable in the broad, white, massive head were the full yet sharply-lifted eyebrows. . . . In the large grey eyes there was a depth of composed expression that even startled by its contrast to the eager restlessness looking out from the surface of them; and in the same variety and quickness of transition the mouth was extremely striking. The lips that seemed compressed with unalterable will, would in a moment relax to a softness more than feminine, and a sweeter smile it was impossible to conceive. . . . The nose was never particularly good, and the lifted brow, flatness of cheek and jaw, wide upper lip, retreating mouth and chin, and heavy neck, . . . were peculiarities prominent in youth and age."

At a period long afterwards Forster describes his "fine presence, manly voice, and cordial smile, the amusing exaggerations of his speech, and the irresistible contagion of his laugh." In 1858 Mrs. Barrett Browning wrote, "If you could only see how well he looks in his curly white beard;" and about the same

* "Though willing to aid the Spanish people in the assertion of their liberties, I will have nothing to do with a perjurer and a traitor."

time, Mr. Browning, "He has a beautiful beard, foam white and soft;" and an American lady describes "his snowy white hair, and his beard of patriarchal proportions, his grey eyes still keen and clear, his grand head not unlike Michael Angelo's Moses;" and thus of him wrote Lady Blessington:—"He has one of the most original minds I have ever encountered, and it is joined to one of the finest natures." Waldo Emerson wrote thus:—"He has a wonderful brain, despotic, violent, inexhaustible."*

The portrait is that of the mind as well as the person; it unmistakably portrays the unsettled, stubborn, turbulent, and reckless man who, all his life long, professed, advocated, and acted on principles that entailed great misery and continual self-reproach; keeping him at perpetual war with his kind—excepting a few; but the few were sound in judgment, with ample means to estimate at his worth one of the most remarkable men of the age.

In 1808, when they first met at Bristol (they had previously corresponded, and Landor had dedicated to Southey his "Gebor" and other poems), Southey refers to him as "the only man of whose praise I was ambitious, or whose censure would have troubled me;" and he adds, "Before we met I had said I would walk forty miles to see him; and having seen him, I would gladly walk four-score to see him again." Again, at a later period:—"To have obtained his approbation as a poet, and possessed his friendship as a man, will be remembered among the honours of my life, when the petty enmities of this generation will be forgotten, and its ephemeral reputations shall have passed away." And so late as 1844:—"Differing as I do from him in constitutional temper and in some serious opinions, he is yet of all men living the one with whom I feel the most entire and cordial sympathy of heart and mind." It is Southey also who pays this compliment to him as a poet:—"Landor, who paints always with the finest touch of truth, whether he is describing external or internal nature."

The friendship that so long existed—and always unbroken—between Southey and Landor is to me a mystery, not to be explained by the fact that Southey was the first to do justice to the genius of Landor, and that Landor tendered generous and liberal aid to Southey when he thought it was needed. They seem to have had nothing in common; perhaps no two men ever existed who were so entirely opposite. Southey was a Tory, Landor a Republican, or worse; the one was provident as well as just, the other reckless and utterly inconsiderate; the one was a devoted and affectionate husband, the other held matrimonial ties to be very slight; the one was patient, generous, "thinking no evil," abjuring the notion that revenge was virtue, the other petulant, irritable, passionate, ever ready to give or take offence;—in a word, the one was a Christian, the other, if not a mocker, was a despiser, of all creeds. Fortunately for both, perhaps, they rarely met, and assuredly, when they did, Landor was "on his best behaviour." Southey was one of the few men whose esteem he was willing to make an effort to retain.

* His dress was at times so shabby that "servants have mistaken him for a beggar." "He wore his clothes, like Dominic Sampson, until they would hardly hold together; and new garments were left for him at his bedside, which he would put on without discovering the change." Sometimes he would set out from Bath to go to Coventry, and find himself in Birmingham; he ought to have changed trains, but had not heard the man at the station call out the name of the place.

He had also much intercourse and frequent correspondence with Wordsworth—another nature entirely different from his; and he described the two poets of the Lakes in a vigorous line—

“Serene creators of immortal things.”

At one time he had intended to inscribe his “Dialogues” to Wordsworth; he did not do so because he had written with such asperity and contemptuousness of people in power, that a sense of delicacy would not permit him to place Wordsworth’s name before the volume.

He did not, however, cherish towards Wordsworth the sentiments he kept unchanged for Southey. In a letter he wrote to me from Clifton (it is without a date) he thus gives vent to his feelings as regards the great and good man whom so many venerated and loved as well as honoured, and no man more than Robert Southey:—

“I could never have closed my career more to my satisfaction, in the list of letters, than by defending the honour of *my* friend Southey against *his* friend Wordsworth. In the midst of a friendship of thirty-five years, after Southey had raised him into notice by commending his poetry when others scorned it, Wordsworth, in many conversations, used the same expressions of malignity against him. So long as this was unpublished, I endured it. At last, it not only has been repeated in conversation at dinner parties, but has appeared in a work on Coleridge. I judged of Wordsworth only by his writings, in which, among a good deal of the trifling and the trivial, there is very much of the first merit. I thought he had the wisdom to esteem Southey, and the virtue to declare it. On this idea I praised him in my ‘Imaginary Conversations’ more highly than any one had done before, and long afterward I addressed an Ode to him. I met him, and felt a pleasure in meeting him. I even endured his presence after I had had the proof of his malignity, making due, and rather more than due, allowance for what I believed to be a sudden irritation. But when I heard from three different quarters the same hostile cry, and found the verdict filed upon record, I resolved to inflict upon the ungrateful scoundrel a memorable chastisement.” *

His friend Forster is to his faults more than a little kind, yet he has discharged his duty with justice as well as mercy, and the result is to picture a man of very lofty genius, but whom few could revere and none could love. He was a fierce democrat from the time when he began to think and act; and though he was an old man when he publicly offered £1,000 reward to any one who would assassinate the King of Naples, he was a young man when at Oxford he gave a toast: “May there be only two classes of people—the Republican and the paralytic.” A perusal of his letters confirms the opinion one is forced to retain of him; such words as “impostor,” “scoundrel,” “coward,” “sycophantic ruffian,” are of frequent occurrence.†

Mrs. Lynn Linton, who knew him well—was to him, indeed, during many years, as a daughter—admits that he was “stormy, passionate, and misguided;”

* Crabbe Robinson has stated that Wordsworth never read the utterly groundless and bitterly malignant attacks of Landor.

† It is recorded that once an Italian marquis entered his room with his hat on, Mrs. Landor being present. Landor went up to him, knocked his hat off, then took him by the arm and turned him out. He was charged with complicity in the crime of Orsini, who certainly dined with him on the eve of his departure to Paris to assassinate the Emperor. That charge, at least, was not sustained by any proof. He wrote to Forster in January, 1858, the day after the attempt of the assassin, but his sympathy was for the victims, and not for the Emperor who had escaped. “Dreadful work!” he writes, “horrible crime! to inflict death on a hundred for the crime of one!”

but contends that he was also "tender, noble, and aspiring;" and demands that he be judged for his virtues as well as his vices.

There was one vice he certainly had not—hypocrisy.

For the rest, in order to form a just idea of Walter Savage Landor, it should be told that he sold a fine family estate to buy that of Llanthony, in South Wales.* Some time he lived there, and there he married (in 1811), "a girl without a sixpence," but "pretty, graceful, and good-tempered." But he quarrelled with all about him—his wife included (she had contradicted him, and "given him his first headache"); brought actions in which he was defeated; sustained actions in which he had heavy damages to pay; and left the place in disgust, having chastised his enemies of the Cimri sometimes in Latin, sometimes in English, verse; made his way through France—not without leaving a sting there—and settled at Florence.

"My citron grove at Fiesole" consoled him for a thousand vexatious insults and injuries; but in process of time they were doubled in Tuscany, and he returned to England, to settle in Bath—"the only place" where he seemed "at home," and to which he was really attached.

Nearly all the friends of his youth and his manhood had preceded him to the grave; his life of mingled yarn was drawing to a close; he prepared himself for death, but not to die, like the old Roman—gracefully.

Of his many reckless acts the latest was, perhaps, the worst; at least, the victim at whom he aimed the blow was neither king nor kaiser, but an unarmed woman, against whom he wrote a libel that can be characterised by one word only—atrocious. Every newspaper in the kingdom reported a trial that made many indignant and all sorrowful. The result was a verdict of guilty and damages of £1,000. That sum he would not, perhaps could not, pay. Broken in health and in heart, yet indomitable still, like the mortally-wounded lion (to whom he liked to be compared), he escaped from the consequences of his act, and in the autumn of 1858 was again at Fiesole, ruined not only in reputation, but in purse. But he had no means to live among his citron groves, and so sought a poor lodging in Florence, first taking refuge "in the hotel on the Arno with eighteen-pence in his pocket," and depending thenceforward on the eleemosynary helps of relatives and friends, foremost amongst whom was Robert Browning, and we may be sure (although he does not tell us so), John Forster.

On the 17th of September, 1864, he died, and at length his perturbed spirit found a resting-place in the English burying-ground at Florence.

* Some years afterwards, while looking at a very beautiful spot on the banks of the Trent, called Cardine Spring, he exclaimed to a friend at his side, "Why the deuce did not I buy this place, and build my home here instead of at that confounded Llanthony?" "Rather," said his friend, "why did you *sell* this place, which had been in your family for centuries?"



SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN.



N the year 1822 I first knew Sydney, Lady Morgan. I saw her sitting in "the little red room in Kildare Street, by courtesy called a boudoir;"* and although the "Wild Irish Girl" was even then a woman of "a certain age," she had so much of that natural vivacity, aptness for repartee, and point in conversation (often better than wit), that made her the oracle and idol of "a set" in the Irish metropolis, where others—not a few—feared and hated her; for her political bias was strong, and her antipathies, strong also, were seldom withstood or withheld.

She was never handsome, even in youth; small in person, and slightly deformed, there was about her much of ease and self-possession, but nothing of grace; yet she was remarkable for that peculiar something—for which we have no English word, but which the French express by *je ne sais quoi*—which in women often attracts and fascinates more than mere personal beauty.

* No. 35. She put up a portico, which still marks the house in the now somewhat gloomy and unfashionable street. That house I have engraved.

Although it was said of Lady Morgan that she was a vain woman, had always coveted the distinction of seeing the visiting-cards of lords and titled ladies in her card-stand, and liked, when she paid visits, to borrow a carriage with a coronet, to receive as many as might be of stars actual at her "evenings," to exhibit on her chimney-piece the gifts of people whom heritage rather than genius had made great, and was, in short, a woman of the world, she had, like all women of decided character and energetic temperament, her kindly sympathies and her considerate generousities, was a very lovable person to those she loved, and a true friend to those in whom she took interest.

Her collected letters, interspersed with meagre bits of memoir, were published soon after her death by her literary executor, Hepworth Dixon, and under the editorship of Geraldine Jewsbury. We cannot doubt that judicious discrimination was exercised in the selection. According to that authority the diaries from her own hand were "copious," and she kept every letter she had received, from the epistles of field-marshal to the billets of a washerwoman. In a word, she contemplated and arranged for this memoir, and prepared it accordingly, with as much system and order as she settled her toilet and her drawing-room for a "reception"—to make the best of herself and her belongings; commencing with the day of her birth (but she does not name the year), when all the wits of Dublin were assembled—of whom she gives a biographical list—and ending with her last drive in a friend's carriage.

During many years she kept a journal. Of its utter barrenness an idea may be formed from those portions of it which her biographer has published, and from the fact that from one whole year's record he has printed but six lines, no doubt the only portion that was worth preserving. Her autobiography is, indeed—as were her rooms—an assemblage of a mass of things, no one of which was of much value, but which, when taken together, were curious, interesting, and instructive.

"No subtlety of inquiry could entrap Lady Morgan into any admission about her age." The dates of all old letters were carefully erased. "I enter my protest against DATES," she writes. "What has a woman to do with dates? cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates! I mean to have none of them."* It is, however, understood that Sydney Owenson was born in 1777; and it is said by one of her biographers, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick (who does not give his authority), that "her birth occurred on shipboard." She is, at best, but half Irish, for her mother was an Englishwoman. She herself tells us she was born on Christmas-day, in "ancient ould Dublin." Her father was Robert Owenson—according to his daughter, "as fine a type of an Irish gentleman as Ireland ever sent forth." He was an actor, and manager of theatres in Dublin. During one of his professional tours in England he met at Shrewsbury an English lady, Miss Hill (with whom he "ran off"), the daughter of a wealthy gentleman. She was never forgiven. She was not young, but a very serious and sensible woman, unlike her husband in everything. Of that marriage the issue was Sydney, subsequently married to Sir Charles Morgan, and Olivia, her younger sister by many years, who became the

* I once said to her, "Lady Morgan, I bought one of your books to-day. May I tell you its date?" "Do," she answered, "but say it in a whisper." "1803!" She lifted her hands and looked unutterable things, but did not take the hint unkindly.

wife of another knight, Sir Arthur Clarke. It is not improbable that his little precocious daughter acted occasionally under his auspices in provincial towns, but she never played in Dublin; and it is certain that her father early resolved, as far as possible, to keep his daughters from the stage; yet what an admirable actress Lady Morgan would have been, had that been her destiny!

Early in life, however, she sought independence. She was fond of saying that she had provided for herself from the time she was fourteen years old; and she had so wise and self-preserving a horror of debt, that she either paid ready money for what she wanted, or did without it. Much of her after prosperity can be traced to that resolution—one which it must have required wonderful firmness to have held to, considering her natural love of display, and her always expensive "surroundings." She became a governess, and discharged the duties of that office in two families, until her writings became remunerative. Her father kept "his girls" at an "eminent boarding-school." He did his best for them; and they largely repaid him by affectionate care and duty till he died, in May, 1812, having enjoyed the luxury of calling each of his daughters "my lady."

*I very soon I see me
 then as soon as you
 can I believe me
 always
 Mrs truly I thank you
 your Sydney Morgan*

Her younger days were passed amid perplexing, harassing, indeed terrible, trials, under which a loftier nature might have fallen. She touches on them, though rarely, "seeing a father frequently torn to prison, a mother on the point of beggary with her children," and so forth.

From her earliest girlhood up to the very eve of her marriage she had her perpetual flirtations; but there her love affairs began and ended. Some of her sage friends opined that she "flirted more than was right," and it is probable she occasionally stood so near the fire as slightly to singe her white garments. Still she was ever "safe;" like her countrywomen generally—I would almost say universally—realising the portrait of the poet Moore, of

"the wild sweet-briery fence"
 That round the flowers of Erin dwells,
 Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels."

The seemingly light and frivolous, and really fascinating, girl—fascinating both as girl and woman—escaped the only slander that surely slays. Yet she had at no period of her life any sustaining and preserving power from that which supports



LADY MORGAN'S RESIDENCE, KILDARE STREET, DUBLIN.

in difficulties and upholds in danger—RELIGION; and she was continually in society where, without a protector, she might have seemed an easy victim.*

Her literary career began early, yet not so early as she liked to make it appear.

* Writing of herself in 1811, she says, "Inconsiderate and indiscreet; never saved by prudence, but often rescued by pride; often on the verge of error, but never passing the line."

Her abilities were gifts of nature. "All," she writes, "that literary counsel, acquirement, and instruction give to literary composition was, in my early career of authorship, utterly denied me."

In 1801 her first book was published in Dublin, and afterwards in London, by Sir Richard Phillips;* thenceforward she continued working for more than half a century, having written and published, from the commencement to the close of her career, upwards of seventy volumes.

In 1812 she married Sir Charles Morgan, M.D. He had received knighthood at the hands of the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant, by request of the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, the then friends of Sydney Owenson, who were resolved that their "pet" should have a title. Both events came off at their seat, Baron's Court: there the doctor was knighted; there the two were made one. Contrary to prophecies of friends and to general expectation, they were a happy couple. Sir Charles had personal advantages, and he was a man of strong mind, yet happily a devoted believer in his wife, while she had large respect for him: his sound common sense and her erratic nature harmonised. He was a Doctor of Medicine, the friend and correspondent of Jenner. Though younger by five or six years than Miss Owenson, he was not young when he, a widower and an Englishman, born in London in 1783, wooed and won the Wild Irish Girl. He was tall, handsome, of very gentlemanly address, respectably born and connected, with some independent property, and madly in love with the fascinating "Glorvina." She was not so desperately smitten with him. "A little *diablerie* would make me wild in love with him," she writes. He was too quiet; in a word, too English. Nevertheless, he became a thorough Irishman—"more Irish than the Irish," like the old Anglo-Norman settlers; took the Liberal side in politics; and was a sturdy fighter for Catholic emancipation. He was, in all senses of the word, a gentleman—"a man of great erudition, speculative power, and singular observation."† In August, 1844, he died. His death was a heavy loss to Lady Morgan; for she loved him, confided in him, and felt for him entire respect. And he was worthy of it; for there had been neither envy of her fame nor jealousy of the admiration she excited, where a lower nature might have felt both.

After her marriage, when the sound, "Milady," always so pleasant to her, had become familiar in all Dublin coteries, she used to give parties weekly in Kildare Street, and assumed to be the leader of literary fashion. There was no one to dispute her rôle, and her "evenings" drew together much of the talent, and some of the rank, of the Irish capital. Only once I was among her guests; for soon after I became acquainted with her I left that city, and launched my bark on the turgid and troubled river of life in London.‡

In the spring of 1837 Lord Melbourne granted to Lady Morgan a pension of £300 a year, "in acknowledgment of the services rendered by her to the world

* At that period, and long afterwards, the law of copyright operated in the two islands much as it now does between Great Britain and the United States of America.

† Though, as she says in one of her letters, "educated in the most rigid adherence to the tenets of the Church of England," her sympathies were with the then oppressed of the other faith. Oppressed, in truth, they were in her early days. It is very different now.

‡ She gave me a letter to Mr. Colburn, and my first contribution to periodical literature was published in the *New Monthly Magazine*—the magazine of which, eight years afterwards, I became editor. In 1830,

of letters." She had saved a sum by no means inconsiderable. Sir Charles had an income of his own; and being "independent," she resolved upon leaving Ireland and settling in England—in a word, to become "an absentee," a class she had unequivocally condemned when she saw little chance of being of it; and



LADY MORGAN'S RESIDENCE, WILLIAM STREET, LONDON.

although she afterwards wrote a sort of apology for the step—publishing, indeed, a book on the subject, arguing "that English misgovernment and misrule made

Mrs. Hall, having occasion to write to her, made reference to the kindness and service of that introduction, and received this reply:—

"DEAR MADAM,

"January 1, 1830.

"I have been exceedingly gratified by the receipt and perusal of the letters, and two very ingenious works which you and Mr. Hall have had the kindness to forward to me. The circumstance you allude to, of my having been of some use to Mr. Hall, is particularly gracious, the more so as I have not the slightest recollection of the event. My zeal is so often mistaken for *my influence*, and my desire to be useful to the young and deserving so notorious, that the applications I receive from the *aspirants* of literary fame are beyond count or memory. It has rarely happened that I have received such acknowledgments as your unmerited gratitude has lavished on me, or that, "*casting my bread upon the waters, I have found it after many days.*"

Ireland uninhabitable ;" that it was "the English government, and not the natives of the country, who were to blame," and so forth, she failed to convince her country or herself of the righteousness of her removal. Probably her attractions "at home" had grown less; many of her old friends had departed, some to England, others to the better land.

It is clear that, so early as '32, she had wearied of the Irish capital, which she described as "in summer a desert inhabited only by loathsome beggars." In 1833 she writes, "The Irish destiny is between Bedlam and a gaol." "Dear dirty Dublin," gradually became "odious Dublin." In 1835 she talked of "wretched Dublin, the capital of wretched Ireland." In 1837 she wrote—

"Oh, Ireland, to you
I have long bade a last and a painful adieu!"

And so, having "freighted a small vessel" with their household gods, Sir Charles and Lady Morgan became permanent residents in London, taking, after a brief "looking about," what she terms a *maisonnette*, No. 11, William Street, Knights-bridge, entering into possession on the 17th of January, 1838, and there continuing to her death—never again visiting Ireland. Naturally, perhaps, her popularity had there dwindled to nothing. She is by no means the only "native" who was a patriot in adversity and an absentee in prosperity. The painter Barry said, "Ireland gave me breath, but Ireland never would have given me bread." And in one of her letters Lady Morgan writes, "There is as little affection for merit as there is market." *

In London she aimed to be the centre of a circle—artistic, literary, scientific, aristocratic; giving large parties as well as small; sometimes crowding into two rooms of very limited size a hundred guests—persons of all ranks, patricians and plebeians. Certainly the arrangement of her rooms was most effective; the lights and shadows were in the right places, the seats were comfortable—"easy chairs"—the eye was perpetually arrested by something that was either peculiar or interesting. Somebody said it was like a "baby-house;" perhaps it was, but many of the toys were histories. Her society—often so conflicting, composed of elements that never could socially mingle—she managed with admirable tact, sometimes no easy task; for there were the Russian and the Pole; the "black Orangeman" and the "bitter Papist;" the proud aristocrat and the small fry of letters; in a word, people were compelled to rub against each other whose positions, opinions, and interests were not only at variance, but in entire and utter hostility.†

* We once encountered an ultra-Irishman, who told us he was going to Lady Morgan's "to blow her up for deserting her country and turning her back on the Liberator." He went, and was so fascinated by the ready smile and few words of tenderness she gave to the memory of "dear old Dublin"—her inimitable *tact* of turning disadvantages into advantages, and foes into friends—that he assured us the next day, "the people of Ireland mistook that charming Lady Morgan altogether; that her heart, every morsel of it, was in Ireland; she lived in England only to protect her countrymen and prevent their being imposed on."

† She told us she had once deplored so earnestly her ignorance of geology to one of its professors, that he offered to read a lecture on the subject (which her ladyship lamented pathetically she had not heard) in her drawing-room! She laughed afterwards at this, as one of the great difficulties of her social life. She added, "I got out of it by regretting that my present audience were unworthy such an honour, but that if he would do so the next night! Well, he was kind enough to promise, but I could not have survived it, and the next day, of course, I was very ill." She once described to us a visit paid to her by a young literary American, adding, "I dare say he exchanged his Bible for a peerage the moment he landed at Liverpool. You should have seen his ecstasy when presented to a duchess, and how he luxuriated under the shadow of the strawberry leaves."

She would have liked to have written "Corinne," and been expatriated by Napoleon. She was very proud of being ordered to leave France, but it was not followed up as she hoped it would have been. She liked to be thought to sit and move like Madame de Staël, and to rub a bit of stick with her forefinger as Madame de Staël did when in thought. But Lady Morgan, after the first fancy of the moment, could not be an imitator; her impulses grew into objects, and the earnestness born of affectation matured into reality.

As I have said, she continued to reside in William Street after she became a widow, and during the remainder of her life. At length, however, the foe she most dreaded—old age—gradually drew nearer and nearer. Towards the end of 1852 her letters and diary record the losses of old friends. One after another departed, and she was left almost alone with old memories: they were warnings to set her house in order; but they were not solemn enough to impress her with any feeling akin to continuous grief, or to create dread of the "enemy." To the last she was *toujours gaie*; new friends came to replace the old; some one "worth seeing" was sure to be at her "reception;" and the bait of an invitation was too tempting to be resisted, notwithstanding the sure pressure of a mingled crowd.

The death of her brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Clarke, in 1857, did alarm her; and towards the close of 1858 it became obvious to her friends—suspicious to herself—that her work on earth was done. Her beloved sister, Olivia, Lady Clarke, her oldest friend and earliest companion, with whom she had struggled through a precarious youth, had died some years before (1845). On her birthday, 1858, Lady Morgan had a dinner-party, told stories, and sung a comic song. On the 17th of March, 1859, she had a musical party, at which we were present;* a gay and crowded party it was—full of what she ever liked to see, celebrities or notorieties; and on the 16th of April, 1859, she died. She was interred in the Brompton Cemetery, where a tomb, executed by Mr. Sherrard Westmacott, has been erected to her memory by her niece, Mrs. Inwood Jones.†

The life of Lady Morgan was one of excitement from its dawn to its close. Even when a governess, "instructor of youth,"‡ her days were never sad, nor did time hang heavily on her hands. She was a charming companion at all periods, and was generally regarded in that light rather than as a teacher. Her animal

* She usually gave a party on St. Patrick's Day. In 1858, Mrs. Hall received from her this characteristic note:—

"19th March, 1858. 11, William Street, Belgravia.

"MY DEAR MRS. HALL,

"If I was not as blind as a bat, and as weak as a rat, I would answer your pleasant and kind letter (pleasant because it was so kind) *en long et en large*: as it is, I can only say a thousand thanks. I was, in all truth, sending you a little invite for Patrick's Day, when your note arrived with an account of your illness.

"I have been three months confined to my house, and even to particular rooms, by order of Dr. Ferguson; so I have escaped so far bronchitis, but I feel the want of air and exercise. I hope very soon to see you in William Street, and have a few agreeables to meet you. I had my band on Patrick's Night, and sung my Saxon guests an Irish song, which made my little Irish harp reverberate with surprise! I faithfully pay my annual subscription to the Governesses' Institution. I hope it is the one you recommended to me.

"Ever with kind regards,
"S. MORGAN."

† The tomb will be found on the right of the principal walk, entering the gate in the Fulham Road. A large plain slab is supported by six pillars; on a slab underneath is carved an Irish harp, propped by two books, "France" and the "Wild Irish Girl." At the base is a wreath of *immortelles*.

‡ She did not forget this; bequeathing, in her will, a sum of £200 to the Aged Governesses' Benevolent Institution.

spirits were inexhaustible ; if not handsome, she was pretty, and in person attractive ; she told Irish stories with inimitable humour, and sung Irish songs with singular *esprit* ; she had been familiar with " society " from her childhood, and had been reared in self-dependence ; her vanity, her value of herself, made her at ease amid the great as among the small ; like the soldier of fortune, she had all to gain and nothing to lose ; reckless as regarded foes, but fervent in defence of friends. Living on praise as the very breath of her life, flattery, no matter how gross, seemed never to exceed her right. No doubt much of "woman-



THE MONUMENT TO LADY MORGAN.

liness" was sacrificed to that perpetual exercise of self-dependence. Self-dependence is not the natural destiny of woman—rarely bringing content, and still more rarely happiness.

A writer who knew her in her prime thus pictures "Glorvina" at "the Castle :"—"Hardly more than four feet high, with a slightly-curved spine, uneven shoulders and eyes, she glided about in a close-cropped wig, bound by a fillet or solid band of gold, her face all animation, and with a witty word for everybody."

"Notwithstanding her natural defects, she made a picturesque appearance." Another writer, alluding to the "unevenness" of her eyes, says "they were, however, large, lustrous, and electrical." Prince Puckler Muskau (who published a tour in Ireland in 1828) describes her as "a little, frivolous, lively woman, neither pretty nor ugly, and with really fine and expressive eyes."

This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of Lady Morgan at a later year of her life :—

"Lady Morgan's person was so well known to the *habitués* of London—at all events, to the classes that belong to the fashionable and literary—that any description for *them* may be, as she would have said, *de trop*; but thousands have been, at one time or other of their lives, interested in her works, and the sort of flying reputation she had for saying and doing odd, but clever, things, and the marvellous *tact* which comprised so much of her talent, or the talent whose greatest society-power was *tact*. To those we say that Lady Morgan was small and slightly deformed; that her head was large, round, and well formed; her features full of expression, particularly the expression that accompanies 'humour,' dimpling, as it does, round the mouth, and sparkling in the eyes. The natural intonations of her voice in conversation were singularly pleasing—so pleasing as to render her 'nothings' pleasant; and whatever affectation hovered about her large green fan, or was seen in the 'way she had' of folding her draperies round her, and looking out of them with true Irish *espèglerie*, the tones of that voice were to the last full of feeling."

Portraits of her were, of course, often painted; more frequently in France than in England. Sir Thomas Lawrence pictured her, but expressed a wish that, if engraved, his name should not go with it! David d'Angers sculptured her bust. The portrait that stands at the head of this Memory is from a photograph taken not very long before her death, but subsequently "worked upon."* It is engraved from the copy she gave us. In 1824 the poet, Samuel Lover, then a miniature-painter in Dublin, painted a portrait of her. It was to have been engraved by Meyer; "but," says Lady Morgan's biographer, "between the painter and the engraver, the result was such unmitigated *ugliness*, that Colburn would not let it appear."

Few writers have aroused more hostility, or have been more thoroughly abused. Her grand enemy was her countryman, John Wilson Croker. It was he who assailed her in the *Quarterly Review*, accusing her, either indirectly or directly, of "licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism." She had her revenge—her character of Crawley junior, in "Florence Macarthy," must have been a bayonet-stab in the very vitals of her foe.† He certainly overshot the mark; there can be no doubt that his severity augmented the popularity of Lady Morgan, and increased the number of her

* The portrait I give of her is engraved from a photograph taken shortly before her death, one of those she gave to many of her friends—ourselves among the rest. The sun picture was not a very good one—being, indeed, only amateur's work; it was tinted by his or her hand. The artist caught something of the well-known expression, some traits of the dear old face. Like most intellectual faces, however, Lady Morgan's was not to be photographed—not even painted; there was an electricity about it which paint-brush could not hope to catch, nor camera to fix.

† Croker, by his earliest work, "Familiar Epistles," is said to have done to death the actor Edwin; at least, it was recorded on Edwin's tombstone, in St. Werburgh's Churchyard, that "his death was occasioned by an illiberal and cruel attack on his professional reputation from an anonymous assassin." Croker, among other "names," called Lady Morgan "a female Methuselah," knowing that was a barbed arrow that was sure to stick.

friends. She was found to be "an awkward customer" whenever she was assailed. She girded on her armour even to the last, and went into battle with no less an adversary than Cardinal Wiseman, who attacked her for having asserted, in her book on Italy, that the sacred chair of St. Peter, when examined, was found to contain this passage in Arabic characters:—"There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" She answered the Cardinal in a pamphlet—it was the old war-horse roused to energy by the trumpet-call to battle. Latterly her sight began to give way, and she was almost blind when she ran a tilt against "his Eminence."

Let us fancy her gay ladyship travelling through France with her little "Irish harp case," that was mistaken for a *petit mort* she had brought over to bury in Père-la-Chaise; buying herself "a *chapeau de soleil* with cornflowers stuck in the side of it—twenty francs;" receiving from Lafayette and his household assurances of "the attachment of three generations;" her "Wednesdays" in the gay city, where the highest and the lowest met—princes, dukes, marshals, counts, actors, Maltese knights, small poets, and small wits—in a word, any celebrity or any notoriety, male or female, was welcome to her *salon*. There the first violin player of France placed her on a raised seat, and declared she was his "inspiration." There Humboldt called and left his card, with the pencilled words, "Toujours malheureux." Generally, however, she "kept clear of the English;" content with any praise, and greedy only of the admiration that was to be had without the asking; yet ever so pleasant, so full of point, so perfect in the *style parlant*, as she terms it, as really to be what she aimed to be—the queen of society.*

If her triumph was less in London than in the Elysées, it was because her worshippers were more phlegmatic than their light-tongued and light-hearted neighbours. Yet her "evenings at home" were always "successes."

Lady Morgan had an idea that she might be the means of bringing together in fraternal intercourse the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of talent on a more extensive scale than was possible in her *maisonnette*. Mr. Mackinnon, of Hyde Park Place, had a large house, a suite of rooms capable of "entertaining" many, and in partnership with that estimable gentleman her plan was to be carried out. He was to issue cards to ladies and gentlemen of his order; she, to those who were eminent in literature, science, and art. The cards were printed accordingly. They expressed that Lady Morgan and Mr. Mackinnon desired to be honoured with the company of So-and-so on the evening of Wednesday, July 16th. It was certainly somewhat startling to read the names thus joined; it was known that the one was a widow, the other a widower, and there was consequently no just cause or impediment why they two should not be joined together. Still it was curious, and

* Among her other peculiarities, her gay ladyship describes herself as a Freemason: a venerable marquise—"the dear *belle et bonne* of Voltaire"—being *grande maîtresse* of a lodge—proposed it to her, and she became "a free and accepted mason." The *belle et bonne* at the inauguration wore a picture of Voltaire, set in brilliants. There were men-masons present, among them the Bishop of Jerusalem, and the actor Talma. "As to the SECRET," she writes, "it shall never pass these lips, in holy silence sealed;" and certainly her ladyship may well wonder how it was that a secret confided to many women, young, and beautiful, and worldly, should never have been revealed. She does not tell us if she wore an apron, but the *belle et bonne* marquise did; and so the *illustrée Anglaise* was added to the list of free and accepted masons—"received with acclamation and three rounds of applause, and cries of 'Honneur! honneur!'"

"gossip" might have been excused, especially as the card was lithographed in the joint names, that of Lady Morgan standing first. We received our invitation from her ladyship's own hands, and accepted it. On the evening of the 16th we duly entered the drawing-room at Hyde Park Place. We heard titles of all degrees announced; but hardly a name eminent in literature, art, or science greeted our ears. There were present perhaps two hundred people of rank, but, excepting ourselves and three or four others of our "calling," Lady Morgan had no followers to fraternise with those of Mr. Mackinnon. Speculation was in vain as to the cause of so appalling an effect. The lady was evidently irate; there was no way of accounting for the humiliating fact, and, as may be supposed, the evening passed off with amazing dulness, for the co-operation of no other lions had been sought. A few days afterwards the mystery was explained. Mr. Mackinnon had agreed to envelope and direct such cards as were to go to his "order," Lady Morgan undertaking the transmission of such as were intended to lure the magnates of her own circle and craft. The cards, properly prepared and addressed, she handed to Mr. Mackinnon's butler for the post; but either that important functionary forgot his duty, or grudged the postage, or thought it beneath him and his master to invite so many untitled guests—at all events, they were subsequently found safe in his desk, where they had been in comfortable seclusion from the day when dear Lady Morgan placed them in his hands. It is needless to say, there began and ended the scheme of her ladyship to bring together the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of talent.

She had that cordiality of manner which "took" at once, and did not permit you time to inquire if it were sincere. She was, however, entirely free from literary jealousy; * she would aid, and not depress, young authorship; she was often generous with her purse, as well as her pen and tongue; there was nothing mean about her; and flattered as she had been from her youth upwards, is it wonderful that her large organ of self-esteem occasionally assumed a character of arrogance? that when she called herself "*Glorvina*," it was her weakness to persuade herself how closely she resembled that brilliant creation of her fancy; that she was, in a word, *vain*, although her vanity may have been but the skeleton of pride?

She was essentially *matérielle*. In no one of her letters, in no part of her journal, can there be found the remotest reference to that High Power from which her genius was derived, which protected her wayward and perilous youth, her prosperous womanhood, and her popular, if not honoured, old age. There is no word of prayer or of thanksgiving in any of her written thoughts.

Her tact was portable, applicable, alive, alert, marketable, good-natured, ever ready at call, and consequently often useful; yes, and useful to others as well as to herself, for she was continually "on the watch" to serve a friend and set aside

* When both Sir Charles and Lady Morgan wrote for a well-known periodical, they were ever ready to foster young talent; and I call to mind with gratitude her generous criticism on the works of an author, whom a less generous nature would have thought a poacher on what she might have considered her own Irish preserve. Lady Morgan had her quick and national appreciation of an absurdity or a weakness, and could not help having "a fling" at it; it was your neighbour's turn to-day, and might be yours to-morrow; but what matter? she would do you a kindness, and be really glad to do it, all the same. She never put the young aspirant for celebrity aside, to pay more attention to a titled visitor.

a difficulty. Lady Morgan had no left hand, no deaf ear, "no blind side;" she was life, bright life, from top to toe. Even when her receptions were over, and, at her great age, it might have been supposed she had gone wearied and languidly to bed, she chattered cheerfully to her maid, and closed her eyes with a jest.

She was created for society—enjoyed and lived in society to the last: nothing annoyed her so much as being invited to a *small party*. She liked the crowded room, the loud announcement, and the celebrity she had earned. Her vanity was charming; it was different from every other vanity; it was so *naïve*, so original, and she admitted it with the frankness of a child. "I know I am vain," she once said to Mrs. Hall, "but I have a right to be so. It is not put off and on, like my *rouge*; it is always with me, it sleeps with me, wakes with me, companions me in my solitude, and arrays itself for publicity whenever I go abroad. I wrote books when your mothers worked samplers, and demanded freedom for Ireland when Dan O'Connell scrambled for gulls' eggs among the wild crags of Derrynane." "I *am* vain," she said, on another occasion, to Mrs. Hall, "but I have a right to be so. Look at the number of books I have written! Did ever woman move in a brighter sphere than I do? My dear, I have three invitations to dinner to-day; one from a duchess, another from a countess, a third from a diplomatist—I will not tell you who—a very naughty man, who, of course, keeps the best society in London. Now what right have I, my father's daughter, to this? What am I? A pensioned scribbler! Yet I am given gifts that queens might covet. Look at that little clock: *that* stood in Marie Antoinette's dressing-room. When the Louvre was pillaged, Denon met a *bonnet rouge* with it in his hand, and took it from him. Denon gave it to me." Then, with a rapid change, she added, "Ah, that is a long time ago! Princes and princesses, celebrities of all kinds, have presented me with the *souvenirs* you see around me, and they would make a wiser woman vain."

If you complimented her on her looking "so much better," she would reply, "Perhaps I am better rouged than usual." Once a lady, not famous for sincerity, said, "Dear Lady Morgan, how lovely your hair is! How *do* you preserve its colour?" "By dyeing it, my dear; I see you want the receipt." When we were so fortunate as to find her alone, we were charmed by her mingling of acute observation with much that was genial and generous; but our enjoyment would be, at times, suddenly disturbed by a sarcasm—just as when in a delicious sandwich you are stung by an unwieldy drop of mustard.

Devoted as Lady Morgan appeared to be—to strangers—to the frivolities of the world, she had sound and rational views of life and its duties as a daughter and a wife. Speaking with Mrs. Hall of some young ladies suddenly bereft of fortune, she said, with an emphatic movement of her dear old green fan—"They do everything that is fashionable—*imperfectly*; their singing, and drawing, and dancing, and languages amount to nothing. They were educated to marry, and, had there been time, they might have gone off *with*, and hereafter *from*, husbands. They cannot earn their salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give *every* girl, no matter her rank, a trade—a *profession*, if the word pleases better. Cultivate *one thing* to *perfection*, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent—drawing, music, embroidery, housekeeping even; give her a staff to lay hold of; let her feel, '*That* will carry me through life

without dependence!' *I* was independent at fourteen, and never went in debt."

Perhaps no writer ever owed less to experience than Lady Morgan. The faults of her youth were the faults of her age. She was never young. Her mind attained its majority at a very early period. She carried the same views, the same ideas, the same prejudices, the same craving for liberty, the same sympathies, into her more aspiring works on France and Italy, as she did in her novels; the same contradictory love for republicanism and aristocracy, the same vanity—a vanity the most abounding, yet so unlike in its perfect and undisguised honesty, its self-avowing frankness, to all other vanities, that it became absolutely a charm—perhaps one of her greatest charms.

The last time Mrs. Hall saw "the Wild Irish Girl," she was seated on a couch in her bed-room—a picturesque ruin of old-lady womanhood. Her black silk dressing-gown fell round her *petite* form, which seemed so fragile that she feared to see the old lady move. "Why, Lady Morgan!" she said, "you are looking far better than I expected; you are really looking well." "Ah, no, my dear," she said in reply, "I am not; you should see me in the morning—it's the rouge! it's the rouge!"

I may, with propriety, follow a Memory of Lady Morgan by Recollections of some other of the Irish authors with whom I have been acquainted. They must be brief "notices," nothing more; but it would be easy for me to enlarge them.

They "loom" around me as I write. Foremost among them is

JOHN BANIM.

JOHN BANIM was one of the authors of the "O'Hara Tales" (the other, his elder brother, Michael, is still alive in their native town, Kilkenny), and he was the sole author of many novels and some poems of much beauty and power. I knew him first so far back as 1822, when he occupied, with me, a cottage at South Bank, St. John's Wood, our landlord being our next-door neighbour—Ugo Foscolo—of whom, in due time, I shall have to speak.

Banim was essentially one of the people. His wife, a very lovely young woman then, was peasant-born. At that time he was labouring to earn bread by his pen in London: precarious and scanty, until he "hit upon" a new idea, and drew attention to Ireland, that had long been regarded as a barren field, for Maria Edgeworth and Lady Morgan were then its only cultivators, and they were gradually retiring from it. Banim may be considered as the founder of that class of fiction which became at once, and immensely, popular. The public was not unjust to John Banim, although ultimately his circumstances were very inauspicious; and, but for the Government pension he enjoyed, his days might have ended in unmitigated poverty.

He was a Roman Catholic, with opinions that, in later days, have assumed a

hostile, bitter, though senseless, attitude to England; and it is not unfair to say that his several books were tainted by his peculiar views.

Banim was first known to the world as the "coadjutor" of Shiel in the production of a tragedy—*Damon and Pythias*—performed at Covent Garden in 1821, when the author was twenty-four years old. It is understood, however, that Shiel's part of the production extended to little more than advice, "clippings," and a recommendation to the manager. Its success was mainly owing to the brilliant and powerful acting of Macready. At that time Banim was studying art rather than letters, and taught drawing in Dublin. On the strength of this gleam of sunshine he married, and ventured to buffet the stream in London, residing first at a cottage in Amelia Place, Brompton—the cottage in which Curran had sometime lived, and where he died.

I saw him there, knew him intimately afterwards, and had renewed intercourse with him at a subsequent period, when he resided in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, previous to his prolonged residence in France under circumstances of embarrassment approaching penury. It was sought to raise a fund for his support, towards which Ireland, who owed him so much, was a niggardly contributor, although a public meeting was held in Dublin, at which Shiel presided; and similar meetings took place in other parts of the country.

During many after-years—in England, France, and Ireland—his health was deplorably bad; the lower extremities were paralysed, and he was incapable of action, except with his head and hands. These, however, were active; dismal necessity made them so; but his popularity had waned, and to make out the means of life was a hard, almost an impossible, task. I arranged for him the sale of his latest novel (he was then residing at Boulogne) for a sum by no means adequate to his hopes; and in 1835 he returned to Ireland, like the wounded stag, to die where he was raised—in his native city of Kilkenny. "I found him," writes his ever good, upright, and loving brother, "laid listlessly on a sofa, his useless limbs at full length; his open hand was on the arm of the couch, and his sunken cheek rested on his pillow. I looked down on a meagre, attenuated, almost white-headed old man." Friends rallied round him, however, giving sympathy for his sorrow; and aid more substantial frequently came to his bed of physical suffering. One of the Queen's pensions—£150 a year—was accorded to him, mainly, I believe, by the instrumentality of the good Earl of Carlisle. It brought sunshine to the gloom at Windgap Cottage, and made comparatively happy the remaining years of his life; for he lived, "bedridden," until July, 1842, when his days of anguish were closed.

A small pension was subsequently granted to his widow, who survived their only child, a daughter.

Banim, in his prime, was a good specimen of the Irish Celt. His face was full, somewhat too much so, heavy in the lower part, with a broad forehead and grey eyes, such as can beam with gentle love, or be rapidly lit into fierce fire. He was somewhat pitted with the small-pox, but his face was handsome, and certainly expressive. He was sadly changed when I saw him last: physical suffering had, perhaps, impaired his mind; and although not quite the wreck his loving and devoted brother describes, it was impossible to look upon him without a sense of pain. He was born in 1798, and died in 1842.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

GERALD GRIFFIN was born in 1803, in Limerick: he was the ninth son of his father, a brewer in the "city of violated treaties." At the age of nineteen he was in London, picking up a precarious living by literature; struggling with absolute poverty, without friends, without experience, almost without hope. He had dreams of fame, indeed; for in his pocket he carried some poems and an unfinished tragedy, and had grand notions of great things to come. He found the publishers cold, of course; crawled where he expected to fly; and lay broken in spirit and almost in heart at the foot of the mountain, the summit of which he had fancied it easy to reach by the aids of energy and industry associated with genius.

He found a useful adviser and friend in John Banim—himself a struggler in the mighty vortex of London; and at Banim's I met him more than once. He was then a delicate, or rather refined-looking young man, tall and handsome, but with mournful eyes, and that unmistakable something which prognosticates a sad life and an early death. He had long dark hair, and a forehead that indicated intellectual power; but there was deep sadness in his looks, even in his attitudes, as if Hope had been omitted in the organisation of his brain. Though little more than a boy, he seemed already exhausted; way-worn, though so fresh on life's journey. I saw him many years afterwards under more favourable auspices in Limerick, and once again in Cork in 1839, a few months before his death.

His story is a sad one, yet its like may be told of many, some of whom triumphed over, while others succumbed to, a dismal fate.

His play, *Gisippus*, was written, or rather completed, in "coffee-houses," and upon little slips of paper. Where or how he was lodged nobody knew. Sickened by "repeated delays and disappointments" when he sought admission into periodicals, employment as a translator, willing to be a literary drudge, a bookseller's hack, anything that could keep away actual starvation—for it had nearly come to that when a friend once discovered him, and ascertained that he had been three days without food—no wonder he "wished he could lie down quietly, die, and be forgotten." Banim, having missed him for many weeks, went in search of, and found him in a miserable attic. "His landlady spoke of him in terms of pity, represented him as in great distress; she was afraid he denied himself the commonest necessities; he appeared in bad spirits, dressed but indifferently, shut himself up for days together in his room without sending for any provisions, and when he went out, it was only at nightfall." Yet he might have had help; more than one of his good and loving brothers would have given it, not out of superfluities, but out of needs; and when Banim tendered aid (although Banim was himself, at that time, hardly better off) it was indignantly rejected. He had the proverbial waywardness of genius; the pride that does *not* ape humility: he had all sorts of aliases, and shrunk from giving notoriety to his own name. He seems to have had a morbid horror of patronage, and turned away with apparent loathing from even the friendship that would have ministered to his necessities.

His novel, "The Collegians," did, indeed, find its way to fame, and so

did his tales of "The Munster Festivals," but the charmer whispered to him in vain;* his very heart seemed blighted; and he sought and, it is to be hoped, found shelter at the foot of the Cross.

In 1836, when I saw him at Limerick, he had determined upon joining some religious fraternity. He had obtained and nourished an idea that his novels were sins, of which he ought to repent; and that poetry was an offering at the feet of Satan, instead of grateful incense to the God of Mercy and of Love. As a preparation for his future, one gloomy night he burned all his manuscripts, and wrote no more; he joined the "Society of Christian Brothers"—"a society that, besides fulfilling all the pious exercises of the monastic state, devotes its best energies to the religious and moral instruction of the children of the poor." In this new vocation he might have been very useful; but the lamp had burned down, there was little oil left, it flickered and died out.

On the 12th of June, 1840, he was laid in "the little burying-ground" on Shandon Hill, Cork, where, as he had written, "the headstones of a few Brothers invite us to a *de profundis* and a thought on the end of all things." It was of fever he died; but the seeds of death had been planted "long ago," and he was an easy victim to the common enemy—or friend—of humankind. Thus his prophecy of himself was fulfilled:—

"In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling.
That I was to die in the noon of my day."

I recall him, and with mournful satisfaction, as I saw him at Cork in 1839; he was dressed not as a monk, but in the half-clerical garb of "the Brothers." The melancholy of his countenance, and the subdued solemnity of manner that had impressed me in his youth, had become deeper, more solemn, and more sad. I can but compare him then to a hunted stag, that, wayworn, panting, and shaken in limb and heart by efforts to escape, rolls its large, earnest, and melancholy eyes, as it draws a last breath and sinks on the sward a victim to eager and relentless hounds.

But the fate of Gerald Griffin might have been far different. He had to endure no self-reproach; nothing of immorality or wrong-doing had engendered remorse. He was not, as his friend Banim was, a martyr to disease; indeed, his health never gave way in the contest; he had friends who, if not wealthy, were prosperous, who had helped, and would have continued to help, him "up the steep;" appreciating admirers were numerous, and critics had never been "unkind." He was simply a coward in the battle of life. He had suffered privations and disappointments; but who has obtained literary distinction without them? These were almost his only pangs; and when hope altogether left him, and he sought escape in solitude and ascetic gloom, victory was almost within his reach, and he knew it to be so; he "gave in" when he might have run the race that was set before him, to arrive in triumph at the goal, and to wear the crown he could have won.

* Twenty years after his first attempts to bring it on the stage, the rejected of the managers, his play, *Gisippus*, was produced at Drury Lane by Macready, and was "eminently successful." Griffin had then been two years in the grave.

SAMUEL LOVER.

IF a Memory of SAMUEL LOVER is associated with that of Lady Morgan, it is not because they were friends. They were friends, indeed, at an earlier period of the young poet-artist's career, but "my lady," perhaps, assumed too much, and Lover was disposed to concede too little, for she considered him indebted to her for much of his fame, while he was disposed to think she stood in the way of it; and they quarrelled thenceforward for their lives.

Lover was born in Dublin in 1792, and died in 1869. He was twice married, and leaves a daughter by his first wife: she is the wife of a distinguished German professor. He enjoyed, for some years before his death, one of the literary pensions. Rest, and a steady income derived from his songs and plays, made his later days comfortable. He resided some time at Seven-oaks, removing to Jersey, where in tranquillity and comfort, carefully watched and tended by his devoted wife, he died. He is buried at Kensal Green, where she has erected a monument to his memory.

Lover began life as a miniature painter, and attained high professional standing. Some of his productions would not suffer by comparison with those of the best artists of his time. But at a very early age he wrote verses and composed music—borrowing, no doubt, generally from old or obsolete Irish airs, as in the case of "Rory O'More" and "Molly Carew;" others, however, he claimed to have originated, as "The Angel's Whisper." Of the science he knew little; but he had a correct ear, refined taste, and a voice of limited compass, but much expression. He was also an admirable *raconteur*—of Irish stories especially. Those who have heard him recite his "New Pittateys" and "Will ye lend me the loan of a gridiron?" will not easily forget them. He also wrote a dozen or more of successful dramas, some of which keep places on the stage, as *The Irish Lion* and *The White Horse of the Peppers*.* He did, indeed, make an effort to act as well as to write them; but his acting was a failure, although he succeeded in giving reading-lectures that were popular both in England and America.

I copy Mrs. Hall's Memory of the artist-poet:—

"The much-admired novel of 'Rory O'More' grew out of the popularity of the song of that name. The melody had a wonderful 'run'—on street organs as well as in the drawing-room. It keeps its place in both, and is a favourite with our continental neighbours. Not long ago, at Brussels, we heard the bugler of the omnibus that runs to Waterloo making the streets re-echo to the playful air of 'Rory O'More.'

* Much of their success was owing to the admirable acting of Power. Poor Tyrone Power, who was lost in the *President* (the ship that sailed from New York with favouring breezes, and full of passengers buoyant with hope, some twenty years ago, and has never since been heard of, even by a fragment of wreck), has had no successor on the modern stage. He was the very embodiment of Irish character—playing with equal zest, force, and truth the Irish gentleman and the Irish bog-trotter. Indeed, in a play (*The Groves of Blarney*), written for him by Mrs. S. C. Hall in 1830, and which was performed ninety nights at the Adelphi, he sustained three characters, each very distinct and different from the other—a gentleman of the old school, a peasant of the better class, and a "natural" (a sort of half-idiot). Power was a little, active, energetic man, much pock-marked, yet with a countenance capable of very varied expression; his brogue was rich and oily; he never "over-did" his parts; he seemed to be, and was, an Irishman to the very life. He was not, however, a mere imitator of his countrymen; he had a capacious mind, and his personations were neither chances nor copies.

"Mr. Lover's 'Handy Andy' was the most national, if not the most successful, of his Irish novels, abounding in that racy Irish humour, and illuminated by sudden flashes of wit, with which he knew how to enrich his inimitable shorter stories. As a lecturer Mr. Lover had to contend against physical defects which would have swamped a less persevering or adventurous spirit at the onset; but in England and America he lectured with great success. His voice, both in singing and speaking, was feeble, yet he managed to make expression take the place of strength; and the interest of his audience, once excited, he never suffered to flag. His features were really better than those of his matchless countryman, 'Tom Moore,' but they had not the buoyant, *joyeuse* expression, the 'fly-away-care' bewitchment of

'The poet of all circles, and the *darling* of his own.'

Still, the next delight to hearing Moore discourse the sweet music of his country was to hear 'Sam Lover' murmur 'The Angel's Whisper,' 'The Fairy Boy,' 'The Four-leaved Shamrock,' or, abandoning pathos for humour, burst into 'Molly Carew,' or any one of those 'rollicking' yet delicate songs that never called a blush, except of innocent pleasure, to a woman's cheek. Certainly Lover

'Ran through each change of the lyre,'

and if not exactly 'master of all,' out of more than two hundred lyrics he has left some that will strike the heart, and dim, as well as brighten, the eyes of all true lovers of genuine melody and poetry as long as the English language endures." *

THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

CROLY excelled in many ways—poet, dramatist, biographer, novelist, historian, commentator, public speaker, preacher, and political writer. He wrote a successful play, *Pride shall have a Fall*; he was the author of two popular novels, "Salathiel" and "Marston;" and he produced several works on abstruse matters of theology—among the rest a new interpretation of the Apocalypse of St. John.

Jerdan says that Croly's two sisters, his wife (a Miss Begbie), and his eldest daughter were "poetesses" of no mean order.

Croly was a large and heavy man, ponderous in appearance and in manner; his head was much beyond the usual size; the forehead broad, but receding; the organ of benevolence was not there, and there was very little of that of veneration. It was essentially a Celtic head. His voice was loud and solemn, but not impressive; there was nothing of conciliation in it; nothing of the gentle and persuasive elements so valuable to the Christian teacher. I did not often hear him preach: he had a sort of rude and, indeed, angry eloquence, that would have stood him in better stead at the bar than in the pulpit. His voice, aspect, and manner altogether, would have "told" well on the Bench,

* We have a large number of Lover's letters—some of them very interesting—from America; but as his widow intends to publish a Memoir of him, I have thought it right to place them at her disposal.

where he would certainly have been "a terror to evil-doers." It will be seen that Croly did not impress me favourably; yet at one period I was thrown much in his way: we were associated to promote the purpose of a private charity, and he wrote weekly, from 1839 to 1846, the leading articles for the *Britannia* newspaper, of which I was some years the directing editor. He was a fierce politician, and hated political opponents.

In 1838 I applied to him for some aid to a biography; he indignantly refused it, writing, "I must request that nothing whatever shall be said about me or my career in any work of yours, or where you have any influence. I should regard it as the last personal offence. There is, therefore, an end of the matter."

He changed his mind, and some time afterwards supplied me with a long memoir, in which, however, he was by no means communicative concerning himself; indeed, I had afterwards reason to know that the subject might have been distasteful to him.

One of the latest incidents of his life was very gratifying to him. During the mayoralty of his friend Sir Francis Graham Moon, his admirers and parishioners subscribed to present to him a testimonial. Strange to say, the testimonial was his own bust.*

Croly was eloquent in the brief speech he delivered on the occasion: although aged then, he seemed vivacious in body and in mind.

He was born in 1780, and died suddenly, near his residence in Bloomsbury Square, on the 24th of November, 1860. In England he was first a curate on the skirts of bleak and barren Dartmoor; and it was not until 1835 that church preferment came to him. There was a huge gap between, and if Croly were a "disappointed clergyman," it is no wonder. To himself, no doubt, he refers in these lines:—

"Hast thou, Man of Intellect!
Seen thy soaring spirit checked;
Struggling in the righteous cause,
Champion of God's slighted laws;
Seen the slave or the supine
Win the prize that should be thine?"

For some time he had the chaplaincy of the Foundling Hospital, but resigned it because some of the managers of the charity thought his sermons to be above the comprehension of his hearers. Croly protested that his auditors were not merely the children and servants of the institution, but dwellers in the neighbourhood—a neighbourhood which, he said, "contained perhaps the most intelligent population in England," and who had become indifferent or disdainful of Christianity because of "the verbiage of which they heard so much."

"Their alienation," he wrote, "is not from religion, but from the senseless argument and the shallow appeal, from the tiresome reiteration of obsolete trivialities and dreary truisms, from pathos without feeling, and all that dull pantomime of oratory in which a white handkerchief is a figure of speech."

* That bust he bequeathed to the parish, to be placed in the church.

REV. CHARLES MATURIN.

AMONG those who attained large popularity in Dublin when Lady Morgan was famous there, was the Rev. CHARLES MATURIN. It was he who introduced me to "my lady," and he honoured me with his "patronage." I do not mean the sentence as a sneer, for he had then achieved renown, and I was but on the threshold of "a life of letters." I had then published a poem which attracted his attention; it is utterly forgotten, as it ought to be.

As the author of two successful tragedies, *Bertram* and *Manuel* (in which the elder Kean sustained the leading parts), and of several popular novels, the name is not one that I can pass over in my "Memories," independently of the obligation he conferred on me. Moreover, he was an eloquent preacher, although probably he mistook his calling when he entered the Church. Among his many eccentricities I remember one: it was his habit to compose while walking about his large and scantily-furnished house; and always, on such occasions, he placed a wafer on his forehead—a sign that none of his family or servants were to address him then—to endanger the loss of a thought that might enlighten a world.*

He was always in "difficulties." In Lady Morgan's Memoirs it is stated that Sir Charles Morgan raised a subscription for Maturin, and supplied him with £50. "The use he made of the money was to give a grand party. There was little furniture in the reception-room, but at one end of it there had been erected an old theatrical property-throne, and under a canopy of crimson velvet sat—Mr. and Mrs. Maturin!" He was born in 1782, and died in 1824.

RICHARD LALOR SHIEL.

ALTHOUGH RICHARD LALOR SHIEL was Master of the Mint, he was also the author of a successful tragedy, *Evadne*, and took high stand as an author. He was born in 1791, and died in 1851, at Florence, where he was British Envoy. As one of the leading Roman Catholics who fought side by side with O'Connell for the "emancipation" they obtained, he made himself a name in Ireland—where, however, it is forgotten now, for he was a staunch adherent to the Union that binds the two countries, and did not follow his "leader" in his insane efforts for "Repeal." Shiel was the very opposite of O'Connell in person, mind, and pursuits; the one was "burly and big," the other small of frame, and constitutionally delicate; the one had a powerful voice, that could have filled the Coliseum, that of the other was thin and weak, and sometimes fell into a positive squeak. Yet Shiel was perhaps more of an orator than O'Connell; he was not a ready speaker, and had to learn his best speeches by heart. His most famous oration is in print—that delivered at Pennington Heath. It is a grand display of eloquence, and did much to accomplish the object for which the great meeting was held—to obtain the co-operation of England in pressing the Catholic claims on the Government. But that speech was not delivered as it

* The anecdote is related by Lockhart in his "Life of Scott." But I have seen Maturin so "decorated." Sir Walter Scott described his tragedy of *Bertram* as "grand and powerful; the language most animated and poetical; and the characters sketched with a masterly enthusiasm."

was printed. It was said, and generally believed at the time, that he lost the written copy of it *en route* to the place of assembly.

He was a man of kindly nature, very agreeable in manners, and a thorough gentleman ; while his person, though small, was much in his favour.

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN.

THERE was another eminent Irishman—THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN—who for more than half a century occupied a prominent position in literature, and a position still more prominent in society. Though an aged man before he died, he looked young to the last ; and his natural gaiety of mind and manners seemed but little impaired by years. He cannot be described as an author by profession ; his novels were results of frequent travels on the Continent, a long residence in Belgium, and, it may be, a general love of literature ; but Fate had been more auspicious to him than to many of his brethren of the pen. He was for many years Consul at Boston, and afterwards held a similar post at Antwerp, where English visitors ever found in him a ready adviser and friend. From that post he retired in favour of one of his sons, spending the remainder of his days in elegant and comfortable leisure, with nothing to do but to enjoy himself ; and that he did to the full. He was born in Dublin in 1795, and died in July, 1864.

SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, BART.

ANOTHER eminent Irishman was SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, BART. I knew Mr. Emerson before he became famous and took the name of his lady, when his prospect of representing in Parliament his native city (Belfast) was remote and small, although from the commencement of his career he gave promise of achieving the distinction at which he aimed. He was active, energetic, and intelligent ; a good and fluent speaker ; and his latest work, resulting from his official residence at Ceylon, supplies conclusive evidence that his powers of observation were great, his capacity large, his abilities, indeed, of a high order ; and that it was by no means altogether by chance that he was elevated to a position which, at the outset of life, seemed so far out of his reach. Moreover, he had personal advantages which assisted him when other aids were his : he was handsome of person, and essentially a courteous gentleman, who neglected none of the minor arts by which friends are made. He was born early in the present century, and died in March, 1869.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

AND surely a word is due to the memory of SHERIDAN KNOWLES. He was thoroughly GENUINE—simple, natural, and good—a nature unspoiled by great success. He was humble as a child when the press and the public proclaimed

him the first writer of tragedies of the age ; and he had right to high rank, if to produce a successful tragedy be, as it is considered to be, the loftiest achievement of genius.

Yes, he was a very simple man ; there was not an atom of affectation, pretence, or assumption about him ; he looked what he was—a child of nature, although his associations had been all his life long with the footlights.

Macready told me of his utter astonishment when Knowles read to the great actor the grandest of his plays—*Virginus*. "What !" he said, half pleasantly and half seriously, "you the author of that tragedy ! Why, you look more like the captain of a Leith smack !" And so he did in those days, for he had a ruddy complexion that indicated little of the lamp, and a cheerfulness of air and manner that spoke nothing of hope deferred.

He was but a poor actor. The "brogue" never quite left him, and his mind seemed more intent on the matter than the manner of the stage. Yet in some parts in his own plays he achieved considerable repute—notably as Master Walter in the *Hunchback*. His earnestness and deep feeling were sound atonements for lack of dramatic skill.

It is known that in his later days he became (or at all events took the rôle of) a Baptist minister. It was not my good fortune ever to have heard him preach, which I now much regret, although I am told it was a performance that one might have been satisfied to witness but once.

I remember Harley relating to me an encounter with him in an omnibus. Harley said, "Why, Sheridan, you have not been to see us lately." "Oh no !" was the reply, in a tone subdued to sadness ; "I have given up all such sinful thoughts and pleasures !" After a while, however, the old leaven was uppermost. Suddenly he seemed alive, and exclaimed, "But, by the way, how do you get on with your pantomime this year ?"

We can scarcely fancy the change—from the pleasant to the sedate, the gay to the lugubrious—Sheridan Knowles "doffing his gaudy suit," his coat of motley, and becoming,

"by commutation strange,
A reverend divine."

But whatever and wherever he was, Sheridan Knowles was in earnest—simple, honest, and true always. He was born in Dublin in 1784, and died in London on the 1st of December, 1862, having been twice married, and leaving children by his first wife.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

I KNEW but little of CARLETON, and was not desirous of knowing more. Although undoubtedly a powerful writer, a vigorous and accurate delineator of Irish character—one, indeed, whose works will always have value, an increasing value, as Irish peculiarities become less and less distinct and formidable—he was not respected in the better circles of the city in which he dwelt, Dublin ; while his habits were such as, in a great degree, to exclude him from society.

He was essentially a peasant—peasant-born and peasant-bred. Educated

among those who nourished intense hatred of England and Protestantism; brought up to be a priest; mingling from childhood with the people he was afterwards to depict, acquiring the manners he was to describe, and cherishing the prejudices which formed the staple of his stories, it is no marvel if he were a coarse delineator, and exhibited the worst features of the national character.

In the cabin, the hedge school, the "shebeen," among "the factions," he received his early education; and the "schooling" appertaining to them no one has ever pictured with such fidelity.

The grade he pictures is below that of Banim, and far beneath that of Griffin. They had much the same training; but the companionship of these two was not confined, as was that of Carleton, to the classes that perpetuated prejudice; they were, by comparison, gentlemen; they had, at least, associated with gentlemen, while he was what in Ireland they call a "Jackeen." Yet perhaps he surpassed them in the power with which he painted pictures from the life, and has certainly left behind him books that will, one day or other, interest as traits and stories of a time as much forgotten as is the old Norman language in the Irish barony of Forth.

There were other reasons that made him lose caste, low as it was. He "turned" more than once—was a Protestant one day, a Catholic the next, and again a Protestant, when the conviction of the moment was stilled or stifled.

He was rather above than below the middle size, thick-set, with a face of the lower Irish type, giving little indication of the great ability he undoubtedly possessed. For the rest, he had one of the Crown pensions of £200 a year. There were scores of his countrymen by whom it was better deserved, but, like most things that are done in Ireland, it savoured of "a job." He was born in 1798, and died in January, 1869.

THE REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

THERE are many who regret the absence from earth of "Father Prout"—the REV. FRANCIS MAHONY; not that he had many of the qualities that endear man to man. At one period of his life he had, I believe, very social qualities—perhaps too many. He was a *bon compagnon* in his early manhood, but of late he was entirely absorbed in himself. His visits to London were not often; they seemed hurried, as if he longed to return to his life of mingled anchorite and sensualist in Paris, where of him and his attic many strange stories are told.

Francis Mahony was born in Cork, in the year 1800. His father was a respected merchant of that city, and in his youth he lacked nothing that money could procure. As a Roman Catholic, however, and the son of a tradesman, he did not find his way into "society," for the prejudices of religion and caste ran high there at that time. He was, therefore, educated in France and in Rome. Maynooth did not then exist: happy would it be for Ireland if it had never existed. The Irish priests that were educated on the Continent, by associating with gentlemen, and in comparative freedom from fetters of bigotry, became enlightened, intelligent, and liberal.

In 1835, or thereabouts, Mahony became a permanent resident in London,

joining a "band of brothers" who founded and conducted *Fraser's Magazine*. It was then different from what it is now. It was very brilliant; its writers were the most renowned "wits" of the metropolis; but its object was to imitate the worst features of *Blackwood*; and if it gave the world much that was valuable, it contributed largely to the worst passions that are public and private afflictions.

Maclise was their artist; he was then beginning his career, and carefully concealed his connection with the periodical.*

I spent an evening at one of their Symposiums, held in an obscure public-house, somewhere in Soho, with the "wits" who then sustained *Fraser's Magazine*. "Prout" was in the chair. There were present Percy Banks, who married a sister of the artist Maclise; Churchill, a reckless man of genius, who was literally a "man about town;" Frazer, who edited the *Foreign Quarterly Magazine*; and others whose names I do not remember. They were, excepting Maclise, fast men all of them. Their habits did not suit mine; and though I know there was abundance of wit as well as wine, I do not recall the evening with pleasure. Mahony was a "wit" of the better and of the worse order; a writer of great ability; while his knowledge of the dead languages was profound and ever ready. His translations of several modern songs into Latin are among the triumphs of the pen. His attempt to show the number of foreign tongues, ancient and modern, from which Moore borrowed his rich melodies—by supposititious extracts from many imagined writers—are among the marvels of authorship.

Mahony generally "gave us a call" when he visited London. Sometimes he would enter our drawing-room, keep his hands in his pockets, look all about him, make some observation such as "You have changed your curtains since I was here last," bid us good morning, and retire—his visit occupying some three minutes. At other times he would sit and have "a chat" about old times and forgotten people; then his remarks would be "pithy" and to the point, the geniality of his nature would come out, and he was the pleasant, intelligent, and agreeable companion. But genial he was not; he was terse, sharp, and often bitter; and although his ecclesiastical training had rendered him cautious to a degree that amounted to suspicion, occasionally he would indulge in praise as well as censure, and seem to enjoy the one as much as he did the other.

No doubt he was a Jesuit as well as a priest. He was accused, indeed, of being neither more nor less than "a spy;" and it is not unlikely that he was in continual communication with the General of the Order concerning a hundred things of which he was supposed to take no note. The "Society of Jesus" conceives nothing too low or small to be made available as capital.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (C. L. G.), who knew him well, asserts that—

"He might have had a cardinal's hat but for that which is imputed to him as his one great fault—conviviality. At Rome, so strongly impressed were the leading men of the Church with his abilities that it was intimated to him that he might hope to rise high in honours ecclesiastical

* The earlier volumes of *Fraser's Magazine*, between 1829 and 1834 or 1835, contain many portraits of distinguished persons drawn and etched by Maclise; they were associated with a page of biography and criticism from the pen of Dr. Maginn. As these matters were sometimes bitterly sarcastic, a degree of mystery was kept up as to artist and author. The portraits may therefore be said to have been obtained "surreptitiously," yet they are admirable as likenesses, and capital as specimens of art. Few or none of the persons portrayed actually sat for their portraits. The series would form a curious and interesting collection if brought together, although nine out of ten of the subjects are now gone from earth. I cannot at the moment recall any who are now living except Mrs. S. C. Hall.

if he would devote his exclusive services to the Pope. He assented; a period of probation was assigned, during which it was ascertained that his notions of temperance were too liberal for the Church. Prout told me the temptation he had at Rome, adding, 'Any road, they say, leads to Rome, but would it not have been odd if I had gone to seat myself there through the Groves of Blarney?' I treated his statement, at the time, as a joke, but from one of the highest Church authorities in Paris I subsequently had full confirmation of the fact that the cardinal's hat was actually offered to him in prospect, and that he lost the distinction as I have intimated.*

During the later years of his life he resided in Paris, occupying an *entresol* in the Rue de Moulins. I saw him there but once: he was toasting a mutton chop for his dinner, and on the corner of his table, among letters and MSS., was a worn and not very clean *serviette*—his table-cloth.

His habits were, indeed, those of a recluse; he saw little or no society, kept no servant, and lived a life the very opposite to that of a gentleman. He was every day to be seen at Galignani's—seldom anywhere else, yet generally silent there—strolling in, greeting few or none, reading the papers, conversing not at all on topics of the day's news, and returning to his solitary chamber to read and to write. He was a principal proprietor of the *Globe* newspaper, and, of course, one of its chief writers, not only on foreign, but on home subjects.

A generous and sympathising friend of Mahony thus pictured him in the *Pall Mall Gazette*: the portrait is to the very life:—

"Many of our readers must have remarked, passing in and out the reading-room of Galignani's Library of late years, a figure singular enough to attract a glance of curiosity even in Paris. The figure we mean was that of a little elderly man with an intellectual head, and whose keen bluish eyes had a queer way of looking up sharply over the rims of his spectacles. His garb was ecclesiastical in its general character, but above all was the garb of one very little careful of appearances; for if his shirt happened to be white, it seldom boasted buttons, and there were many days when both whiteness and buttons were wanting to it. The manner of this little figure, too, was as quaint and interesting as his appearance. If you knew him, he saluted you with some quaint, caustic bit of *badinage*, all the richer for a touch of brogue which had long ceased to be provincial, and gave only a fine tinge of nationality that suited the speaker's humour. He would make some half-droll inquiry, tell some droll anecdote, not improbably garnished with a bit of classic parsley in the form of a quotation from Horace, and then, as likely as not, would dart off, sticking his hands in his coat pockets, without saluting either yourself or the companion whom you had introduced to him."

Mahony was born at Cork in 1800, and died in Paris in 1865.

EYRE EVANS CROWE.

ANOTHER of the Irish writers of novels with whom I was acquainted is EYRE EVANS CROWE. They are forgotten now, but "Yesterday in Ireland" and "To-Day in Ireland" competed, and successfully, with the wilder fictions of Banim and Griffin; and his "History of France" keeps its high place among the better order of historical works. Crowe resided many years in Paris, as the French correspondent of newspapers, and was, for a time, editor of the *Daily News*.

I knew him when his first books were published, and had some intercourse with him in Paris more than once; but, unfortunately for me, I saw little of him of late years, for he was a gentleman of rare intelligence, large experience in life and in letters, and his society was ever agreeable and instructive.*

* One of Crowe's sons is the excellent and popular artist, Mr. Eyre Crowe. Crowe was born in 1798, and died in 1868.

THE REV. ROBERT WALSH.
THE RIGHT HON. JOHN EDWARD WALSH.

I HAVE not been able to devote much space to this group of Irish "worthies," but I should be guilty of gross neglect—of ingratitude, indeed—if I left the subject without some expressions of homage and affection as regards my long-valued friend, the Rev. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D., and his admirable and most eminent son, JOHN EDWARD WALSH, the late Master of the Rolls in Ireland.

Dr. Walsh commenced his career in letters as the author of a "History of Dublin;" but he is better known to the world as the author of two singularly well-timed works, "Records of a Residence in Brazil," and of a "Residence in Constantinople." He accompanied his friend, Lord Strangford, as Chaplain to the Embassy to both. After a life of travel and of much valuable labour in many ways, he obtained the Rectory of Finglas, near Dublin, where he died. His much-elder brother, Dr. Edward Walsh, was one of the Physicians to the Forces, and wrote a History of the mournful expedition to Walcheren.

They were both among the most cherished of our friends. With the Rev. Robert Walsh our relations were close and intimate for a long period; we recall him to memory with respect and affection. His son, John Edward, we knew from his early boyhood, and are bound by ties of friendship to his family.

His removal from earth in October, 1869, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two, was one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence we may not seek to fathom. Few better men, in all the relations of life, have ever lived. A sound lawyer, an eloquent pleader, a very learned scholar, and of large capabilities for labour, his rise in his profession was a thing assured long before he attained its most elevated rank. He was Member for the University, Attorney-General, and Master of the Rolls, all within a year, the year 1866. In 1869, having made a vacation tour to Italy, he was attacked with a sudden illness on his way home through Paris, and in that city he died.

The private affliction was grievously heavy: not only his own family, but friends—and he had many—mourned his departure as a grief that had no remedy. The removal was a public loss of vast magnitude. Though a Protestant and a Conservative, he was not a political partisan. All parties had confidence in him—in his sound judgment, generous sympathies, and unimpeachable integrity. It seemed, to our finite view, that he was taken from his country when his country most needed him.

DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

I MAY not close this chapter without a Memory of Daniel MacLise, estimable as an artist and as a man. I knew him when he was a lad in Cork, in the year 1820. I had visited the School of Art in that city, and saw a young boy standing before a desk and drawing from an antique model—one of a series of casts presented by George IV. to the school. I conversed with him, examined his copy, and observed, "My little friend, if you work hard and *think*, you will be a great man one of these days." In the year 1828, when this child had become almost

a man, I encountered him in London, with a portfolio under his arm ; he had become an artist, and was drawing portraits for any who sought his aid, and at such prices as content young men distrustful of their own powers, and who have merely dreamed of fame. Fifty years after my first meeting with Daniel Maclise it is my lot to render homage to his genius ; to class him among the foremost painters of his age ; and to register the fulfilment of my prophecy of half a century ago. Such happy incidents are of rare occurrence.

He was born in Cork : the date of his birth has been given as the 25th of January, 1811. I believe, however, it ought to be 1809. His family was from Scotland, and his father was Scottish born. He held an ensigncy in the Elgin Fencibles,* and went with his regiment into Ireland in 1798. While quartered in Cork he married into a family of the name of Clear, respectable traders in that city, retired from the army, and entered into a business new to him. As might be expected, his avocation turned out unprosperously. It was the high privilege of Daniel Maclise, by genius, industry, and principles honourable to his heart as well as to his mind, to restore the fallen fortunes of his family ; while the father, till the end of his life, was the "honoured guest" of his artist-son.

In 1827 or 1828 he came to London, and entered the schools of the Royal Academy, maintaining himself by painting portraits, &c. During his studentship he gained all the honours for which he competed, including the gold medal for a picture of "The Choice of Hercules :—" this was in 1831.

In 1835 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy ; and in 1841 he was promoted to full honours. I could say much—from long experience—of the genial nature, the high mind and generous heart, of Daniel Maclise ; but I could not say it half so well as it was said by his loving friend, Charles Dickens (alas that I should have to write the *late* Charles Dickens !) at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy :—"Of his genius in his chosen art I will venture to say nothing here, but of his prodigious fertility of mind and wonderful wealth of intellect I may confidently assert that they would have made him, if he had been so minded, at least as great a writer as he was a painter. The gentlest and most modest of men, the freest as to his generous appreciation of young aspirants, and the frankest and largest-hearted as to his peers, incapable of a sordid or ignoble thought, gallantly sustaining the true dignity of his vocation, without one grain of self-assertion, wholesomely natural at the last as at the first, 'in wit a man, in simplicity a child,' no artist, of whatsoever denomination, I make bold to say, ever went to his rest leaving a golden memory more pure from dross, or having devoted himself with a truer chivalry to the art-goddess whom he worshipped."

A more eloquent tribute to the memory of any man was never uttered. I can indorse every word of it : that is all I need say of one whom I honoured and regarded with sentiments of deep respect and earnest affection.

* It is so stated, at least, in several biographies. I do not, however, believe that the father was a *commissioned* officer. In Cork he followed the calling of a shoemaker. It is to the honour, and not to the prejudice, of Maclise that he freed himself from the trammels sometimes created by humble birth. He was in all respects one of nature's gentlemen.



LEIGH HUNT.

LEIGH HUNT was the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, Oct. 19th, 1784. Like Coleridge and Lamb, he was educated at Christ's Hospital, and chiefly under the same grammar-master, and, like Lamb, he was prevented from going to the University (which, on the Christ's Hospital foundation, is understood to imply going into the Church) by an impediment in his speech, which, however, he had the better luck to outgrow. At school, as afterwards, he was remarkable for exuberance of animal spirits, and for passionate attachment to his friends, but did not evince any great regard for his studies, except when the exercises were in verse. His prose themes were so bad that the master used to crumple them up in his hand, and throw them to the boys for their amusement. Animal spirits, a power of receiving delight from the commonest every-day objects, as well as remote ones, and a sort of luxurious natural piety, if I may so speak, are the prevailing influences of Mr. Hunt's writings. His friend Hazlitt used to say of him, in allusion to his spirits, and to his family stock (which is from the West Indies), that he had "tropical blood in his veins."

"He has been an ardent politician in his time, and has suffered in almost every possible way for opinions which, whether right or wrong, he has lived to see, in a great measure, triumph. Time and suffering, without altering them, we understand, have blunted his exertions as a partisan, by showing him the excuses common and necessary to all men, but the zeal which he has lost as a partisan he no less evinces for the advancement of mankind."

These passages are contained in a letter addressed to me by Leigh Hunt in 1838, and were notes for a biography I wrote of him in the "Book of Gems." His ancestors, who originally "hailed" from Devonshire, were, on the father's side, Tories and Cavaliers who fled from the tyranny of Cromwell,



THE BIRTHPLACE OF LEIGH HUNT.

and settled in Barbadoes. His grandmother was "an O'Brien, and very proud of her descent from Irish kings." At the outbreak of the American Revolution, his father, for the zeal he displayed in his speeches and writings on the Royalist side, became obnoxious to the popular party. He was dragged out of his house, and after having narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered, was carried to prison, but was enabled to escape by a heavy bribe to one of the sentinels who guarded him, and getting on board a ship in the Delaware, made his way to Barbadoes, and thence to England. By his loyalty a very considerable landed estate was lost to his family. He ultimately, however,

became a Republican and a "Universalist, a sect that believed all mankind, and even the demons, would be eventually saved." After some time practising as a lawyer in Philadelphia, he "emigrated" to England, and entered the Church, having wedded a lady of Pennsylvania against the consent of her father, "a stern merchant." "She had Quaker breeding," and although of a proverbially "fierce race"—the Shewells—she was meek, kindly, and Christian; and from her, no doubt, the poet derived much of the gentle urbanity and generous sympathy that were essential features in his character. To her, also, he traces a "constitutional timidity" that "often perplexed him through life;" it is not so much seen in his books as it was in his conversation and conduct. This characteristic was noticed by many, who wondered that so "mild" a person should have embarked on the stormy sea of politics, and have become a fierce partisan of the pen.

His father, not long after he made his home in England, took orders, and became tutor to the nephew of the Duke of Chandos, whose name was Leigh, after whom he called his latest-born,* who was nine years younger than the youngest of his brothers, of whom there were several. His father had the spiritual cure of Southgate; and there, Leigh Hunt writes, "I first saw the

*The angel wrote & vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And shewed the names whose love of God had blessed
And he! Ben Whiston's rumoured all the rest.*

Leigh Hunt.

light." Southgate was then "lying out of the way of innovation," with a pure sweet air of antiquity about it, on the border of Enfield Chase, and in the parish of Edmonton. The house is yet standing, and I have engraved it. The neighbourhood retains much of its peculiar character; it has still "an air of antiquity;" of old houses and ancient trees many yet remain; the forest is, indeed, gone, but modern "improvements" have but little spoiled the locality.

In 1792 he entered Christ's Hospital. For eight years he toiled there, bare-headed all that time, save now and then when "he covered a few inches of pericranium with a cap no bigger than a crumpet." Here, however, he obtained a scholarship, under the iron rule of the hard taskmaster of whom something has been said in the Memory of Coleridge. No doubt much of the after-tone of his mind was derived from his long residence in the heart of a great city, and to it may be traced not only his love of streets, but his love of flowers—his luxuries at every period of his life. He was grateful to the Hospital for having "bred him up in old cloisters," for the friendships he formed there, and for the "introductions it

* His names were James Henry Leigh Hunt; so they stand in the baptismal registry, although he is known only as Leigh Hunt.

gave him to Homer and to Ovid." In 1802 his father published a volume of his verses under the title of "Juvenilia," of which the poet in his maturity grew ashamed. For some time he was "in the law-office of his brother Stephen." Gradually he drew in, and gave out, knowledge. He next obtained a clerkship in the War Office, which he relinquished when he became a political writer,—first in a weekly paper called *The News*, and afterwards in the *Examiner*. He was, by profession, a Man of Letters, working with his pen for his daily bread, and "becoming, all at once, a critic of authors, actors, and artists."

In 1808, the two brothers, John and Leigh, "set up" "the *Examiner*, the main objects of which were (as Leigh states in his Autobiography) to assist in producing Reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion in general (especially freedom from superstition), and a fusion of literary taste into all subjects whatsoever."

They soon made it popular, but had to pay a penalty for the freedom of speech that was then, even in its mildest tones, a crime in England. They were tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of £1,000,* for a libel on the Prince of Wales, and they remained in different prisons until the 3rd of February, 1815, John at Coldbath Fields, and Leigh in Surrey Gaol, where, however, he was allowed to have his wife (he had married in 1809) and his children with him, and in various other ways his incarceration was made comparatively light; for here he had many admiring and sympathising visitors, among them Byron, Moore,† Maria Edgeworth, Haydon, and Wilkie.

It has been too generally thought that in the case of this libel the punishment greatly exceeded the offence. Making due allowance for the difference between "now and then," it would not seem so; for perhaps no libel more bitter was ever printed. If the Prince had been a grazier, he would have obtained the protection he claimed from a jury of his countrymen; and if the author had written of the grazier in terms such as he wrote of the Prince, he must have accepted the issue. Here is the marrow of it: there can be no harm in reprinting, to condemn it, half a century and more since it was written. Hunt was commenting upon an

* Some influential friends offered to raise a subscription to pay the fine; but that was declined by the brothers. To this and the heavy expenses incurred in subsequent Government prosecutions (some of which failed, however, in obtaining verdicts against them) may be attributed the pecuniary difficulties which John and Leigh Hunt laboured under during the whole of their lives.

† In Moore's "Twopenny Post-bag," in the midst of political triflings, we come upon these earnest lines on the separation and imprisonment of the two brothers:—

"Go to your prisons—though the air of spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling as if awed,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
Of spring or summer flowers, await you there;
Thoughts such as he, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, never knew!
Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
The zeal whose circling charities begin
With the few loved ones Heaven has placed it near,
Nor cease till all mankind are in its sphere!—
The pride that suffers without vaunt or plea,
And the fresh spirit that can warble free,
Through prison bars, its hymn of liberty!"

article of gross adulation of the Prince in the *Morning Post*:—"Who would have imagined that this 'Adonis in loveliness' was a corpulent gentleman of fifty; in short, that this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honourable, virtuous, true, and immortal prince was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in debt and disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity?"*

The visit of Leigh Hunt to Lord Byron, and its result in the publication of *The Liberal: Verse and Prose from the South*, forms part of the literary history of the epoch. In May, 1822, at Byron's request, Hunt left England for Leghorn, where, in July, he found his attached friend Shelley,† a very few days before the terrible death of that greatly-gifted man of genius. The sad event changed the after-destiny of Leigh Hunt. Byron seems to have liked him but little; their elements could no more have mingled than fire and oil. Their intercourse did not last long. One of the consequences much impaired the reputation of Leigh Hunt. The volume "Byron and his Contemporaries" was a serious error. Leigh Hunt could no more comprehend Byron than Byron could understand and appreciate Leigh Hunt.‡

On his return from the "sunny South," Hunt went to live at Highgate. The sylvan scenery of the London suburb refreshed him; he luxuriated in the natural wealth of the open heath, the adjacent meadows, and the neighbouring woods. The walk across the fields from Highgate to Hampstead, with ponds on one side and Caen Wood on the other, used to be "one of the prettiest in England;" and he says of the fairest scenes in Italy, "I would quit them all for a walk over the fields from Hampstead." He had, indeed, long loved the locality. Before he left England he had dwelt in a pretty cottage at Hampstead; it is still standing, and but little altered. The accompanying engraving will show that it remains—fit dwelling for a poet: as, indeed, it still is, for a poet now inhabits the place, which is hallowed to him by a memory of his predecessor. Shelley went often to visit Leigh Hunt there, delighting in the natural broken ground, and in the fresh air of the place, which "used to give him an intoxication of animal spirits." Here he swam his paper-boats in the pond, and played with children;

* It was contained in the *Examiner*, No. 221, published on Sunday, 22nd March, 1812. In one of his letters to Mrs. Hall, Leigh Hunt writes:—"The libel would not have been so savage had I not been warmed into it by my indignation at the Regent's breaking his promises to the Irish." "It originated in my sympathies with the sufferings of the people of Ireland." When Leigh Hunt met O'Connell some years afterwards, the latter told him how much the article delighted him, but that he had felt certain as to the penalties it would draw down upon its author.

† I find this description of Shelley in one of the letters written to me by Leigh Hunt:—"Shelley was tall and slight of figure, with a singular union of general delicacy of organisation and muscular strength. His hair was brown, prematurely touched with grey; his complexion fair and glowing; his eyes grey and extremely vivid; his face small and delicately featured, especially about the lower part; and he had an expression of countenance, when he was talking in his usual earnest fashion, giving you the idea of something 'seraphical.'" Hazlitt said "he looked like a spirit." In the same letter occurs this sketch of his friend Keats:—"Keats was under the middle size, and somewhat large above, in proportion to his lower limbs, which, however, were neatly formed; and he had anything in his dress and general demeanour but that appearance of levity which has been strangely attributed to him in a late publication. In fact, he had so much of the reverse, though in no unbecoming degree, that he might be supposed to maintain a certain jealous care of the appearance and bearing of a gentleman, in the consciousness of his genius, and perhaps not without some sense of his origin. His face was handsome and sensitive, with a look in the eyes at once earnest and tender; and his hair grew in delicate brown ringlets of remarkable beauty."

‡ Southey, writing in November, 1822, says,—"He (Byron) and Leigh Hunt, no doubt, will quarrel, and their separation break up the concern"—i.e. the *Liberal*.

and to that house Shelley brought at midnight a poor woman, a forlorn sister, whom he had found in a fit on the heath, and whom he thus saved from death.

Leigh Hunt, when I knew most of him, was living at Edwardes Square, Kensington, in a small house, on restricted means. All his life long his income was limited ; it is, indeed, notorious that he was put to many "shifts" to keep the wolf from the door. "His whole life," says his son, "was one of pecuniary difficulty." No doubt he had that lack of prudence which is so often one of the heavy drawbacks of genius—one of the penalties that nature exacts as a set-off against the largest and holiest of her gifts. It may not, and perhaps ought not,



LEIGH HUNT'S COTTAGE AT HAMPSTEAD.

to be admitted as an excuse in bar of judgment ; the world is not bound to make allowances for those struggles of the mind, heart, and soul with poverty, which not unfrequently seem to have discreditable issues, and usually bear Dead-Sea fruit. There have been many men of genius who would suffer the extreme of penury rather than borrow—such, for example, as I have elsewhere shown, was Thomas Moore, to whom the purses of wealthy and high-born friends were as sacred as the Crown-jewels ; but men of letters are for the most part less scrupulous. To some it seems venial, to others little else than a practical illustration of

the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and a belief that God makes almoners of those He enriches with overabundance. Such ideas, however, are opposed to the views of society. Undoubtedly they lower the intellectual standard, and debase the mind. Self-respect can rarely exist without independence; yet, to quote the words of a kindred spirit—unhappy Will Kennedy—"if pecuniary embarrassments be a crime, then are the records of genius a Newgate Calendar."*

I do not mean the reader to infer that either privately or publicly there is aught dishonourable to lay to the charge of Leigh Hunt. "Who art thou that judgest another?" But it is certain that his applications to friends for pecuniary aids were frequent, and may have been wearisome. Of such friends he had many. Among the most generous of them was that good man, Horace Smith.†

Surely the lines of Cowley apply with emphatic force to Hunt:—

"Business—the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts to cast off innocence!
Business—the thing that I of all things hate!
Business—the contradiction of my fate!"

The truth is that, like many men of his order, he never knew the value of money. He was very generous, and certainly thoughtless, in giving. No reckless extravagance is laid to his charge; his habits were the very opposite to those of a spendthrift; he was utterly indifferent to what are called "the luxuries of life." Simple in his "ways," temperate almost to the extreme, his "feasts" were with the poets, his predecessors, and the table was always well furnished that was covered with books.‡

I have treated this subject with some hesitation, and perhaps should have abstained from it altogether, but that I find the son of the poet writing thus:—"The plan of working, the varied and precarious nature of the employments, an inborn dulness of sense as to the lapse of time, conspired to produce a life in which the receipt of handsome earnings alternated with long periods that yielded no income at all. In these intervals credit went a long way, but not far enough. There were gaps of total destitution in which every available source had been absolutely exhausted." "At this juncture," he continues, "appeals were made

* I knew intimately, between the years 1826 and 1830, the author I have quoted—William Kennedy. He was undoubtedly a man of genius, but wayward and reckless. I lost sight of him many years before his death—his intellectual death, that is to say; for his latter years were passed in a lunatic asylum, where he died. My introduction to him was singular. I reviewed in the *Eclectic Review*—so far back as 1825—a small book he had published, either in Glasgow or Paisley, and received from him a letter of acknowledgment. It led to my inviting him to London as my guest, and by my influence he obtained a situation as reporter on the *Morning Journal*, a newspaper with which I was myself connected, and of which I was subsequently, for a time, the editor. Kennedy was an Irishman, a native of Belfast. His youth had been "wandering." Previous to his visiting London he was, I understood, a strolling player in Scotland, where he had probably acquired habits that led to the early close of a life which might have been most honourable and prosperous, for his abilities had attracted attention, and he obtained the appointment of Consul (I think) at Venezuela.

† In one of Shelley's letters to Leigh Hunt, in allusion to a sum of money Shelley desired to send to Hunt to defray his journey to Italy, he says:—"I suppose that I shall at last make up an impudent face, and ask Horace Smith to add to the many obligations he has conferred on me. I know I need only ask."

‡ His friend Mr. Reynell tells me (and he is a safe and sure authority) that in his later days Mr. Hunt often said to him his great wish was that when he died he should not owe to anyone a halfpenny. He had borrowed from the good Duke of Devonshire a sum of £200, and returned it to him, the duke remarking that it was the only instance, save one, in which money thus lent had been proffered back: he declined to accept it. Hunt was indebted to Mr. Reynell—a debt incurred by Mr. Reynell becoming surety for him in 1832, when the fortunes of the poet were at their lowest ebb. Twenty years afterwards he repaid that sum—on receiving the first instalment of Shelley's legacy—as he had promised he would do. No doubt other similar cases might be recorded.

for assistance, sometimes with and sometimes without the knowledge of Leigh Hunt, and they were largely successful."*

In 1844, Sir Percy Shelley, the son of the poet, succeeded to the title and estates of his grandfather, and one of his earliest acts (under the suggestion of his mother, Mary Wolstoncroft Shelley) was to settle on Leigh Hunt and on his wife, in the event of her surviving him, an annuity of £120; and in 1847 he was placed on the Pension-list, and received, "in consideration of his distinguished literary talents," a pension of £200 a year. Lord John Russell, in conveying this boon to him, adds, "The severe treatment you received, in times of unjust persecution of liberal writers, enhances the satisfaction with which I make this announcement." Thus in his old age the comforter came to his home, and the "pecuniary difficulties" that had haunted his whole life were no longer felt,—should not have been so, perhaps I ought to say, for I believe pecuniary difficulties were never "entirely removed" from him until he was in his shroud.

That there were fine points in the character of Leigh Hunt all who knew him admitted: foremost among them was his love of Truth. In one of his letters to me he writes:—"I would rather be considered a hearty loving nature than anything else in the world, and if I love truth, as I do, it is because I love an apple to be thought an apple, and a hand a hand, and the whole beauty and hopefulness of God's creation a truth instead of a lie." He was justified in saying of himself that he had "two good qualities to set off against many defects"—that he was "not vindictive and spoke the truth," although it may have been with him, as he said it was with his friend Hazlitt, "however genuine was his love of truth, his passions may have sometimes led him to mistake it."

Charles Lamb, who dearly loved him, describes his "mild dogmatism" and his "boyish sportiveness;" and Hazlitt writes of him thus:—"In conversation he is all life and animation, combining the vivacity of the schoolboy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar." Of him Haydon the painter said this:—"You would have been burnt at the stake for a principle, and you would have feared to put your foot in the mud." Even Byron, who "hated him without a cause," and whose hatred seemed the birth of self-reproach, proclaimed him to be "a good man."

But, to my thinking, the best testimony to the character of Leigh Hunt is that which was borne to it by Lord Lytton, an author who has perhaps had more power to circulate bitter things, and shoot poisoned arrows at his brethren of the pen, than most men, yet who, I believe, has said of them more generous and "helping" things and fewer bitter things than any man living. This character occurs in a review of Leigh Hunt's poetry in the *New Monthly Magazine*, 1833. It is anonymous, but I can do no wrong in stating that Lord Lytton was the writer:—"None have excelled him in the kindly sympathies with which, in writing of others, he has softened down the asperities and resisted the caprices common to the exercise of power. In him the young poet has ever found a

* In a letter he addressed to me when, in 1835, I was writing a brief memoir of him for the "Book of Gems," he says, "You will not hesitate to add what objections you are compelled by impartiality to entertain against me;" and in a subsequent letter he writes, "Had you said that five-sixths of my writings were worth nothing, I should have agreed with you, for I think so, and I would use stronger terms, if there might not be vanity itself in so doing. My only excuse is (and it is, luckily, a good one, so far) that I have been forced to write for bread, and so put forth a good deal of unwilling nothingness."

generous encourager, no less than a faithful guide. None of the jealousy or the rancour ascribed to literary men, and almost natural to such literary men as the world has wronged, has gained access to his true heart, or embittered his generous sympathies. Struggling against no light misfortunes and no common foes, he has not helped to retaliate upon rising authors the difficulty and the appreciation which had burdened his own career. He has kept undimmed and unbroken, through all reverses, that first requisite of a good critic—a good heart."

I knew but little of Leigh Hunt when he was in his prime. I had met him, however, more than once, soon after his return from Italy, when he recommenced a career of letters which he had been induced to abandon, trusting to visionary hopes in the aid he was to derive from familiar intercourse with Byron. He was tall, but slightly formed, quiet and contemplative in gait and manner, yet apparently affected by momentary impulse; his countenance brisk and animated, receiving its expression chiefly from dark and brilliant eyes, but supplying unequivocal evidence of that mixed blood which he derived from the parent stock, to which his friend Hazlitt alluded in reference to his flow of animal spirits as well as to his descent, "he had tropical blood in his veins." His son Thornton (*Cornhill Magazine*) describes him "as in height about five feet ten inches, remarkably straight and upright in his carriage, with a firm step and a cheerful, almost dashing, approach." He had straight black hair, which he wore parted in the centre; a dark, but not pale complexion; black eyebrows, firmly marking the edge of a brow over which was a singularly upright, flat, white forehead, and under which beamed a pair of eyes, dark, brilliant, reflecting, gay, and kind, with a certain look of observant humour. "He had a head larger than most men's; Byron, Shelley, and Keats wore hats which he could not put on."

In 1838 I saw him often, and saw enough of him to have earnest respect and sincere regard for the man whom I had long admired as the poet. He gave me many valuable hints for my guidance while I was compiling "The Book of Gems of British Poets and British Artists." All his "notes" concerning his contemporaries (I have some of them still) were genial, cordial, and laudatory, affording no evidence of envy, no taint of depreciation. His mind was, indeed, like his poetry, a sort of buoyant outbreak of joyousness, and when a tone of sadness pervades it, it is so gentle, confiding, and hoping as to be far more nearly allied to resignation than to repining, although his life was subjected to many heavy trials; and especially had he to complain of the ingratitude of political "friends"—for whom he had fought heartily—when victory was only for the strong, and triumph for the swift. Perhaps there is no poet who so entirely pictures himself in all he writes; yet it is a pure and natural egotism, and contrasts happily with the gloomy and misanthropic moods which some have laboured first to acquire and then to portray. "Quick in perception, generous of impulse, he saw little evil destitute of good."

In conversation Leigh Hunt was always more than pleasing; he was "ever a special lover of books," as well as a devout worshipper of Nature; and his "talk" mingled, often very sweetly, the simplicity of a child with the acquirements of a man of the world—somewhat as we find them mingled in his "Jar of Honey from

Mount Hybla." It did, indeed, according to the laudatory view of one of his poetic school, often "combine the vivacity of the schoolboy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar."

This generosity of thought and heart is conspicuous in all his writings. His Autobiography is full of liberal and generous sentiments—rarely any other—evidence of the charity that "suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not easily puffed up, thinketh no evil." He who might have said so many bitter things, utters scarcely one; he who might have galled his enemies to the quick, does not stab even in thought.

He wrote much prose and many poems, and although marred, perhaps, by frequent affectations, his poetry is of the true metal; tender, graceful, and affectionate, loving nature in all its exterior graces, but more especially in man. It is, and ever will be, popular among those whose warmer and dearer sympathies are with humanity. Charles Lamb, in his memorable defence of Hunt against an alleged insinuation of Southey, that Hunt had no religion, thus writes of him:—"He is one of the most cordial-minded men I ever knew—a matchless fireside companion." Southey regretted, and justly, that Leigh Hunt had "no religion." He had, indeed, a kind of scholastic theology, that he considered might stand in the stead of it; he himself calls it, in a letter to me, "a sort of natural piety," but in none of his letters—nor in his Diary—is there the slightest allusion to its consolations, no evidence of trust in a superintending Providence, and but little intimation of belief or hope in the Hereafter. Who will not lament this as he reads his writings, knowing how closely combined is love of man with love of God; how much stronger for the general good is Virtue when it is based on Christianity? His religion (which he styles, in the letter to me I have quoted, "a sort of luxurious natural piety") was cheerful, hopeful, sympathising, universal in its benevolence, and entirely comprehensive in charity, but it was not the religion of the Christian; it was not even that of the Unitarian. He recognised Christ, indeed, but classes Him only among those—not even foremost of *them*—who were lights in dark ages; "great lights," as he styles them, "of rational piety and benignant intercourse"—Confucius, Socrates, Epictetus, Antoninus. Jesus was their "martyred brother," nothing more. His published book entitled "The Religion of the Heart" (1853) is but little known; I hope it will never be reprinted. Had Southey read it, he would not have been content with the mild rebuke to Leigh Hunt which excited the ire of one of the gentlest and most loving of the friends of both, Charles Lamb, who, in his memorable letter to the Laureate—a letter indignant, irrational, and unjust—bitterly condemned the one for a very mild castigation of the other.* His theory of religion may, perhaps, be indicated

* I by no means, however, mean to convey an idea that Leigh Hunt was "irreligious" in the ordinary sense of the term. I am quite sure he was not so. The New Testament was a book of his continual study, but it was read in a spirit that brought none of the light it has, happily, brought to other men. If he was a "free-thinker," he rendered profound respect to the Divine Author of the Christian faith, and therefore never sneered at those who accept it as a means of Salvation, and never wrote with any view to sap or to weaken Belief. If we may not class him among the advocates of Christianity, it would be injustice to place him among its opponents. Some one who wrote a touching and very eloquent tribute to his memory in the *Examiner* soon after his death, says, "He had a childlike sympathy of his own in the Father to whom he is gone, of which those who diverged from his path can only say that, ignorant of the direct line to the eternal sea, he took the sure and pleasant path beside the river."

by the following Lines, which were certainly among his own favourites. I copy them from Mrs. Hall's Album, in which he wrote them :—

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look, made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'

"The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great, wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Leigh Hunt lived to see political asperities softened down, the distinctions between Whig and Tory gradually diminished, and party bitterness become almost extinguished. He lived, indeed, "through a storm of obloquy, to be esteemed and loved by men who had been his most vigorous antagonists."* No doubt, as a politician, he "flourished" some years too soon; he was a reformer much too early. Both of his successors as editors of the *Examiner*, Albany Fonblanque and John Forster, were rewarded in the way that Liberal governments—more wise in their generation than Tory governments—reward their partisans of the Press. But Leigh Hunt "guided the pen" at a period when little was to be gained by it except annoyance and persecution—at least in advocating "the old cause." Hazlitt used to say, that after Leigh Hunt and himself and their like had done the rough work of the battle for Liberal opinions, the gentlemen of the Whig party 'put on their kid gloves' to finish the business and carry off the honours."

Leigh Hunt was "a journalist (I again quote from the *Examiner*) when courage and independence were the highest and perhaps the rarest qualities a journalist could show." He wrote when party spirit ran high, when language was seldom measured by responsibility, when vituperation was a weapon in common use.

In the year 1857 his wife had died. His sons, such as were left to him, had gone forth to fight the battle of life; his mind and his heart were "shaken." In that year he writes, sadly foreboding,—“I am alone in the world.” Troubled fancies haunted him. In one of his letters to his attached and faithful friend, John Forster, he murmurs :—“I have been long fancying that most people, some old friends included, had begun not to care what I said or thought about them—whether anything or nothing;” and in another letter he writes,—“Strange to say, it was *joy* at finding the bookseller offer me more money than I had expected for some copyrights that was the immediate cause of my illness.” He met old age

* A notable instance of this was the altered conduct of Professor Wilson towards his old opponent. He not only wrote a very kindly review of his "Legend of Florence" in *Blackwood*, but lamented the bitter things which had been written in its early numbers, and used to send Leigh Hunt the magazine regularly as long as he lived.

with homage, and death with fortitude. Almost the last sentence in his autobiography is this :—"I now seemed—and it has become a consolation to me—to belong as much to the next world as to this ; . . . the approach of my night-time is even yet adorned with a break in the clouds and a parting smile of the sunset."

Alas ! he refers not to the hope of the Christian, but to a far dimmer, less



THE HOUSE IN WHICH LEIGH HUNT DIED.

rational, and infinitely less consoling faith—"May we all meet in one of Plato's vast cycles of re-existence."

Just two months before completing his seventy-fifth year "he quietly sank to rest." The oil was exhausted, the light had burned gradually down.*

When I saw him last he was yielding to the universal conqueror. His loose

* His last work, only a few days before his death, was an article in the *Spectator*, in defence of his beloved friend Shelley, against the aspersions of Hogg in a then recently published collection of Shelley's Letters.

and straggling white hair thinly scattered over a brow of manly intelligence : his eyes dimmed somewhat, but retaining that peculiar gentleness yet brilliancy which in his youth were likened to those of a gazelle ; his earnest heart and vigorous mind outspeaking yet, in sentences eloquent and impressive ; his form partially bent, but energetic and self-dependent, although by fits and starts—Leigh Hunt gave me the idea of a sturdy ruin, that “wears the mossy vest of time,” but which, in assuming the graces that belong of right to age, was not oblivious of the power, and worth, and triumph enjoyed in manhood and in youth.*

He died at the house of one of the oldest, closest, and most valued of his friends, Mr. C. W. Reynell, in High Street, Putney. I have pictured the dwelling. It had a good garden, where the poet loved to ramble to admire the flowers, of which he was “a special lover.” Immediately in front is the old gabled, quaint-looking Fairfax House, in which, it is said, Ireton lived, and where that general and Lambert often met.

It is pleasant to know that the death-bed of the aged man was surrounded by loving friends, and that all which care and skill could do to preserve his life was done.

There was no trouble, nothing of gloom, about him at the last ; the full volume of his life was closed ; his work on earth was done. Will it seem “far-fetched” if we describe him, away from earth, continuing to labour, under the influence of that Redeemer I am sure he has now learned to love, realising the picture for which in the Book I have referred to he drew on his fancy, and finding it fact ?

This it is :—“Surely there are myriads of beings everywhere inhabiting their respective spheres, both visible and invisible, all, perhaps, inspired with the same task of trying how far they can extend happiness. Some may have realised their heaven, and are resting. Some may be helping ourselves, just as we help the bee or the wounded bird ; spirits, perhaps, of dear friends, who still pity our tears, who rejoice in our smiles, and whisper in our hearts a belief that they are present.”

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

Leigh Hunt was nearly the last of that glorious galaxy of genius which, early in the present century, shone upon the intellectual world ; he survived them all, and with a memory of each. Some of them were his friends, and most of them his acquaintances. He had seen star after star decline, but might exclaim, and did exclaim, with one of his eloquent contemporaries,—

“Nor sink those stars in empty night :
They hide themselves in Heaven’s own light.”

When writing a Memory of Leigh Hunt in the *Art-Journal*, I found there was no record to mark his grave in the cemetery at Kensal Green, where he was buried. I appealed, therefore, to his friends and admirers to remove from England such a “reproach.” After some delay and some confusion, the cir-

* “Those who knew him best will picture him to themselves clothed in a dressing-gown, and bending his head over a book or over the desk.”—THORNTON HUNT.

cumstances causing and attending which it is now useless and needless to detail, the "reproach" *was* removed: a sum sufficient for the purpose was raised by subscription: a modest but graceful monument was wrought by the eminent and accomplished sculptor, Joseph Durham, A.R.A. It was "inaugurated" by Lord Houghton, on the 19th of October, 1869 (Leigh Hunt's birthday), and formally presented to the family, some of whom were present, on the impressive and interesting occasion.

From the noble lord's address I extract the following passages:—

"He was held up to shame as an enemy of religion, whereas he was a man from whose heart there came a flowing piety spreading itself over all nature and in every channel in which it was possible to run. I remember a passage in one of his writings in which he says he never passed a church, of however unreformed a faith, without an instinctive wish to go in and worship for the good of mankind. And all this obloquy, all this injustice, all this social cruelty, never for one moment soured the disposition or excited a revengeful feeling in the breast of this good man. He had, as it were—I have no other phrase for it—a superstition of good. He did not believe in the existence of evil, and when it pressed against him, in the bitterest form against himself, he shut his eyes to it, and believed it to be good. Now, with this disposition, with this character, with these elements of life, surely we do well in honouring this man to-day. Surely it is something that ten years after his death there should have been men who felt it was not well but that there should be some special memorial of his existence—something which should tell people, more than books they were reading, that there had been in England such a man. In uncovering the monument we shall honour not only that man, but we shall honour the poetic intellect, we shall honour that delightful faculty which gives to mankind its purest form of intellectual contemplation, and which, somehow or other, adapting itself to the different temperaments of mankind, always either extends, or purifies, or expands the mind of its possessor. . . . We know that through all the difficulties of a more than usually hard life he kept to the end a cheerfulness of temper which the most successful might have envied and the wealthiest might have adorned. In his own beautiful words, all we can now think of is—

'The woe was short, 'twas fugitive; 'tis past;
The song that sweetens it will always last.'

The inscription is very simple: on one side are recorded the days of his birth and death, while on another are the words,—

"Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."



JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.



HERE is no memoir of Horace Smith, but he wrote a biography of his brother James, to preface an edition of his collected writings ; and although singularly, and perhaps blamably, abnegating himself, we thence gather a few facts and dates that may aid us in recalling both to memory. The brothers, of whom James was the elder by about four years, were the sons of Robert Smith, Esq., an eminent legal practitioner of London, who long held the office of Solicitor to the Ordnance—an office in which James succeeded him. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries, and in all respects an estimable and accomplished gentleman. Horace, having eschewed the legal profession, preferred that of a stockbroker ; a business, however, hardly more to his taste, and in which he made no “figure,” being from his youth upwards better known at Parnassus than in the vicinity of the Exchange. Both wrote early in life, somewhat to the dismay of the father, who had paved the way to fortune through another and very opposite path.* Not-

* The earliest anecdote recorded of Horace is this :—In a letter to Mathews he relates that when at school, being asked the Latin for the word cowardice, and having forgotten it, he replied that the Romans had none ; which, being fortunately deemed a *bon mot*, he got praise and a laugh for not knowing his lesson.

withstanding, when Horace produced historical novels, he not only took interest in his son's productions, but gave him "aid and suggestions," which, by his extensive reading and profound knowledge of English history, he was well qualified to do.

James was born on the 16th of February, 1775, and Horace in 1779, at the house in which their father dwelt in Basinghall Street, London. There was also another son, Leonard, and there were six daughters.

The boys were educated at Chigwell, in Essex. In after years, when a "sexagenarian pilgrim," James frequently recalled to memory with pleasure and with gratitude the years there passed; and on revisiting the place towards the close of life, he thus murmured his latest thoughts :—

" Life's cup is nectar at the brink,
Midway a palatable drink,
And wormwood at the bottom."

James was articled to his father in 1792, subsequently became his partner, and in 1832 succeeded him. He had tried his "prentice han'" in various short-lived periodicals, especially the *Monthly Mirror*, edited by Tom Hill.* When Drury Lane was burned and rose again—to adopt an original simile—like a Phoenix from its ashes (it was in 1812), there appeared an advertisement offering a recompense for a poem in honour of the occasion. The idea occurred to these mercantile brothers that they would write and print a collection of Poems, imitative of all the leading poets of the time. They did so, and "woke to find themselves famous." And no wonder: they are fine as compositions, and singularly true as copies of the style and manner of the poets imitated; while so exquisitely pointed and witty, without a particle of ill-nature, that not one of the bards who were "hit" could have been offended at being touched, as if by arrows tipped with feathers from the wings of a Cupid or a seraph.

"One of the luckiest hits in literature" (thus Horace modestly speaks of the work) "appeared on the reopening of Drury Lane Theatre in October of that year." The idea was suggested just six weeks before that event, and the "Rejected Addresses" occupied the writers no longer time. The copyright was offered to, and declined by, Mr. Murray, for the modest sum of £20. He reluctantly undertook to publish it, and share the profits—if any; and it is not a little singular that the worthy publisher did actually purchase the book, in 1819, after it had gone through fifteen editions, for the sum of £131. May such results often follow transactions between publishers and authors!

James wrote the imitations of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe, and Cobbett; Horace those of Byron, Scott, Moore, Monk Lewis, and Fitzgerald. The sarcasms were so genuine, the humour so ample, and the imitations so true, that no one of the poets took offence; on the contrary, they were all gratified. It has been rightly said by Mr. Hayward, "that the only discontented persons were those who were left out." Crabbe said of the imitation of him—"There is

* Southey writes in one of his letters in 1813,—"'Horace in London' was printed some years ago in the *Monthly Mirror*. I remarked it at the time, and wondered that it did not attract more notice. James wrote the first of the 'At Homes' (in 1808) for Mathews: it was entitled 'Mail-Coach Adventures.'"

a little ill-nature—and I take the liberty of adding, undeserved ill-nature—in their prefatory address; but in their versification they have done me admirably.”

The brothers became “lions” at once; but they had no notion of revelling in notoriety; of literary vanity they had none, and they shrank from, rather than courted, the stare of “admirers,” to whom any celebrity of the hour was—and is—a thing coveted and desired.

This story has been often told. When the venerable *bas bleu*, Lady Cork, invited them to her *soirée*, James Smith wrote his regret that they could not possibly accept the invitation, for that his brother Horace was engaged to grin through a horse-collar at a country fair, and he himself had to dance a hornpipe at Sadler’s Wells upon that very night.*

James reposed on his laurels: as his brother says, “he was fond of his ease,” and unsolicitous of further celebrity, never again wooing a proverbially capricious public, contenting himself with flinging scraps of humour here and there, heedless of their value or their fate; while Horace became a laborious man of letters. Of James, Mathews used to say, “He is the only man who can write clever nonsense.” He lived among wits—dramatic wits more especially—and from him some of them derived much that constituted their stock in trade. His motto was “Vive la bagatelle!” his maxim, “Begone, dull care!”

* Horace says that though such a letter may have been written, it was never sent.

*Its choir all vocal things, whose glad devotion
In one united hymn is hallowed sped,
The thunder-peal, the winds—the deep-mouthed organ,
Its organ-dress*

Horace Smith—

30 June 1835—

His sparkle was that of champagne. But, as one of his friends wrote, "he ever preserved the dignity of the English gentleman from merging in the professional gaiety of the jester;" there was never aught of sneering or sarcasm in his humour—his wit was never a stab. On the contrary, he was buoyant and genial, even when enduring much bodily suffering; and there was no mistaking the fact that he loved to give pleasure rather than pain.

Horace, on the other hand, became a worker; he took the pen seriously and resolutely in hand, and although not at any time dependent on literature, became an author by profession, joining the immortal band who

"live for aye
In Fame's eternal volume."

James died on the 24th of December, 1839, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and was buried under the vaults of St. Martin's Church. Horace died on the 12th of July, 1849, aged sixty-nine, and was buried in the churchyard of Trinity Church, Tunbridge Wells.

James "seldom wrote, except as an amusement and relief from graver occupation. Though he may be described as a wit by profession, his nature was kindly, genial, and generous." One who knew him intimately avers that it was "difficult to pass an evening in his company without feeling in better humour with the world;" and many of his friends have testified to his inexhaustible fund of amusement and information, and his "lightness, liveliness, and good sense."

Of James his brother writes:—"His was not the sly, sneering sarcasm that finds most pleasure in the *bon mot* that gives pain, nor was it of that dry, quiet character which gives zest to a joke by the apparent unconsciousness of its author. His good sayings were heightened by his cordial good nature, by the beaming smile, the twinkling eye, and the frank, hearty cackling that showed his own enjoyment." He had a remarkably tenacious memory, and was ever ready with an apt quotation from the old poets; and he pleasantly sang some of his own songs.

I recall to memory one of his *jeux d'esprit*; I am not sure if it be published:—

"Cælia publishes with Murray,
Cupid's ministry is o'er;
Lovers vanish in a hurry;
She writes—she writes, boys.
Ward off shore!"

And I have another in MS., "The Alphabet to Madame Vestris:"—

"Though not with lace bedizened o'er
From James's and from Howell's,
Oh, don't despise us twenty-four
Poor consonants and vowels.
Though critics may your powers discuss
Your charms, admiring, men see,
Remember you from four of us
Derive your X L N C."

Although I more than once visited James Smith at his house in Craven Street, I saw most of him—and it was the best of him—at the "evenings" of Lady Blessington in Seamore Place. He was not far off from his grave,

and was usually full of pain: it was often shown by that expression of countenance which accompanies physical suffering, and his round, good-humoured face, although it was seldom without a smile, was generally contracted, and at times convulsed from internal agony. He had eyes full of humour—he looked as if all things, animate and inanimate, were suggestive of jokes, which were continually slipping in and playing about during any pause in any conversation.

Leigh Hunt described him as “a fair, stout, fresh-coloured man, with round features;” and N. P. Willis as a man “with white hair, and a very nobly-formed head and physiognomy; his eye alone, small, and with lids contracted into an habitual look of drollery, betrayed the bent of his genius.”

He wheeled himself about the room in a sort of invalid chair, and had generally something pleasant, and often something witty, to say to each of the guests, his beautiful and accomplished hostess coming, naturally, in for the largest share of both. He was tall and stout, and the merry twinkle of his eye gave evidence that his thoughts were redolent of humour, even when he did not speak. Some one has said, “He had the head of a man, with the heart of a boy.”

Horace Smith was of another, and certainly a higher nature. Leigh Hunt deposes to “the fine nature of the man” (and well he might do so, having had experience of his liberality), and pictures him as “of good and manly figure, inclining to the robust; his countenance extremely frank and cordial, sweetness without weakness.” And Shelley, writing of him, exclaims:—“It is odd that the only truly generous person I ever knew who had money to be generous with should be a stockbroker.”* “Gay, tender, hospitable, and intellectual,” that is Lady Morgan’s character of Horace Smith; and this is Southey’s testimony to the credit of the brothers both:—“They are clever fellows, with wit and humour as fluent as their ink, and, to their praise be it spoken, with no gall in it.”

Yes, certainly Horace was of a far higher nature than James. Perhaps it was fairly said of them, “One was a good man, the other a good fellow.” But Horace was happily married, and had loving children, enjoyed a healthy constitution, and lived in comparative retirement, away from the bustle of society, in a tranquil home. During the later years of his life he resided at Brighton—it was not then as it is now, London-on-sea, where everybody meets everybody, and nods of recognition are about as many as the steps one takes when promenading the Parade.

He was twice married, and left a daughter by his first wife, and two daughters by his second, who was the maternal aunt of Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., the artist, and it is from a sketch by him of his uncle that I engrave the portrait at the head of this Memory. Mr. Ward retains affectionate remembrances of Horace Smith, of his love for children, and the delight that was caused in his father’s house whenever “Uncle Horace” was expected: his arrival was ever the signal of a merry-making. He usually placed the children on his knees, and regaled them with fairy tales told in extempore verse.

* That, however, was not an “odd thing.” It is known that on “the Stock Exchange” originate very many charities; that, indeed, scarcely a day passes there without some subscription-list being handed about to relieve want and suffering, public and private. Many thousand pounds are there collected of which the world hears and knows nothing, and the number of persons thus assisted amounts to several hundreds annually. Some of the best “charities” of England had their birth at this place of busy traffic, where, apparently and outwardly, the mind and soul are exclusively occupied in money-getting.

It was at Brighton I knew Horace Smith, so far back as the year 1835. My knowledge of him, though limited, enables me to indorse the opinions I have quoted from better authorities. He was tall, handsome, with expressive yet quiet features; they were frequently moved, however, when he either heard or said a good thing, and it was easy to perceive the latent humour that did not come to the surface as often as it might have done. It is saying little if I say I never heard him utter an injurious word of any one of his contemporaries, although our usual talk concerned them; for I was at that time editor of the *New Monthly*, to which he was a frequent contributor, and he liked to know something of his associates in letters, the greater number of whom, I believe, he had never seen. He knew their writings, however, and was certainly an extensive reader as well as a sound thinker, and always a generous and sympathising critic. I copy one of his letters; it is evidence of that which was the leading characteristic of his mind—a total abnegation of self.

“17th October, 1831.

“10, Hanover Crescent.

“I am sorry you should deem the smallest apology necessary for returning my MS., a duty which every editor must occasionally exercise towards all his contributors. From my domestic habits and love of occupation I am always scribbling, often without due consideration of what I am writing, and I only wonder that so many of my frivolities have found their way into print. With this feeling, I am always grateful towards those who save me from committing myself, and acquiesce very willingly in their decisions. In proof of this I will mention a fact of which I am rather proud. Mr. Colburn had agreed to give me £500 for the first novel I wrote, and had announced its appearance, when a mutual friend, who looked over the MS., having expressed an unfavourable opinion of it, *I threw it in the fire*, and wrote ‘Brambletye House’ instead. Let me not omit to mention, to the credit of Mr. C., that, upon the unexpected success of that work, he subsequently presented me with an additional £100.

“Yours very truly,

“HORATIO SMITH.”

His novels are still “asked for” at the circulating libraries, and perhaps as historical romances they even now hold their place next to those of Scott, while among his collected poems are many of great beauty and of much strength. I believe, however, that after the publication of “Rejected Addresses” he preferred to consider the comic vein exhausted.

Horace was not rich; indeed, neither of the brothers was so. James never could have amassed money, notwithstanding he was Solicitor to the Board of Ordnance. He invested his whole capital, amounting to no more than £3,000, in the purchase of an annuity, and died three months after it was bought. Horace bequeathed to his widow and children an ample sufficiency, although he was far too generous to become wealthy. Shelley did not know that it was out of comparatively limited means, and not a superfluity, that he relieved, at the entreaty of the former, the pressing wants of Leigh Hunt. Many other instances may be recorded of his generosity in giving—or lending, which often means much the same thing—to less prosperous brothers of the pen.

He was, indeed, emphatically a good man; of large sympathy and charity; generous in giving, even beyond his means; eminent for rectitude in all the affairs and relations of life; and “richly meriting” the praises that are inscribed on his tombstone in the graveyard at Tunbridge Wells.

G. P. R. JAMES.

VERY little is known of the life of GEORGE PAYNE RAINSFORD JAMES; yet he was the author of forty novels, each in three volumes, and produced other works, outnumbering, indeed, the productions of Sir Walter Scott. He began to publish in 1822, his first book being a "Life of the Black Prince." In 1829 "Richelieu" appeared, and from that time the issues of his fertile brain came so rapidly before the public as to create astonishment at his industry and the "speed" at which he worked with his pen.

I knew him and esteemed him much as an agreeable and kindly gentleman, somewhat handsome in person, and of very pleasant manners. He had the aspect, and indeed the character, that usually marks a man of sedentary occupations. His work all day long, and often into the night, must have been untiring, for he by no means drew exclusively on his fancy; he must have resorted much to books, and have been a great reader, not only of English, but of continental, histories; and he travelled a good deal in the countries in which the scenes of his historic fictions were principally laid.

His novels have always been popular—they are so now—although many competitors for fame, with higher aims and perhaps loftier genius, have of late years supplied the circulating libraries. It was no light thing to run a race with Sir Walter Scott, and not be altogether beaten out of the field. His great charm was the interest he created in relating a story, but he had masterly skill in delineating character, and in "chivalric essays" none of his brethren surpassed him. He received this tribute, and it is a just one, from the historian Alison:—

"There is a constant appeal in his brilliant pages, not only to the pure and generous, but to the elevated and noble sentiments. He is imbued with the very soul of chivalry, and all his stories turn on the final triumph of those who are influenced by such feelings. Not a word or a thought which can give pain to the purest heart ever escapes from his pen."

Christopher North proclaimed his works to be those of "a gentleman," while he spoke highly of their graphic power; and Leigh Hunt "hit the vein" in which he wrote, and which constituted the charm of his writings:—"Interest without violence, and entertainment at once animated and mild; novels which have been tonics to the critic in illness and in convalescence."

As "next to nothing" is known of the life of so remarkable a man—one who has, for half a century, kept a foremost place among British writers of fiction—I gladly avail myself of some notes furnished to me by a lady who knew him well and long.

"He was born in London, August 9th, 1800. He first studied medicine, but at an early age showed a love of letters, and, when very young, published several short tales and poems—among them the 'String of Pearls.' During the exciting times that followed the abdication of Napoleon, he visited France and Spain, and no doubt thus obtained the perfect knowledge of the history of those countries afterwards displayed in his writings. He married a daughter of Dr. Thomas, and for some time after his marriage resided in different parts of France, Italy, and Scotland, where he became acquainted with, and gained the friendship of, Sir Walter Scott. It was Sir Walter who, after perusing 'Richelieu,' advised him to adopt literature as a profession. 'Richelieu' was published in 1829, and it is well known how successful was the career of the

author, and how eagerly the appearance of a new work from his pen was looked for by the public ; but to those who knew him in his home, in addition to the admiration felt for him as an author, there could not fail to be joined sincere esteem for him as a man. He had a large and noble heart, and was always a kind friend to those who needed assistance, especially to his poorer literary brethren, whilst his courteous, gentlemanly bearing gained him friends in all ranks of society.

"About 1842 Mr. James took up his residence at Walmer, and was a frequent guest of the Duke of Wellington at Walmer Castle. In 1845 he left England with his family for a short visit to Germany, partly for recreation and partly to collect some information connected with the 'History of Richard Cœur de Lion,' a work he was then writing. The illness of two of his children detained him for a year, and at Carlsruhe and Baden-Baden 'Heidelberg' and the 'Castle of Ehrenstein' were composed. Soon after his return to England, he removed to the neighbourhood of Farnham, Surrey, and there he wrote with great rapidity. His industry was immense ; his custom was to rise at five o'clock and write till nine. For four or five hours later in the day he employed an amanuensis, and usually walked to and fro his study while dictating. In June, 1850, Mr. James left England with his family to visit the United States, and purchased an estate in Massachusetts, where he continued to reside till he was appointed British Consul at Norfolk, Virginia, in 1852. His duties there were very arduous, and his health suffered greatly from the climate, which was rendered more than usually trying to European residents, at that time, by the terrible scourge which frequently ravages the Southern States—yellow fever.

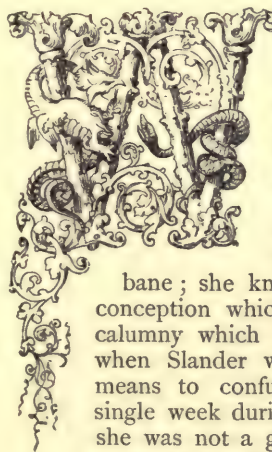
"During Mr. James's residence in the States he wrote several works, taking American life and history for their subjects, such as 'Ticonderoga,' 'The Old Dominion,' &c. The last work he published in Philadelphia was 'Lord Montague's Page,' in 1858. 'Bernard Marsh,' a sequel to this, appeared afterwards, and was the last work that emanated from the pen of this highly-gifted author, making a total of about one hundred and ninety volumes.

"In 1859 Mr. James was removed, at his earnest request, from the Consulate of Norfolk to that of Venice, his friends hoping that the Italian climate might benefit his health and restore his strength, but although he at first seemed to improve from the change, the demands upon his mental powers were so great that even his untiring energy was unequal to the task imposed upon it. Soon after the arrival of Mr. James in Italy war broke out, and Venice was besieged, which added greatly to the fatigue and anxiety of the consul's position, and in the early part of 1860 he was seized with an illness that proved fatal in the April of that year. He was interred in the Protestant Cemetery at Venice, and a monument was erected to his memory by the English residents of that city.

"Mr. James left a widow, one daughter, and three sons. He was a most kind and affectionate husband and father, a warm-hearted, faithful friend, a genial companion, and, to sum up all good qualities in one comprehensive title, a Christian gentleman."



LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.



ITH unmingled pain I write the name of Lætitia Elizabeth Landon—the L. E. L. whose poems were for so long a period the delight of all readers, old and young. Her life was a “battle” from the cradle to the grave—the grave in which she “rests from her labours” in that far-off land where the white man ever walks hand in hand with death.

We were among the few friends who knew her intimately; but it was not in her nature to open her heart to any. Her large “secretiveness” was her bane; she knew it and deplored it. It was the origin of that misconception which embittered her whole life, the mainspring of that calumny which made Fame a mockery, and Glory a deceit. But when Slander was busiest with her reputation, we had the best means to confute it—and did. For some years there was not a single week during which, on some day or other, morning or evening, she was not a guest at our house; yet this blight in her spring-time undoubtedly led to the fatal marriage that resulted in her mournful and mysterious death. The calumny was of the kind that most deeply wounds a woman. How it originated it was, at the time, and is, of course, now,

impossible to say. Probably its source was nothing more than a sneer; but it bore Dead-Sea fruit. A slander more utterly groundless never was propagated. In after years it was revived with "additions," and broke off an engagement that promised much happiness with a gentleman then eminent and since famous as an author: not that *he* at any time gave credence to the foul and wicked rumour; but, to *her*, "inquiry" was a sufficient blight, and by *her* the contract was annulled. The utter impossibility of its being other than false could have been proved not only by us, but by a dozen of her intimate friends, whose evidence would have been without question, and conclusive. She was living in a school for young ladies, seen daily by the ladies who kept that school, and by the pupils. In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall she writes, "I have lived nearly all my life since childhood with the same people; the Misses Lance are strict, scrupulous, and particular: moreover, from having kept a school so long, with habits of minute observation. The affection they feel for me can hardly be undeserved. I would desire nothing more than to refer to their opinion." Dr. Thomson, her constant medical friend and adviser, testified long afterwards to "her estimable qualities, generous feelings, and *exalted virtues*." It would, indeed, have been easy to obtain proof abundant; but in such cases the very effort to lessen the evil augments it. There was no way of fighting with a shadow; it was found impossible to trace the rumour to any actual source. Few then, and perhaps none now, can tell how deeply the poisoned arrow entered her heart. Ay, if ever woman was, Lætitia Landon was "done to death by slanderous tongues."

I have touched upon this theme reluctantly; perhaps it might have been omitted altogether; but it seems to me absolutely necessary in order to comprehend the character of the poet towards her close of life, and the mystery of a marriage that so "unequally yoked" her to one utterly unworthy.

Here is a passage from one of her letters to Mrs. Hall without a date, but it must have been written in 1837, when she was suffering terribly under the blight of evil reports:—

"I have long since discovered that I must be prepared for enmity I have never provoked, and unkindness I have little deserved. God knows that if, when I do go into society, I meet with more homage and attention than most, it is dearly bought. What is my life? One day of drudgery after another; difficulties incurred for others which have ever pressed upon me beyond health, which every year, by one severe illness after another, is taxed beyond its strength; envy, malice, and all uncharitableness,—these are the fruits of a successful literary career for a woman."

Yet she was slow to believe that false and evil words could harm her! At first they seemed but to inspire her, in her innocence, with a dangerous confidence, and to increase a practice we always deplored of saying things for "effect"—things in which she did not believe. Certainly no advocate of Miss Landon can affirm that the "bright ornament" of Truth was hers. It was no use, telling her this; she would argue that a conversation of facts would be as dull as a work on algebra, and that all she did was to put her poetry into practice.

Poor child! poor girl! poor woman! What a melancholy volume is her

brief history! "Dreary," beset with "privations," "disappointments," "unkindnesses," and "harassments," "ever struggling against absolute poverty," these are her own words in mournful application to herself.

Endowed by nature with the perilous gift of genius, she was, while yet a child, thrown entirely on her own resources, altogether without a guide by which such a mind could be directed, or such a character be wisely formed. She was not more than fifteen years old when the letters "L. E. L.," appended to some verses in the *Literary Gazette*, riveted public attention; and when it became known that the author was scarcely in her teens, a full gush of popularity burst upon her, which might have turned older heads and steadier dispositions. As she wrote—

"I well remember how I flung myself,
Like a young goddess, on a purple cloud
Of light and odour.
And I—I felt immortal, for my brain
Was drunk and mad with its first draught of fame."

She became a "lion," courted, and flattered, and fêted; yet never was she misled by the notion that popularity is happiness, or lip-service the true homage of the heart.

She was residing at Old Brompton when her first poem appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, which Mr. Jerdan had not long previously established. In this age of iron, when poetry is, in the estimation of publishers, "a drug," it would be difficult to conceive the enthusiasm excited by the magical three letters appended to the poems whenever they appeared. Mr. Jerdan was a near neighbour of the Landons, and he thus refers to their residence at Old Brompton:—"My cottage overlooked the mansion and grounds of Mr. Landon, the father of 'L. E. L.,' at Old Brompton, a narrow lane only dividing our residences. My first recollection of the future poetess is that of a plump girl, grown enough to be almost mistaken for a woman, bowling a hoop round the walks, with a hoop-stick in one hand, and a book in the other, reading as she ran, and, as well as she could manage, taking both exercise and instruction at the same time."

The house in which she resided is still standing, but is about to be taken

"I sit upon the green grass and
Beneath the willow tree
They haunt it is the lonely grass
And but that they appeared here.
L. E. L.

down ; I have thought it, therefore, desirable to procure of it a drawing, which I have engraved.

When visiting her relatives at “Aberford, near Witherby,” by whom she was received with affectionate attention, she thus playfully wrote, in one of her letters to Mrs. Hall :—“The beauty of this part of the country lying in its woods, what is it without foliage ?—

! It is folly to dream of a bower of green
: When there is not a leaf on a tree !”

“Aberford, near Witherby.

“Saturday.

“The winter is very severe—even now the garden is partially covered with snow. However, in the more sunshiny patches snowdrops and pink and blue hepaticas are beginning to peep out, and the greenhouse gives handsome promise of hyacinths, &c.



MISS LANDON'S RESIDENCE AT OLD BROMPTON.

“Partly from the severity of the weather, partly because it is the custom so to do, we live very much to ourselves. But the family circle is in itself large and cheerful, and I do not know a more agreeable woman than my aunt. One of my cousins sings exquisitely. She was singing last night what I always call *your* song—‘I come from a happy land.’ She is a very pretty creature, too, and looks exceedingly graceful at the harp. The younger ones are sadly distressed at my want of accomplishments. When I first arrived, Julia and Isabel began to cross-question me : ‘Can you play ?’ ‘No.’ ‘Can you sing ?’ ‘No.’ ‘Can you speak Italian ?’ ‘No.’ ‘Can you draw ?’ ‘No.’ At last they came down to ‘Can you write and read ?’ Here I was

able to answer, to their great relief, 'Yes, a little.' I believe Julia, in the first warmth of cousinly affection, was going to offer to teach me the alphabet.

"I have had a very pleasant visit, and received extreme kindness; but I am as constant as ever to London. I would not take five thousand a year to settle down in the country. I miss the new books, the new faces, the new subjects of conversation, and I miss very much the old friends I have left behind.

"Ever your truly affectionate

"L. E. LANDON."

She was born on the 14th of August, 1802, at Hans Place, Chelsea, where her father, a junior partner in the house of Adair, army agents, then resided; and in that locality, with few brief intervals, the whole of her life was passed. When we first knew her in 1825 she lived with her grandmother in Sloane Street; subsequently she became a boarder in the school establishment of the Misses Lance, at No. 22, Hans Place, the house in which she had been a pupil when but six years old; and here she was residing up to within a few months of her marriage, when, in consequence of the retirement of the Misses Lance, she became an inmate in the family of Mrs. Sheddon at Upper Berkeley Street, Connaught Square.

In answer to my request that she would give me some particulars of her life's history, I received from her the following letter:—

"MY DEAR MR. HALL,

"In endeavouring to give you some idea of my life, I find that a few words will comprise its events, so much has one year repeated the other. My childhood was passed at Trevor Park, and is the basis of the last tale in 'Traits and Trials.' I cannot remember the time when composition in some shape or other was not a habit. I used to invent long stories, which I was only too glad if I could get my mother to hear. These soon took a metrical form; and I used to walk about the grounds, and lie awake half the night, reciting my verses aloud.

"The realities of life began with me at a very early period of existence. The embarrassed state of my father's circumstances made us live in great seclusion at Old Brompton, and also led to a thousand projects for their amelioration—among others, literature seemed the resource, which it only seems to youth and inexperience. With what wonder in after years we look back on how we used to believe and expect! My course of reading had been very desultory—principally history and travels, and I especially remember a Life of Petrarch which perhaps first threw round Italy that ideal charm it has always retained in my eyes. The scene of his being crowned at the Capitol was always present to my mind, and gave me the most picturesque notion of the glory of poetry. The Odyssey was another work which I was never tired of reading. It was the same sort of pleasure that I derived from reading Scott—an excitement, a keener sense of existence, and a passionate desire of action. Were I to be asked the writer who has exercised the greatest influence in forming my style, I should say—Walter Scott.

"The desire of publication is inseparable from composition, and some of my MSS. were sent to the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, who spoke highly of their promise, though at first he doubted who was the author. He would not believe that they were written by the child whom he saw playing with his own children. The 'Improvisatrice' met with the usual difficulties attendant on a first attempt. It was refused by every publisher in London. Mr. Murray said peers only should write poetry; Longmans would not hear of it; Colburn declared poetry was quite out of his way; and for months it remained unpublished. In the meantime, the fugitive poems with my signature, L. E. L., had attracted much attention in the *Literary Gazette*, and Messrs. Hurst and Robinson agreed to publish it. I may without vanity say that its success was complete, and I have never since found any publishing obstacles. Messrs. Hurst and Robinson gave me £300 for the 'Improvisatrice,' and £600 for the 'Troubadour.' I mention this as it was asserted in some of the newspapers that I have been a loser by their failure. Such was not the case. And it would give me sincere pleasure to express the gratitude I still feel for

their kind and gentlemanlike conduct towards me. Indeed, I have always met with the same treatment from every publisher with whom I have been connected. I certainly am not one of the authors who complain of the booksellers. My whole life has been one of constant labour. My contributions to various periodicals—whether tales, poetry, or criticism—amount to far more than my published volumes. I have been urged to this by the necessity of aiding those nearly connected with me, whom my father's death left entirely destitute. I have lived almost wholly in London; and though very susceptible to the impressions produced by the beauty of the country, certainly never felt at home but on the pavement. I write poetry with far more ease than I do prose, and with far greater rapidity. In prose I often stop and hesitate for a word; in poetry never. Poetry always carries me out of myself. I forget everything in the world but the subject which has interested my imagination. It is the most subtle and interesting of pleasures, but, like all pleasures, it is dearly bought; it is always succeeded by extreme depression of spirits, and an overpowering sense of bodily fatigue.

"To conclude. Mine has been a successful career, and I hope I am earnestly grateful for the encouragement I have received, and the friends I have made. But my life has convinced me that a public career must be a painful one to a woman. The envy and the notoriety carry with them a bitterness which predominates over the praise.

"I am ashamed of all this long detail about myself; but it was your wish. Anything further that I can supply do ask and have.

"Yours most truly,

"L. E. LONDON."

Her grandmother's grave was, if I recollect rightly, the third opened in the graveyard of Holy Trinity, Brompton. Her lines on the "new" churchyard will be remembered. I attended the old lady's funeral, Mrs. Hall having received from Miss Landon this letter:—

"I have had time to recover the first shock, and it was great weakness to feel so sorry, though even now I do not like to think of her very sudden death. I am thankful for its giving her so little confinement or pain. She had never known illness, and would have borne it impatiently—a great addition to suffering. I am so very grateful to Mr. Hall, for I really did not know what to do. Her funeral is fixed for Friday; the hour will be arranged to his and Mr. Jerdan's convenience."

Mrs. Hall supplies me with the following particulars concerning her early acquaintance and intercourse with Lætitia Landon:—

"My husband had been introduced to a certain little Miss Spence, who, on the strength of having written something about the Highlands, was decidedly '*blue*,' when '*blue*' was by no means so general a colour as it is at present. She had a lodging of two rooms in Great Quebec Street, and 'patronised' young *litterateurs*, inviting them to her 'humble abode,' where tea was made in the bed-room, and where it was whispered the butter was kept cool in the wash-hand basin! There were 'lots' of such-like small scandals about poor little Miss Spence's 'humble abode;' still people liked to go, and my husband was invited, with a sort of apology for poor me, who, never having published anything at that time, was considered ineligible: it was 'a rule.'

"Of course I had an account of the party when Mr. Hall came home. I coveted to know who was there, and what everybody had worn and said. I was told that Lady Caroline Lamb had been present, enveloped in the folds of an ermine cloak, which she called a 'cat-skin,' and that she talked a great deal about a periodical she wished to get up, to be called the *Tabby's Magazine*; and that with her was an exceedingly haughty, brilliant, and beautiful girl, Rosina Wheeler, since well known as Lady Lytton, and who sat rather

impatiently at the feet of her eccentric 'Gamaliel.' Miss Emma Roberts was one of the favoured ladies; and Miss Spence, who, like all 'Leo-hunters,' delighted in novelty, had just caught the author of 'The Mummy,' Jane Webb, who was as gentle and unpretending then as she was in after years, when, laying aside romance for reality, she became the great helper of her husband, Mr. Loudon, in his laborious and valuable works. When I heard Miss Benger was there in her historic turban, I thought it fortunate that I had remained at home. I had always a terror of tall, commanding women, who blink down upon you, and have the unmistakable air about them of 'Behold me! have I not pronounced sentence upon Queen Elizabeth, and set my mark on the Queen of Scots?' Still I quite appreciated the delight of meeting under the same roof so many celebrities, and was cross-questioning my husband, when he said, 'But there was one lady there on whom I promised you should call to-morrow.'

"Imagine my mingled delight and dismay: delight at the bare idea of seeing *her* who must be well-nigh suffocated with the perfume of her own 'Golden Violet,' the idol of my imagination; dismay—for what should I say to her? what would she say to me?"

"And now I must look back, back to the 'long ago,' the long, long ago!"

"I can hardly realise the sweep of years that has gone over so many who have become near and dear to us since I first saw Lætitia Landon—in her grandmother's modest lodging in Sloane Street—a bright-eyed, sparkling, restless little girl, in a pink gingham frock, grafting clever things on common-place nothings, frolicking from subject to subject with the playfulness of a spoiled child, her dark hair put back from her low, yet broad, forehead, only a little above the most beautiful eyebrows a painter could picture, and falling in curls around her slender throat. We were nearly the same age, but I had been a year married, and if I had not supported myself on my dignity as a matron, should have been more than nervous on my first introduction to a 'living poet,' though the poet was so different from what I had imagined. Her movements were as rapid as those of a squirrel. I wondered how any one so quick could be so graceful. She had been making a cap for her grandmother, and would insist upon the old lady's putting it on, that I might see 'how pretty it was.' To this, 'grandmamma' (Mrs. Bishop) objected. She 'couldn't,' and she 'wouldn't' try it on; 'how could Lætitia be so silly?' And then the author of the 'Golden Violet' put the great, be-flowered, be-ribboned thing on her own dainty little head with a grave look—like a cloud on a rose—and, folding her pretty little hands over her pink frock, made what she called a 'Sir Roger de Coverley' curtsy, skipping backwards into the bed-room; and rushing in again, having deposited out of sight the cap she was so proud of constructing, she took my hands in hers, and asked me 'if we should be friends.' 'Friends!' I do not think that during the long intimacy that followed the childlike meeting, extending from the year 1825 to her leaving England in 1838, during which time I saw her nearly every day, and certainly every week—I do not think she ever loved me as I loved her; how could she? But I was proud of the confidence and regard she bestowed on me, and would have given half my own happiness to have sheltered her from the envy and evil that embittered the spring and summer-time of her blighted life. It always seemed to me impossible not to

love her, not to cherish her. Perhaps the greatest magic she exercised was, that after the first rush of remembrance of that wonderful young woman's writings had subsided, she rendered you completely oblivious of what she had done, by the irresistible charm of what she was. You forgot all about her books; you only felt the intense delight of life with her. She was penetrating, yet thoroughly sympathetic, and entered into your feelings so entirely, that you wondered how the little 'witch' could read you so readily and so rightly; and if, now and then, you were startled, perhaps dismayed, by her wit—it was but as the prick of a diamond arrow. Words and thoughts that she flung hither and thither, without design or intent beyond the amusement of the moment, come to me still with a mingled thrill of pleasure and pain that I cannot describe, and which my most friendly readers could not understand, because they did not know her. When I knew her first, she certainly looked much younger than she was. When we talked of ages, which we did the first day, I found it difficult to believe she was more than seventeen—she was so slight, so fragile, so girlish in her gestures and manners. In after days I often wondered how she seemed so graceful; her neck was short, her shoulders high; you saw those defects at the first glance, just as you did that her nose was *retroussé*, and that she was 'under hung,' which ought to have spoiled the expression of her mouth; yet it did not. You saw all this at once, but you never thought about it after the first five minutes. Her complexion was clear, her hair dark and silken, and the lashes that sheltered her grey eyes long, and slightly upturned; her voice was inexpressibly sweet and modulated, but there was a melancholy cadence in it, a 'fall' so full of sorrow, that I often looked to see if tears were coming. No—the smile and eyes were beaming in perfect harmony; yet it was next to impossible to believe in her happiness, with the memory of that cadence still in the ear. Like all the earnest workers I have known intimately, she had a double existence—an inner and an outer life. Many times when I have witnessed her suffering either from spasmodic attacks, to which she was continually liable, or from the necessity for work to provide for the comforts and luxuries of those who never spared her, I have seen her cast, as it were, her natural self away, enter the long, narrow, and poorly-furnished room that opened on the garden at Hans Place, and flash upon a morning visitor as if she had not a pain or a care in the world; dazzling the senses, and captivating the affections of some new acquaintance, as she had done mine, and sending him or her away believing in the reality of her happiness, and fully convinced that the melancholy that breathed through her poems was assumed—that, in fact, her true nature was buoyant and joyous as that of a lark singing between earth and heaven. If they could but have seen how the cloud settled down on that beaming face; if they had but heard the deep-drawn sigh of relief that the by-play was played out, and noted the languid step with which she mounted to her attic, and gathered her young limbs on the common seat, opposite the common table whereon she worked, they would have arrived at a directly opposite, and a too true; conclusion—that the melancholy was real, the mirth assumed.

"My second visit to her was after she had left her grandmother, and was residing at 22, Hans Place. Miss Emma Roberts* and her sister, at that time,

* Miss Emma Roberts, whose name is now forgotten, was the author of some works of merit. She accompanied her sister and her sister's husband to India, and died there.

boarded also at Miss Lance's school, and Miss Landon found there a room at the top of the house, where she could have the quiet and seclusion her labour required, and which she could not have had with her kind-natured but restless grandmother. She never could understand how 'speaking one word to Letty,' just one word, and not keeping her five minutes away from that desk, where she would certainly grow 'humped' or 'crooked,' could interfere with her work. She was one of those stolid persons, the bane of authors, who think nothing of the lost idea, and the unravelling of the web, when a train of thought is broken by the 'only one word,' 'only a moment,' which scatters thoughts to the wind—thoughts



MISS LONDON'S RESIDENCE AT HANS PLACE.

that can no more be called home than the thistle-down that is carried away by a passing breeze.

"She continued to reside in that unostentatious home, obedient to the 'rules of the school' as the youngest pupil, dining with the children at their early hour, and returning to her sanctuary, whence she sent forth, rapidly and continuously, works that won for her the adoration of the young and the admiration of the old. But though she ceased to reside with her grandmother, she was most devoted in her attentions to her aged relative, and trimmed her caps and bonnets, and 'quilled' her frills, as usual. I have seen the old lady's

'borders' and ribbons mingled with pages of manuscript, and known her to put aside a poem to 'settle up' grandmamma's cap for Sunday. These were the minor duties in which she indulged, but her grandmother owed the greater part, if not the entire, of her comforts to the generous and unselfish nature of that gifted girl. Her mother I never saw. *Morally* right in all her arrangements, she was *mentally* wrong, and the darling poet of the public had no loving sympathy, no tender care from the author of her being. She had endured the wrongs of a neglected childhood, and but for the attachment of her grandmother she would have known 'next to nothing' of the love of motherhood. Thus she was left alone with her genius; for admiration, however grateful to a woman's senses, never yet filled a woman's heart.

"When I first knew her, and for some time after, she was childishly untidy and negligent in her dress. Her 'frocks' were tossed on, as if buttons and strings were encumbrances; one sleeve off the shoulder, the other on, and her soft, silky hair brushed 'anyhow.' But Emma Roberts, whose dress was always in 'good taste,' determined on her reformation, and gradually the young poet, as she expressed it, 'did not know herself.' I use the word 'young' because she was so wonderfully youthful in appearance, and positively as she grew older looked younger—her delicate complexion, the transparent tenderness of her skin, and the playful expression of her childlike features adding to the deception."

In the zenith of her fame, and towards the terrible close of her life, the personal appearance of Miss Landon was highly attractive. Though small of stature, her form was remarkably graceful, and in society, at all events, she paid to dress the attention that literary women too frequently neglect. This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of her at a later period than the sketch I have given:—

"It was strange to watch the many shades of varied feeling that passed across her countenance even in an hour. I can see her now—her dark silken hair braided back over a small, but what phrenologists would call a well-developed, head; her forehead full and open, but the hair grew low upon it; the eyebrow perfect in arch and form; the eyes round, soft, or flashing, grey, well formed, and beautifully set, the lashes long and black, the under lashes turning down with a delicate curve, and forming a soft relief upon the tint of her cheek, which, when she enjoyed good health, was bright and blushing. Her complexion was delicately fair; her skin soft and transparent; her nose small (*retroussé*), the nostril well defined, slightly curved, but capable of a scornful expression, which she did not appear to have the power of repressing, even though she gave her thoughts no words, when any mean or despicable action was alluded to. It would be difficult to describe her mouth; it was neither flat nor pouting, neither large nor small; the under jaw projected a little beyond the upper. Her smile was deliciously animated; her teeth white, small, and even; and her voice and laugh soft, low, and musical. Her ears were of peculiar beauty, and all who study the beauty of the human head know that the ear is either very pleasing to look on, or much the contrary: hers were small, and of a delicate hue. Her hands and feet were even smaller than her sylph-like figure would have led one to expect. She would have been of perfect symmetry but that her shoulders

were rather 'high.' Her movements, when not excited by animated conversation, were graceful and ladylike, but when excited they became sudden and almost abrupt."

There were few portraits of Miss Landon painted, yet she was acquainted with many artists, and had intense love of art. Witness her "Subjects for Pictures" in the *New Monthly Magazine*, written at my suggestion. Her friend MacIse painted her three or four times: I know of none others, except that by Pickersgill. It is engraved with this Memory. I always thought it the most like her, but it is not flattering. Though quite unskilled in the language of the schools, she had a fine feeling for

"The art that can immortalise."

I remember her once speaking of artists in her usual animated and pictorial manner, and concluding by saying "they deserved all honour—they idealised humanity." What a string of pearls I might have gathered, had I noted down the thoughts that fell in sayings from her lips!

She cannot be described as handsome, but at times her face became absolutely beautiful, when its expression was animated by thought, and the language of warm feeling, or of earnest sympathy, fell from her eloquent lips. Then her eyes too would speak; I have seen them many a time sparkling with indignation and dissolved in tears.

In society she was brilliant, without by any means being

"That dangerous thing, a female wit."

Her language was often epigrammatic, and her "sayings" would have been worth collecting and preserving for their point and purpose. She was usually full of animation, and never failed to deal "well" with any subject on which she conversed. Those who saw her at such times would have thought that gaiety was her prevailing characteristic: it was not so. Frequently I have seen her sigh heavily in apparently her merriest moments, and have quoted to myself these lines,—

"Chide not her mirth who was sad yesterday,
And may be so to-morrow."

She first met the Ettrick Shepherd at our house. When Hogg was presented to her, he looked earnestly *down* at her for perhaps half a minute, and then exclaimed, in a rich manly "Scottish" voice, "Eh, I didna think ye'd been sae bonnie! I've said many hard things aboot ye. I'll do sae nae mair. I didna think ye'd been sae bonnie!" Mrs. Opie, who also first saw her at our house, paid her a questionable compliment, saying she was the prettiest butterfly she had ever seen; and I remember the staid Quakeress shaking her finger at the young poetess, and saying, "What thou art saying thou dost not mean!" Miss Jewsbury (the much elder sister of the accomplished authoress, Geraldine), whose fate somewhat resembled her own, said of her, "She was a *gay* and gifted thing," but Miss Jewsbury knew her only "in the throng." Her toils were too intense, the demands upon her resources too heavy: there was a perpetual necessity for labour to answer the needs of others, not her own, for her wants were limited; her own expenses little more than those she paid for her moderate board at "a school;" and for dress, though no doubt she had a woman's longing in that way,

she said, and we could well believe her, she had seldom two silk gowns of her own.* But "gay" the troubles and anxieties of life would not let her be; "gay" she was forbidden to be by the necessity of daily toil, ill or in health; more than that, her nature inclined her to despondency—almost a necessity of the poetic temperament. Her closer friends knew that the sparkle was often unreal:—

"The cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

And beyond doubt, in later years, there was "a fatal remembrance" that threw

"Its dark shade alike o'er her joys and her woes."

I have rarely known a woman so entirely fascinating as Miss Landon. This arose mainly from her large sympathy: she was playful with the young, sedate with the old, and considerate and reflective with the middle-aged; she could be tender, and she could be severe, prosaic or practical, and essentially of and with whatever party she chanced to be among. I remember this faculty once receiving an illustration. She was taking lessons in riding, and had so much pleased the riding-master, that at parting he complimented her by saying, "Well, madam, we are all born with a genius for something, and yours is for horsemanship."

Her industry was absolutely wonderful: she was perpetually at work, although often, nay, generally, with little of physical strength, and sometimes utterly prostrated by illness. Yet the work *must* be done. Her poems and prose were usually for periodical publications, and a given day of the month it was impossible to postpone. She was also a fertile correspondent: we have had hundreds of her letters; many of them we have now. She found time to show how deep an interest she took in all that concerned those she liked or loved. Her entirely unselfish nature was known, by pleasant experience, to all friends, admirers, or acquaintances with whom she came in contact, either in the way of business or of pleasure.

She married Mr. McLean, then in high office at the Gold Coast,†—a man who neither knew, felt, nor estimated her value. He wedded her, I am sure, only because he was vain of her celebrity; and she him, because he enabled her to change her name, and to remove from that society in which, just then, the old and infamous slander had been revived. There was, in this case, no love, no esteem, no respect, and there could have been no discharge of duty that was not thankless and irksome.

* Mrs. Hall remembers once meeting her coming out of Youngman's shop, in Sloane Street, and walking home with her. "I have been," she said, "to buy a pair of gloves, the only money spent on myself out of the £300 I received for 'Romance and Reality.'" That same day she spoke of having lived in Sloane Street when a child. Her mother's *ménage* must have been curiously conducted:—"On Sundays my brother and myself were often left alone in the house, with one servant, who always went out, locking us in, and we two children used to sit at the open parlour-window, to catch the smell of the one-o'clock dinners that went past from the bakehouse, well knowing that no dinner awaited us."

† She was married on the 7th of June, 1838, to Mr. George McLean, at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, her brother, the Rev. Whittington Landon, officiating. The bride was "given away" by her long and attached friend, Sir Lytton Bulwer Lytton, now Lord Lytton. They were married a fortnight, at least, before the marriage was announced even to friends. A sad story was some time afterwards circulated, the truth of which I have no means of confirming, that McLean had been engaged to a lady in Scotland, which engagement he had withdrawn; and that she was in the act of sealing a farewell letter to him, when her dress caught fire, and she was burnt to death.

The Poet Laureate has written :—

“ That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies ;
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright ;
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.”

Undoubtedly the wicked slander that associated the name of Maginn with that of L. E. L. had some foundation. She had written to that very worthless person a letter, or letters, containing expressions which she ought not to have penned. They sufficed to arouse the ire of a jealous woman, and led to much misery. To have seen, much less to have known Maginn, would have been to



THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE : CAPE COAST CASTLE.

refute the calumny. But the worst accusation that could justly have been urged against her was imprudence.

Mrs. Hall, having heard this slander, thought herself bound to write to Miss Landon on the subject. She did so, and this was her reply. As twenty years have gone since it was written, and as the parties chiefly implicated are dead, I do not consider I commit any breach of confidence (especially as it was not marked “private”) in printing it :*—

* In a letter to Mrs. Hall, written some time before the one I have printed, I find this passage :—“ Who on earth do you think I had a long visit from on Sunday? Dr. Maginn.”

"MY DEAR MRS. HALL,

"You are quite right in saying you owe me no apology for your letter, though I own I am surprised at its contents; for, from all that has been said to me, I had no idea that the least importance was attached to the slanders of a violent and malevolent woman. Mrs. Maginn is too well known in her own circle; she speaks but of me as she speaks of every one else. She has for some time past taken a great dislike to me, and first one spiteful invention and then another was its consequence—always, however, fawning and flattering to my face. She seems to have quite a mania about my letter-writing; for the first shape in which it reached me was, that I had written four-and-twenty love-letters to Mr. Maclise, and that he had offered her one of them. As to the new fancy about her husband, I cannot even call it jealousy—for jealousy implies some degree of feeling; it is sheer envy, operating upon a weak, vulgar, but cunning nature. As to the idea of an attachment between me and Dr. Maginn, it seems to me too absurd even for denial. The letters, however, I utterly deny. I have often written notes, as pretty and as flattering as I could make them, to Dr. Maginn, upon different literary matters, and one or two on business. But how any construction but their own could be put upon them I do not understand. A note of mine that would pass for a love-letter must either have been strangely misrepresented, or most strangely altered. Dr. Maginn and his wife have my full permission to publish every note I ever wrote—in *The Age* if they like. I regret I ever allowed an acquaintance to be forced upon me of which I was always ashamed. The fact was I was far too much afraid of Dr. Maginn not to conciliate him if possible; and if civility or flattery would have done it, I should have been glad so to do. As it has turned out, I have, I fear, only made myself a powerful enemy; for of course, on the first rumour that reached me, I felt it incumbent on me to forbid his visits, few and infrequent as they were. I have met both since, and the only notice I took was to cut Mrs. Maginn decidedly.

"I have long since discovered that I must be prepared for enmity I have never provoked, and unkindness I have little deserved. God knows that if when I do go into society I meet with more of homage and attention than most, it is dearly bought. What is my life? One day of drudgery after another; difficulties incurred for others, which have ever pressed upon me beyond health, which every year, by one severe illness after another, shows is tasked beyond its strength; envy, malice, and all uncharitableness—these are the fruits of a successful literary career for a woman.

"I can do nothing. It is impossible to lead a more quiet life, or less to provoke personal animadversion, than I do, and yet is there anything too malicious to be invented, or too absurd to be repeated about me?

"I leave it to all you have known and seen of me to judge if belief be possible.

"I have nothing more to say. I thank you for your kindness. I have always experienced it, but do not make the slightest claim upon it.

"Your obliged,

"J. E. LONDON."

To those who knew, or, indeed, had ever seen Dr. Maginn, incredulity as to that slander would not have been difficult. A man less likely to have gained the affections of any woman could not easily have been found. To say nothing of his being a married man—dirty in his dress and habits, revolting in manners, and rarely sober, he might have been pointed out as one from whom a woman of refinement would have turned with loathing, rather than have approached with love. I should, perhaps, have passed over this incident as unworthy of thought, but that, in a recently-published volume of "Recollections," the Honourable Grantley Berkeley has made it the peg on which to hang "a story." He can hardly expect those who were either the friends or acquaintances of Miss Landon to credit it, yet he is circumstantial in his statement that she was eager to place her honour in his keeping on the *very first* occasion of their meeting (so he says), or that she really looked to him to avenge a wrong done to her by Dr. Maginn, who, he more than insinuates, sought to corrupt L. E. L. as the

price of "making or marring" her literary prospects, and that at a time, be it remembered, when her fame had been long established, and when no writer could have either increased or impaired it. Moreover, Mr. Berkeley requires us to accept the picture he draws of the poetess—saying to him (the first time she had ever spoken with him), her voice interrupted by "sobs," "I resolved to trust you with more than my life; to tell you all, and to ask your counsel;" and that, as a consequence, he "rescued from the machinations of a scoundrel one of the most amiable and gifted of her sex." Of all visionary fancies arising out of the creative faculty, this is one of the most "thorough."

For my own part, although I may believe that once or twice Miss Landon did actually admit to her presence the Honourable Grantley Berkeley, I do not believe she ever said to him a single word in reference to her intimacy with Dr. Maginn, or that any such conversation ever took place as that which this chivalric champion so minutely details.* I consider his statement an invention, "pure and simple."

The last time I saw L. E. L. was in Upper Berkeley Street, Connaught Square, on the 27th June, 1838, soon after her marriage, when she was on the eve of her fatal voyage. A farewell party was given to some of her friends by Mrs. Sheddon, with whom she then boarded, Misses Lance having resigned their school. When the proper time arrived, there was a whisper round the table, and as I was the oldest of her friends present, it fell to my lot to propose her health. I did so with the warmth I felt. The "chances" were that we should never meet again; and I considered myself free to speak of her in terms such as could not but have gratified any husband, except the husband she had chosen. I referred to her as one of my wife's most valued friends during many years of closest personal intimacy, and sought to convey to McLean's mind, and to the minds of her other friends, the high respect as well as affection with which we regarded her. There

* Mr. Grantley Berkeley, having read my opinion when I published my views (but much more guarded than they are now) in the *Art-Journal*, thought proper to send me a threatening letter, and in a second edition of his book to assail me in no measured terms. I treated both in the only way in which they could be treated—with indifference; and took no notice of his attacks on me. Others, however, did not treat him so tenderly. Mr. C. L. Gruneisen (a gentleman well known to, and greatly esteemed by, the public) took up my defence, and it was safe in his hands. He expresses his conviction that my memoir of L. E. L. was "a thoroughly truthful memoir." That matters little; but he describes Mr. Grantley Berkeley as "a slanderer and a libeller;" characterising his statement as "a monstrous fable." I extract two or three passages from Mr. Gruneisen's brave and manly letter to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"Mr. Grantley Berkeley, smarting under the obloquy which must always attach to his name for the brutal assault on the proprietor and publisher of *Fraser's Magazine*, has now added to the previous odium by seeking to stab a man through the heart of a woman. To justify one of the most ruffian-like attacks ever made on an unoffending tradesman, Mr. Berkeley seeks to fix on Dr. Maginn a most disgraceful charge by communicating to the world that which, if true, ought to have been kept by him a profound secret, even until death. If L. E. L. did make a Grantley Berkeley her confidant, she must have done so under the impression that he was a 'chevalier sans peur et sans reproche'—one who would be her champion, and not her slanderer. But I have no hesitation in expressing my utter disbelief in Mr. Berkeley's statement that Miss Landon selected him as her defender. . . . It has evidently been an afterthought of Mr. Berkeley to turn to his account a scandalous report to exonerate him in his allegations against Dr. Maginn."

A few days after the publication of that letter (to which Mr. Gruneisen affixed his name and address), the Rev. J. B. Landon (a cousin of Miss Landon), in the absence from England of Miss Landon's brother, wrote as follows to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"Mr. Grantley Berkeley's statements would long since have been met with an indignant denial on the part of the relations of L. E. L., had they not felt that the amount of credit likely to be attached to any statement that gentleman might make was hardly such as would justify them in giving currency to the slander by taking the trouble to deny it. They would have been satisfied to leave him to the profound contempt of all right-thinking persons which he has already incurred, and the reproaches of an accusing conscience which may yet await him. As, however, others have generously stepped forward in L. E. L.'s defence, they feel that silence on their part might be misconstrued; and I therefore lose no time in declaring their conviction that there is not the slightest foundation for the story which Mr. Grantley Berkeley's morbid vanity has led him to concoct."

were many at the table who shed tears while I spoke. The reader may imagine the chill which came over that party when McLean had risen to "return thanks." He merely said, "If Mrs. McLean has as many friends as Mr. Hall says she has, I only wonder they allow her to leave them." That was all: it was more than a chill—it was a blight. A gloomy foreboding as to the future of that doomed woman came to all the guests, as, one by one, they rose and departed, with a brief and mournful farewell. Probably no one of them ever saw her again.

They sailed for Africa on the 5th of July, 1838. On the 15th of August she landed, and on the 15th of October she was dead!—dying, according to a coroner's jury, "of having incautiously taken a dose of prussic acid." * Alas! it is a sad, sad story—one that makes my heart ache as I write. It was a terrible close to a most unhappy life.

The circumstances of her death will be for ever a mystery—a sad and mournful mystery indeed!

The very morning of her death, in a letter to a friend, she wrote, "The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute. From seven in the morning till seven in the evening, when we dine, I never see Mr. McLean, and rarely any one else." Writing previously, she says, "There are eleven or twelve chambers here, empty, I am told, yet Mr. McLean refuses to let me have one of them for my use. He expects me to cook, wash, and iron; in short, to do the work of a servant. He says he will never cease correcting me until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under heavy trials, bad." It is but a mild view of the case which Dr. Madden takes when he says—"The conviction left on my mind, by all the inquiries I had made (at Cape Coast), and the knowledge I had gained of the peculiarities of Mr. McLean, was that the marriage of L. E. L. with him was ill calculated to promote her happiness, or to secure her peace; and that Mr. McLean, making no secret of his entire want of sympathy with her tastes, of repugnance for her pursuits, and eventually of entire indifference towards her, had rendered her exceedingly unhappy." †

The following letter from L. E. L. was received by Mrs. Hall on the 3rd of January, 1839. It is without a date. On the 1st we had heard of her death. It was a "ship letter," and charged two shillings and fourpence; but the mark of the place at which it was posted is indistinct:—

"DEAR MRS. HALL,

"I must send you one of my earliest epistles from the tropics, and as a ship is just sailing, I will write, though it can only be a few hurried lines. I can tell you my whole voyage in three words—six weeks' sea-sickness—but I am now as well as possible, and have been ever

* Dr. Madden ("Memoirs of Lady Blessington"), by whom the "Gold Coast" was visited not long after the death of L. E. L., describes the Castle as "a large, ill-constructed, dismal-looking fort, with a few rooms of a barrack-looking fashion." The town, "Cape Coast," is a wretched town, "containing about four thousand inhabitants, natives of the country, with a few European traders." "A wilderness of seared verdure, and tangled shrubs and stunted bushes—a jungle and a swamp, realising desolation"—that was the scenery around the miserable dwelling called "a Castle."

† "Mr. McLean was a good mathematician. All his tastes were for the cultivation of the exact sciences. His favourite pursuits were geometrical and algebraic calculations, barometrical and thermometrical observations. He affected scorn for poetry and poets."—*Dr. Madden.*

Mr. McLean died at Cape Coast on the 28th of May, 1847. He had been for several years "President of the African Company" in Western Africa. He was not buried in the same grave with his unhappy wife, but "at her side."

since I landed. The Castle is a very noble building, and all the rooms large and cool, while some would be pretty even in England. That where I am writing is painted a deep blue, with some splendid engravings—indeed, fine prints seem quite a passion with the gentlemen here. Mr. McLean's library is fitted up with bookcases of African mahogany, and portraits of distinguished authors. I, however, never approach it without due preparation and humility, so crowded is it with scientific instruments, telescopes, chronometers, barometers, gasometers, &c., none of which may be touched by hands profane. On three sides, the batteries are dashed against by the waves; on the fourth is a splendid land view. The hills are covered to the top with what we should call wood, but is here called bush. This dense mass of green is varied by some large, handsome, white houses, belonging to different gentlemen, and on two of the heights are small forts built by Mr. McLean. The cocoa-trees, with their long, fan-like leaves, are very beautiful. The natives seem to be obliging and intelligent, and look very picturesque with their fine, dark figures, with pieces of the country cloth flung around them. They seem to have an excellent ear for music. The band plays all the old popular airs which they have caught from some chance hearing. The servants are tolerable, but they take so many to work. The prisoners do the scouring, and fancy three or four men cleaning a room that an old woman in England would do in an hour, besides the soldier who stands by, his bayonet drawn in his hand. All my troubles have been of a housekeeping kind, and no one could begin on a more plentiful stock of ignorance than myself. However, like Sinbad the Sailor in the cavern, I begin to see daylight. I have numbered and labelled my keys—their name is legion—and every morning I take my way to the store, give out flour, sugar, butter, &c., and am learning to scold if I see any dust, or miss the customary polish on the tables. I am actually getting the steward of the ship, who is my right hand, to teach me how to make pastry. I will report progress in the next. We live almost entirely on ducks and chickens: if a sheep be killed, it must be eaten the same day. The bread is very good, palm wine being used for yeast; and yams are an excellent substitute for potatoes. The fruit generally is too sweet for my liking, but the oranges and pineapples are delicious. You cannot think the complete seclusion in which I live, but I have a great resource in writing, and I am very well and very happy. But I think, even more than I expected, if that be possible, of my English friends. It was almost like seeing something alive when I saw the 'Buccaneer' and 'Outlaw' side by side in Mr. McLean's library. I cannot tell you the pleasure it gave me. Do tell Mr. Hall that every day I find the 'Books of Gems' greater treasures. I refer to them perpetually. I have been busy with what I hope you will like—essays from Sir Walter Scott's works, to illustrate a set of Heath's portraits. I believe they are to appear every fortnight next year. Give my kindest love to Mrs. Fielding and Mr. Hall, and believe me ever your truly affectionate

"L. E. McLEAN."

She had signed her name "L. E. Landon," but had erased "Landon," and written in "McLean," adding, "How difficult it is to leave off an old custom!"

She was buried, on the evening of her death, "in the courtyard of the Castle." The grave was dug by torchlight; and there stood beside it a few "mourners" wrapped in cloaks, shelters from "a pitiless torrent of rain." Guided by "a flickering light," the busy workmen hurried through their work; the mourners hastened away; one "silent watcher"—it was not her husband—waited till the grave was covered in, and all that was mortal of her whose life was indeed a grief from the cradle to the grave was "put out of sight."*

Let the name she bore for so brief a time be forgotten; let her be known in

* Lady Blessington had charged Dr. Madden to have erected, at her cost, a monument over the remains of L. E. L. Upon applying on the subject to Mr. McLean, he said, "It was unnecessary, as he had already ordered out from England a mural slab with an inscription; and it had been lying for some time in a store in the Castle, and he would have it put up shortly." That was done a few days afterwards.

Dr. Madden thus describes the grave of the poetess:—"The spot that was chosen for the grave of this accomplished, but unhappy lady could not be more inappropriate. A few common tiles distinguish it from the graves of the various military men who have perished in this stronghold of pestilence. Her grave is daily trampled over by the soldiers of the fort. The morning blast of the bugle and roll of the drum are the sounds that have been thought most in unison with the spirit of the gentle being who sleeps below the few red tiles

the literary history of her country only as Lætitia Elizabeth Landon; and let the "small white tablet inserted in the Castle wall" at Cape Coast be the only record of the name "McLean."*

Poor girl! Poor woman! Poor victim! Thus she fulfilled her own mournful prediction, though speaking of another:—

"Where my father's bones are lying,
There my bones will never lie!

* * * * *

Mine shall be a lonelier ending,
Mine shall be a wilder grave:
Where the shout and shriek are blending,
Where the temp. st meets the wave.
Or perhaps a fate more lonely,
In some drear and distant ward,
Where my weary eyes meet only
Hired nurse and sullen guard!"

SAMUEL LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THE name of LAMAN BLANCHARD may be rightly associated with that of Lætitia Elizabeth Landon, for he wrote her "Life," and did ample justice to her memory. He first met the young poetess at our house; and a friendship was commenced between us which did not terminate with her death. Foreseeing what "might be," she had laid a duty on him before her departure for Africa, and the pledge he gave was faithfully kept. With a copy of the volumes, Blanchard wrote us this note:—

"For two reasons you will try to like the long-looked-for. The first and strongest refers to the glorious creature who is gone; and the second to one whom you know to have striven hard to vindicate her name, and to keep her memory as a pleasant odour in the world. If I have failed, it is because there were difficulties in the way that I cannot explain; and if some of her enemies escape, it was because I was fearful of injuring her."

Blanchard was born at Great Yarmouth on the 15th of May, 1803. His father removed to London in 1805, and followed the calling of a painter and glazier in Southwark. Laman was educated at the neighbouring school of St. Olave,

where the soldiers on parade do congregate. There is not a plant, nor a blade of grass, nor anything green, in that courtyard, on which the burning sun blazes down all day long. And this is the place where they have buried L. E. L.!"

It is, I presume, a vain hope that some one hereafter may transport her remains from that wretched "settlement," and place them in some God's-acre of English ground; realising the hope of Walter Savage Landor in some lines addressed to Lady Blessington:—

"Oh, never more! the burthen of the strain
Be those sad, hopeless words; then make her bed
Near shadowy boughs, that she may dwell again
Where her own English violets bloom and fade,
The sole sweet records cluster'd o'er her head,
In this strange land, to tell where our belov'd is laid."

* During Dr. Madden's brief residence at Cape Coast Castle he occupied the chamber in which L. E. L. died. He describes "a frightful dream, or rather, a half-waking, half-sleeping sort of hallucination, in which I fancied that the form of Mrs. McLean, clad in a white dress, was extended before me lifeless on the floor, on the spot where I had been told her body had been discovered. This imaginary white object lay between my bed and the window, through which the moon was shining brightly, and every time I raised myself, and examined closely this spot, on which the moonbeams fell in a slanting direction, the imaginary form would cease to be discernible; and then in a few minutes, when I might doze, or fail by any effort to keep attention alive, the same appalling figure would present itself to my imagination."

Was this "a dream that was not all a dream?"

where he soon became a prominent scholar, gaining prizes when he was under ten years old. He had been doomed to drudgery in a proctor's office, but early formed acquaintance with Buckstone, and acquired a taste for the stage. He tried, indeed, his "prentice han" at the Margate theatre, but recoiled with the natural delicacy of a sensitive and highly-refined organisation from the humiliations of a strolling player's life. For a time he was assistant secretary to the Zoological Society, of which his brother-in-law, Vigors, was the chief founder and secretary. At the early age of eighteen he fell in love, and married Miss Ann Gates. He soon became a "writer," editing or sub-editing the *Monthly Magazine*, *La Belle Assemblée*, afterwards the *True Sun*, and ultimately the *Courier*, the once famous paper being then in a dying state, having, moreover, gone over from the Tories to the ultra-Liberals. None of these employments were remunerative; he worked hard, and in many ways, to keep the wolf, Poverty, from the door.

He published but one book—"Lyric Offerings"—a collection of most sweet poems. His writings were all "anonymous." Few but his friends knew the true value of the author, fewer still the great worth of the man.

His name is not largely known; for he died while yet but midway up "the steep" that leads to "Fame's eternal temple." Not long after the death of his friend L. E. L., he himself proved the sad truth of the lines, that

"Wit to madness nearly is allied,
And thin partitions do the bounds divide."

I knew him when he commenced his 'career as a man of letters *by profession*. Scott has well said, "Literature is a good staff, but a bad crutch,"—to depend on it altogether is but a sadly precarious trust. He was of all men the readiest and most versatile. His ever prompt and eloquent pen could indite a sonnet, point an epigram, tell a story, or give interest to an essay, while slower spirits were pondering and wondering what they had to write about. His wit was genial, and not caustic: it brightened everything it played about, and was checked only by a sensitive desire to avoid giving pain:—

"His wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade!"

His was the ardent temperament of a genuine child of song, yet dedicated to the direst and hardest duty-work. His vocation was that of a writer for the press; and multitudinous were his "leaders," "criticisms," "reviews," "reports," and "opinions" upon every conceivable subject, which the public strongly relished, while entirely ignorant of their source:—

"The sunny temper, bright where all is strife;
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles;
Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles."

In person he was small; his countenance was at once expressive of his heart and mind—sensitive, graceful, and affectionate; his eyes, those unerring indicators of genius, were peculiarly tender, yet sparkling like two burning coals. Earnest, true, fervent, sympathising, the man was made to be loved.

While yet in the prime of life and in the vigour of intellect, a domestic sorrow

—the death of his wife, whom he had married when little more than a boy—struck his energies at the root. Rest, perfect rest, was absolutely needed to his body and his mind; but how was the day-labourer for bread to obtain it, with several children looking to him for food? It is a common thing for thoughtless friends to say to such a man so circumstanced, “You must not overwork yourself!” Ah! they do not see under the gay draperies that society folds around the form—they do not see the chains that bind us to the galley in which we are slaves. A terror of the future—a spectral dread of want—took hold of my poor friend—seized him by the brain through the heart. It was half real, half imaginary, yet it did its work. Hope went, and life followed. The eloquent and tender poet; the brave advocate of natural rights; the brimful and active, but generous, wit; the sterling and steadfast essayist; the searching, yet indulgent, critic—for he was all these and more—died in a moment of madness induced by despair; and died in harness, which, if one ready hand had unbuckled for a time, he might have worn, after brief repose, with honour to himself and advantage to all mankind.*

The reader will, I trust, permit me to print two or three extracts from his letters: they show the fervid and affectionate nature of the man,—how prone he was to exaggerate small favours conferred; while they serve, in a degree, to account for the terrible ending of his laborious and energetic life:—

“Your letter, dear Mrs. Hall, contained as much sound wisdom as true kindness. More I cannot say. It gratified us much; but gratified is a wretched word; it moved and delighted us more than any letter I ever received in my life. As few living *could* have so written, so *no one*, I almost think, *would* have so written. It will be treasured as something more precious than the ordinary tokens of interest and friendship—as something more to be prized than the *tokens* which the early dreams of Fame look forward to, for a better fame it is to enjoy the sympathy and regard of those to whom she is a familiar guest than to have a flying visit from her oneself. You have brightened my present by giving me such a glimpse of a future; and that future, whatever it may turn out, *must* be gladdened by the recollection of this moment—of the feelings crowded into it, of the resolves I build upon it. The only thanks I give you are conveyed in the adoption of your advice, in the prompt and earnest acting upon that which you have so feelingly and beautifully expressed. Most sure we are that this will be felt by you as the truest gratitude, and that all return else would be idle.”

“I am scarcely out of the house once a month, the condition of my wife being so precarious, her faculties so impaired, and the mental irritation so continual. I am nearly worn out with anxieties and miseries, though not easily cast down. Her bodily strength may admit of her being removed shortly; that may give a chance for her shaken brain and restless nerves.”

“The alarm occasioned by my excessive illness is past, and the frightful nervous derangement and palpitations are abating, so as to give the assurance that my system, which had been insensibly sinking for many weeks, has been spared the worst blow. To a total want of rest, calm promises to succeed, and I am already, though pitifully distressed in health, considerably relieved. In the deepest of this affliction I have been conscious of the presence of a spirit of mercy. And the extreme kindness of many friends—dear to me always is yours and Mr. Hall’s—not only endears life to me, but also enables me to live. God bless you and yours, dear Mrs. Hall, prays, with his truest gratitude, your faithful friend, LAMAN BLANCHARD.”

* In fact, hands *were* ready to do the work of mercy. Lord Lytton and John Forster, two of his most esteemed and estimable friends, knowing his circumstances and particular needs, had met and devised a plan to free him of all unhealthy encumbrances. They were, I have been told, actually together, devising the best mode of working for his emancipation from pecuniary obligations, when they received intelligence of his death.

It was indeed a melancholy morning when thirty or forty of his friends assembled at his dwelling, somewhere in Lambeth, to accompany his remains to the grave, in the cemetery at Norwood, where not long afterwards a monument was erected to his memory.

Prominent among the group that filled his small parlour was his constant friend and familiar associate, DOUGLAS JERROLD. The ceremony was one of peculiar gloom; and the sobs that every now and then came from some corner of that mournful room manifested deep and desponding grief that a life so active and so useful should have been closed by so sad a death, just when the future seemed to promise a reward other than "rest from labour."

Blanchard and Jerrold were friends from a very early period. They had similar tastes, yet their natures were very opposite: in Blanchard there was nothing of the caustic bitterness so notorious in Douglas Jerrold. I have heard a hundred of Jerrold's witty sayings or retorts—very few that had no sting; indeed, I can call to mind but one, and that is well known. When Charles Knight, the esteemed and estimable publisher, one evening asked Jerrold to write his epitaph, "I will," he answered; "in fact, it is done—'Good Knight!'"

It was far otherwise with Laman Blanchard, who was ever kindly tender and genial; whose wit was often as pungent and brilliant as that of his friend, but who, as I have said, was not only reluctant to give pain by repartee, but had always something to say that might give pleasure. Jerrold carried in his countenance the leading characteristics of his mind; its expression was penetrating and sarcastic. I am told, by those who knew him more intimately than I did, that his heart was open to melting charity; that, if his words often gave a stab, he was ever ready and willing to heal the wounds he inflicted; and that in his domestic relations he was sympathetic, generous, and good. His son, Blanchard Jerrold (who has made himself a name in letters), is the husband of Blanchard's only daughter, and they have children who bear the joint names of the two men.

In 1856, the American author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, met Douglas Jerrold; and this is the portrait he drew of him:—

"He was a very short man, but with breadth enough, and a back excessively bent—bowed almost to deformity; very grey hair, and a face and expression of remarkable briskness and intelligence. His profile came out pretty boldly, and his eyes had the prominence that indicates, I believe, volubility of speech; nor did he fail to talk from the instant of his appearance; and in the tone of his voice, and in his glance, and in the whole man, there was something racy—a flavour of the humorist. His step was that of an aged man, and he put his stick down very decidedly at every footfall; though, as he afterwards told me that he was only fifty-two, he need not yet have been infirm."

WILLIAM JERDAN.

I CANNOT close this Memory of poor unhappy Lætitia Landon without introducing some comments concerning the career of WILLIAM JERDAN, who was so long "before the world" as the editor of many works, more especially the *Literary Gazette*.

He tells us in his "Autobiography" that he was born at Kelso, on the 16th

of April, 1782 : he died at Bushy Heath, in Kent, on the 11th of July, 1869, in his eighty-eighth year. His was, therefore, a very long life ; and if its historian cannot describe it as altogether creditable, it was certainly useful.

It would be difficult now to comprehend the immense power exercised by the *Literary Gazette* for a period of time extending over the years between 1820 and 1840. A laudatory review was almost sure to sell an edition of a book, and an author's fame was established when he had obtained the praise of that journal. People do not, perhaps, think more for themselves now than they did then ; but the hands that bestowed the laurels were, at that time, few : country readers and provincial booksellers had no other guide. There are now a hundred reviewers in London, and in the several shires of the kingdom thrice as many ; but for a quarter of a century there was but one who was accepted as " authority." The *Gazette* stood alone as the arbiter of fate, literary and artistic. In process of time other Daniels came to judgment : several rivals had appeared—to live a brief while and die ; but the *Athenæum* became a competitor irresistible. The elder Dilke was a gentleman of energy and independence ; moreover, he had capital. That periodical had been tried and did nothing in the hands of Silk Buckingham, but when Mr. Dilke became its sustaining influence it rapidly rose ; the *Literary Gazette* as rapidly fell. In 1850 it passed from the hands of Mr. Jerdan, and in 1862 it died, and is forgotten.

It is but justice to say of Mr. Jerdan that he ever " did his spiring gently," was always ready to help, and never willing to depress, the efforts of men striving for fame ; and many are they who achieved greatness mainly as a consequence of the encouragement received at his hands, whom severity of rebuke might have depressed into oblivion. It is scarcely too much to say that during his fifty years of labour there was hardly a young author who did not gratefully thank him for " good words."

As with authors, so with artists. He may have occasionally over-appreciated inferiority, and there may have been a few cases in which he failed to see the promise in the bud ; but generally—almost universally—his judgment was sound, and his verdicts such as were seldom questioned either by competitors or successors. That is no slight praise of one who wielded a power of which existing conductors of the public press can form but a weak estimate. Some of them would do well to imitate his example ; some who think little of the broken hearts they cause when occupied in the business of criticism ; who do not often go to rest without the consciousness that the bitter " justice " of the pen has made some one miserable.

To their consideration I recommend this verse of a hymn :—

" Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford
To soothe his brother's care ! "

But Mr. Jerdan was not the editor of the *Literary Gazette* only ; he was the author of many original works. None of them, indeed, have maintained any hold on the public, but they served their purpose for a time, and were evidence of thought and industry as well as ability.

In 1852-3 he published his " Autobiography ; " and in 1866 a volume

entitled "The Men I have Known"—printed originally in that useful and interesting and thoroughly good periodical, the *Leisure Hour*. I confess I have wondered how it was that these works contain so little: no man has lived who had so many opportunities of personal intercourse with the leading authors and artists of his age. He seems to have neglected such opportunities strangely; probably he never contemplated being called upon to write concerning them; and it is certain that he was not of those who sow seed for an anticipated harvest.*

I was not one of his intimate friends, but I have met occasionally at his residence, Grove House, Brompton, a house long ago removed to make way for Ovington Square, many of the chief wits, leading authors, and principal artists of the time—a time comprising many years—and a very large proportion of them were contributors to his *Gazette*.

Still, although his "Autobiography" disappoints me, it does not follow that it will disappoint others. The volumes were hurriedly pushed through the press; he did not stay to clothe naked facts, or to describe the person of whom he undertook to say something. I have been surprised to note how rarely I have been indebted to him for a suggestion, or an idea, in recalling my own "Memories."

I met him at dinner about three years ago, when he was in his eighty-fifth year. It was at the society of "Noviomagus," a social society founded by Crofton Croker some forty years ago, consisting exclusively of Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries, and which has numbered among its members, and especially its guests, many distinguished and remarkable men. Jerdan was singularly full of life and vigour, said many witty things, conversed with great animation of his long-past, and delivered a speech, pointed, epigrammatic, nay, even eloquent. It would have been a matter to remember if it had occurred even in his best days. Yet he was then, as he had long been, as Hawthorne has described him, "time-worn, but not reverend."

I would gladly say more than I have felt justified in saying of William Jerdan. Many liked and regarded, without respecting him; no doubt he was of heedless habits; no doubt he cared little for the cost of self-gratification; no doubt he was far too little guided, all his life long, by high and upright principle; but I, for one, will not decline to accept the "apology" thus offered in his "Autobiography"—a hope "that some fond and faithful regret might embalm the memory of the sleeper, who can never wake more to participate in a sorrow and bestow a solace, listen to distress and bring it relief, serve a friend and forgive a foe, perform his duties as perfectly as his human frailty allowed, never wilfully do injury to man, woman, or child, and love his neighbours—of one sex as himself, and of the other better."

I quote with less satisfaction another passage in which Jerdan said of himself—"I have drained the Circe-cup to the lees; but I still gratefully acknow-

* One of Jerdan's latest "works" was to found the "Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society"—a society that did an enormous amount of good, and which still exists as one of the truest and best charities of the metropolis. Out of it grew the "Corps of Commissionaires," formed and established by Captain Walter, and which has become one of the most useful institutions of England. It would do no good now to make record of the "untoward" circumstances that led to Mr. Jerdan's retirement from the society not long after it was formed.

ledge the enchanting draught of its exquisite and transporting sweetness, in spite of the emptiness of its froth and the bitterness of its dregs." Far better for him would it have been if he had more often put away from his lips the Circe-cup, and given heed to the warning that its pernicious effects may poison mind, heart, and soul.

"He was nobody's enemy but his own"—a saying common enough, but one more utterly fallacious or more calculated to work evil could not be quoted. The man who is his own enemy is the enemy of all mankind, not only in the wrongs he actually induces, but in the example he gives—in the lessons he is perpetually teaching to those who are either wicked or weak imitators.

His first appearance in print was in 1804-5; his latest articles were given to the printer in 1869. He died in harness—it may almost be said with the pen in his hand; for although aided in his later days by the Crown pension of £100 a year, his necessities compelled him to work for bread. He had many attached friends with ready help when want came too near him. The most assiduous was the sculptor Joseph Durham, who stood by him to the last, and saw him placed in his grave. The most generous and helpful was Sir Frederick Pollock, the companion of his boyhood and his friend always. That most learned, most good, and most admirable man, who went to his rest on the very day when I wrote this Memory, "full of years and honours" indeed—might have been an example (which he was not) as well as a friend (which he was) to William Jerdan. Estimable in all the relations of life, he adorned and honoured the elevated position to which he raised himself, not less by integrity than by genius, and added one more to the long list of great lawyers who have been good men.

It is strong testimony to the merits of William Jerdan, that for more than sixty years he kept the friendship of Frederick Pollock.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



AT Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770, the great poet, William Wordsworth, was born. The house in which he first saw the light that cheered and gladdened him for more than eighty years, and from which came the light that will cheer and gladden hundreds of millions as long as man endures—the house is still standing, and I have pictured it. It is a gentleman's residence now, as it was then ; for he was of a good family, was educated at Hawkshead School, and graduated at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1787.

His is not a "full" life in the ordinary sense of the term ; and it may be told in a few sentences. He has said that "a poet's life is written in his works : " of himself it is especially true.*

* He did, however, write—or rather, he dictated—a brief biography, which his nephew, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, now Dean of Carlisle, has published in his comprehensive, yet succinct, reverential, affectionate, and by no means over-enlarged, *Memoirs of the poet*. "The Prelude" also—a poem published after his death, but commenced at a very early period—"is designed to exhibit the growth of his mind from infancy to the year 1799, when he, so to speak, entered upon his mission and ministry, and deliberately resolved to devote his time and faculties to the art and office of a poet." But, in fact, there is hardly one of his poems that does not give us some insight into his thoughts, feelings, hopes, and aspirations—"the inner man."

He was never "at home" at the University ; and he has left few records of his residence there.

"He was not for that hour nor for that place." Feeling

"How gracious, how benign is solitude,"

he ever yearned for his native vales. Visiting them in 1788, his heart was won to his first love, and with few brief intervals they became his "home" till death :—

"When to the attractions of this busy world,
Preferring studious lessons, I had chosen
A habitation in this peaceful vale."*

"The child is father of the man." From the "dawn of childhood" he had been sanctified by "sweet discipline :"—

"Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects and enduring things,
With life and nature."

Before he found his "loophole of retreat," he had other "discipline," painful and humiliating, but which, happily, left no evil influence on his heart and mind. While little more than a youth, he was tainted by that which tainted also Southey and Coleridge ; he avowed himself a republican, an enemy to hereditary monarchy and hereditary peerage. On his return from a residence in France he writes,—

"I brought with me the faith
That if France prospered, good men would not long
Pay fruitless worship to Humanity."

He was soon taught, however, by a merciful Providence, that a house "mortared with blood" must inevitably fall ; he had seen the wicked Republic only begin her "maniac dance," while the "sleeping snakes were covered with flowers ;" when "the atheist crew" were preparing their foul orgies, with smiles and greetings in the holy name of Liberty :—

"When blasts "
From hell came sanctified like airs from heaven ;"

and he mournfully, and in a deeply repentant spirit, writes, that when thanksgivings for victories gained by the arms of England were offered up in her churches,

"I only, like an uninvited guest
Whom no one owned, sate silent."

Yet it was he who, in after life, so heroically addressed the

"Vanguard of Liberty—ye men of Kent !",

when threats of invasion came across the narrow strait that divides England from France ; and who, in 1803, exclaimed with all his heart and soul—

"Shout ! for a mighty victory is won."*

* "It may, perhaps, be interesting to you to be informed that the very evening before I received your last letter, Mr. Coleridge and I had a long conversation upon what you, with great propriety, call Jacobinical pathos, and I can assure you he deeply regretted that he had ever written a single word of that character, or given, directly or indirectly, any encouragement whatever to such writings, which he condemned as arguing both want of genius and of knowledge. He pointed out as worthy of the severest reprehension the conduct of those writers who seem to estimate their power of exciting sorrow for suffering humanity by the quantity of hatred

He was not, indeed, as Southey was, branded as "a renegade," for the even tenor of his way was such as to create no personal or political enemies; but, happily for himself and for mankind, the Laureate Wordsworth was as thorough an "apostate" from the devilish faith of his youthhood as was the Laureate Southey.

There is not much to tell of the earlier years of the poet; he was drinking his fill from the pure fountain of Nature; grounding himself to become her great High Priest; learning from the Book that cannot be closed to the student; preparing to spread for Humanity a feast that never satiates, and to make millions after millions his debtors for delights enjoyed, instruction received, and benefits incalculable conferred on the whole human family.

Just at the most critical period of his life, when his prospects were so little cheering that, it is said, he was seeking employment in connection with the London press, a friend died, and left him a considerable sum of money. That "event"—for such it was—no doubt determined the after-career of the poet; it gave him vigour for the race that was set before him, armed him for the fight of life, enabled him to array

"His temples with the Muse's diadem."

"That friend bore the name of Calvert"—Raisley Calvert—and no Memory of the poet can be without an expression of gratitude to him:—

"He cleared a passage for me, and the stream
Flowed in the bent of Nature."

Other aids came from other friends. Good Sir George Beaumont, who some years before had warned the painter Haydon against "the terrific democratic notions of William Wordsworth,"

and revenge which they are able to pour into the hearts of their readers. Pity, we argued, is a sacred thing that cannot and will not be profaned. Mr. C. is as deeply convinced as myself that the human heart can never be moved to any salutary purposes in this way, and that they who attempt to give it such movements are poisoners of its best feelings. They are bad poets and misguided men." (From a letter—inedited—from Wordsworth to John Taylor, dated Grasmere, April 9th, 1801, in the collection of the late John Dillon, which that gentleman permitted me to extract.)

*The best we know, and few could know
When they ceased to be;
But she is in her grave and oh,
The difference to me!
Wordsworth
12th April 1831
Hosme Street*

bequeathed to him an annuity; he was appointed to the office of "Stamp Distributor" for his native county; was placed on a list called a "Pension-list," the record of England's meagre boons to her worthies; ultimately he became Poet Laureate, and throughout his long life was, in a word, INDEPENDENT.

"Blessed be the God
Of Nature and of man that this was so!"

He never felt, as so many poets have felt,

"The influence of malignant star;"

never toiled for the bread that is often bitter to the high of soul; it was not his destiny to

"Learn in suffering what he taught in song."



THE HOUSE IN WHICH WORDSWORTH WAS BORN.

In 1799 Wordsworth first found a home at Town-end, Grasmere—a comparatively humble cottage. In 1802 he was married to Mary Hutchinson; they had known each other from childhood, and had been playfellows in youth. In 1808 they removed to Allan Bank, near at hand, and in 1813 to RYDAL MOUNT, a house that any pilgrim to English shrines may yet visit—a house that, if it perish, can never be forgotten. There, for thirty-seven years, they lived; and there, on the 23rd of April, 1850, his spirit was called from earth.

There was another light in his home beside that which was sent to be the darling of his heart ; a "phantom of delight," his "second self :"—

"A creature, not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food ;"

his companion, his friend, his adviser, his encourager, his comforter, his trust, his hope, and his wife.* They had five children, two of whom, Thomas and Catherine, died young ; "sweet Dora" became the wife of Mr. Quillinan ; and of his surviving sons, William, the second, is now Distributor of Stamps residing at Carlisle ; the eldest, John, is the Rector of Plumbland and Vicar of Brigham, Cumberland.



RYDAL MOUNT.

Quillinan was under sixty when he died in 1851. His first wife was a daughter of Sir Egerton Bridges. He was Irish by birth and descent, and was bred a Roman Catholic ; but the shackles of his church hung loosely about him, and he was a Liberal, at least in creed. He was esteemed by all who knew him, and dearly loved in the family of the poet. His own poems were of a high, if not

* Of the wife of Wordsworth, De Quincey thus writes :—"She furnished a remarkable proof how possible it is for a woman neither handsome nor even comely, according to the rigour of criticism, to exercise all the practical fascination of beauty, through the mere compensating charms of sweetness all but 'angelic,' of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect and purity of heart, speaking through all her looks, words, and movements."

of the highest order ; and he would, no doubt, have taken rank in the world of letters, if circumstances had made his position depend on his writings.

The "other light" was his sister Dorothy,—*"Dorothea, given of God."* Matronly duties never called her from his side ; from his earliest boyhood, from the time when his mother's prophecy was uttered, *"William will be remarkable either for good or for evil,"* she had been ever near him :—

*"The blessing of my later years
Was with me when I was a boy."*

To the poet, who loved her with devout affection, she was a perpetual blessing ; it was she who, in his early days of peril,

*"Maintained for me a saving intercourse
With my true self."*

To her he owed much, and to her, therefore, mankind owes much. *"She gave me,"* writes the poet,—

*"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy."*

She did more than that: she dispelled foreboding shadows ; *"softened down an over-sternness,"* planted the rock with flowers ; and the heart that might have been biased to evil—indeed, at one time the peril was great—she led, God-guided, into the pleasant paths of Peace, and Love, and Hope, and Joy. We have not only the poet's tribute to this guardian and ministering angel ; De Quincey, who knew her well, and it is said worshipped her as *"a star apart,"* testifies to her quick and ready sympathy with every living thing. And when Wordsworth brought his wife to be the house-mate of his sister, she became the true friend of the one as she was the true friend of the other.

There are few of what are termed *"leading incidents"* in the poet's after life. In 1842 he resigned his office of Stamp Distributor in favour of his son William, who still holds it, and received from Sir Robert Peel one of the Crown pensions, £300 a year—"part of the limited fund which Parliament has placed at the disposal of the Crown, on the condition that it shall be applied to the reward and encouragement of public service, or of eminent literary and scientific merit."

On the death of Southey, in 1843, he was appointed Poet Laureate. The office was at first declined, but Sir Robert Peel pressed its acceptance, writing him that *"the offer was made, not as imposing any onerous or disagreeable duty, but as a tribute of respect which is justly due to the first of living poets."* And Wordsworth's reply was—"The being deemed worthy to succeed my lamented and valued friend, Southey, enhances the pleasure I receive."* In 1845 he visited London to *"kiss hands,"* and it must have been a touching sight when the venerable white-haired man bent his knee to the young Queen, then barely commencing a reign which has been so fruitful of blessings over a realm on which *"the sun never sets."*

* Wordsworth, in a letter to James Montgomery, says, *"It has afforded me a melancholy pleasure to be thought worthy of succeeding my revered friend."*

Soon after his eightieth birthday his warning came.

When his mind was losing consciousness, his venerable wife said to him, "William, you are going to Dora"—his beloved daughter. The words were at the time unheeded, but next day, when some one drew aside the curtain, he murmured, "Is that Dora?" And who will venture to say it was not Dora, "sent of God" to companion him from earth to heaven, who stood, in the spirit, at that moment by the side of him to whom Death was giving Freedom and Life?

"Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne,
The dark way never hath allowed return?
That all, which tears can move, with life is fled,
That earthly love is powerless on the dead?
Believe it not!"*

He died on the 23rd of April, 1850, passing away almost insensibly while the cuckoo clock was striking the hour of twelve at noon.

Thirty years before, the poet had received high promptings from that familiar sound—the cuckoo clock; and such thoughts as he breathed then—so long ago—may have solaced the last moments of his earthly life:—

"Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come
Streaming from founts above the starry sky,
With angels when their own untroubled home
They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
To visit earthly chambers—and for whom?
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,
And those who seek His help and for His mercy sigh."

"So lived he till his eightieth year was past;" in venerable age, as in energetic youth, labouring to give "delights" that will be healthy stimulants† for ever.

Such is an outline—and it may suffice—of the long, yet comparatively undisturbed, even, and uneventful, life of the poet, William Wordsworth.

His person and his character have both been abundantly portrayed by his contemporaries. In middle life Hazlitt thus pictured him: "He reminds one of some of Holbein's heads, grave, saturnine, with a slight indication of sly humour." At a period somewhat later, Wilson, in the "Noctes," says, "The eyes were dim and thoughtful, and a certain sweetness of smile occasionally lighted up the strong lines of his countenance with an expression of courteousness and philanthropy." Lockhart, in "Peter's Letters," notes "his large, dim, pensive eye," his "smile of placid abstraction," and "his long, tremulous, melancholy lips." And thus De Quincey writes: "Many such heads, and finer, have I seen among the portraits of Titian, and in a later period among those of Vandyke, but none that has more impressed me in my time." "It was a face of

* "I never fear to avow my belief that warnings from the other world are sometimes communicated to us in this; and that, absurd as the stories of apparitions generally are, they are not always false, but that the spirits of the dead have sometimes been permitted to appear. I believe this, because I cannot refuse my assent to the evidence which exists of such things, and to the universal consent of all men who have not *learned* to think otherwise. Perhaps you will not despise this as a mere superstition, when I say that Kant, the profoundest thinker of modern ages, came, by the severest reasoning, to the same conclusion. But if these things are, then there is a state after death; and if there be a state after death, it is reasonable to suppose that such things should be."—*Robert Southey*.

† Wordsworth, writing of himself in 1845, when his poems were to him as so many "memories," speaks of "the spirituality with which I have endeavoured to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances."

the long order." "His eyes small, rather than large; not under any circumstances bright, lustrous, or piercing," yet often "solemn and spiritual;" sending forth "a light that seemed to come from unfathomed depths;" "the nose a little large and arched." He was tall—five feet eleven inches—but seemed taller when he stood or sat, although "in walking he had a slouched or sliding gait that took from his height." Thus Leigh Hunt pictures him: "I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixtured regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes." He adds, "He had a dignified manner, with a deep and roughish, but not unpleasing voice, and an exalted mode of speaking." In later life one of his acquaintances writes of "his venerable head; his simple, natural, and graceful attitude in his own chair; his respectful attention to the slightest remarks or suggestions of others in relation to what was spoken of; his kindly benevolence of expression as he looked round now and then on the circle." His nephew, Dean Wordsworth, writes of "the broad, full forehead, the silver hair, the deep and varied intonations of the voice." An American writer describes his eyes in his eightieth year as giving to his countenance its high intellectual expression.*

Such, according to these authorities, was the "outer man," Wordsworth. Having quoted them, I scruple to give my own portrait; yet I must do so, as I drew it in 1832, during one of his brief visits to London.

His features were large, and not suddenly expressive; they conveyed little idea of the "poetic fire" usually associated with brilliant imagination. His eyes were mild and up-looking, his mouth coarse rather than refined, his forehead high rather than broad; but every action seemed considerate, and every look self-possessed, while his voice, low in tone, had that persuasive eloquence which invariably "moves men."

Perhaps it was impossible to find two men whose "faces" more thoroughly differed than did those of Southey and Wordsworth.

Wanderers in Westmoreland will see the same type in every third peasant they meet: a face long and narrow, a forehead high, a long and rather aquiline nose, with eyes meek and gentle, expressing little strength, and nothing of strong passion.

There are many portraits of him. He "believed he had sat twenty times." That which I prefer, excepting, perhaps, the bust by Thrupp, which brings him more thoroughly before me, is by Pickersgill, painted for St. John's College, Cambridge, and which Wordsworth himself greets in some lines:—

"Go, faithful portrait," &c.

It is the portrait I have engraved at the head of this Memory, and which I also

* Another American, Emerson, in 1833, styles him "a plain, elderly, white-haired man, not prepossessing, and disfigured by green goggles." Emerson saw him again in 1846, and says, "He had a healthy look, with a weather-beaten face, his face corrugated, especially the large nose." But it is clear that Wordsworth excited no reverence in the mind of Emerson; if that clear-sighted and cold-reasoning man had hero-worship, it was not for the poet.

engraved (full length) in the "Book of Gems;" it was painted sitting under a rock at the side of a mountain.* That by the American artist, Inman, seems to have been the one he and his family liked best. It was that, or rather a copy of it, which hung in his own dining-room. Wordsworth writes about "an engraving, from a picture by Mr. Haydon, of me in the act of climbing Helvellyn." I have never seen it. Southey says that Hazlitt painted a portrait of Wordsworth so "dismally," that on seeing it, one of his friends exclaimed—"At the gallows, deeply affected by his deserved fate, yet determined to die like a man."

To "the inner man" of Wordsworth there are abundant testimonies. Coleridge, when he first knew Wordsworth in early youth, at Allfoxden, says, "Whose society I found an invaluable blessing, and to whom I looked up with equal reverence as a poet, a philosopher, and a man;" and he writes to Cottle, about the same period, "He is one whom, God knows, I love and honour as far beyond myself as both morally and intellectually he is above me." Thus Lockhart—"Peter's Letters"—"His poetry is the poetry of external Nature and profound feeling, and such is the hold which these high themes have taken of his intellect, that he seldom dreams of descending to the tone in which the ordinary conversation of men is pitched." Haydon thus speaks of Wordsworth: "With his usual cheerfulness, he delighted us by his bursts of inspiration;" and adds, "His purity of heart, his kindness, his soundness of principle, his information, his knowledge, and the intense and eager feeling with which he pours forth all he knows, interest and enchant me;" and again, "He follows Nature like an apostle, sharing her solemn moods and impressions." This is the testimony of his old and familiar friend, Southey: "The strength and the character of his mind you see in 'The Excursion'"—"The Prelude" then existed only in MS.—"and his life does not belie his writings, for in every relation of it, and in every point of view, he is a truly exemplary and admirable man."

Dr. Wordsworth wrote these lines in a volume of his brother's poems:—

"In diction, in nature, in grace, in variety, in purity, in philosophy, in morals, in piety, does he not surpass all our writers?"

This is Mrs. Hemans' compliment to Wordsworth:—

"True bard, and holy! thou art even as one
Who by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie."

She also describes him in prose:—"There is an almost patriarchal simplicity about him—an absence of all pretension; all is free, unstudied,—

'The river winding at its own sweet will,'

in his manner and conversation. There is more of impulse about him than I had expected, but in other respects I see much that I should have looked for in the poet of meditative life; frequently his head droops, his eyes half close, and he seems buried in quiet depths of thought. . . . His reading is very peculiar; but to my ear, delightful, slow, solemn, *earnest* in expression, more

* Of Pickersgill's portrait of Wordsworth, Crabb Robinson writes, "It is in every respect a fine picture, except that the artist has made the disease in Wordsworth's eyes too apparent." I confess that did not strike me.

than any I have ever heard. When he reads or recites in the open air, his deep, rich tones seem to proceed from a spirit-voice, and belong to the religion of the place—they harmonise so fitly with the thrilling tones of woods and waterfalls." And again she says, "His voice has something quite *breeze-like* in the soft gradation of its swells and falls." "His manners are distinguished by that frank simplicity which I believe to be ever the characteristic of *real* genius; his conversation is perfectly free and unaffected, yet remarkable for power of expression and vivid imagery." She speaks also of his gentle and affectionate playfulness in his intercourse with all the members of his family. "There is a daily beauty in his life which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed and felt it."

"True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."



THE CHURCH AT GRASMERE.

Sir John McNeill, proposing the health of Wordsworth at the Burns Festival, thus spoke of him: " Dwelling in his high and lofty philosophy, he finds nothing that God has made common or unclean; he finds nothing in human society too humble, nothing in external nature too lowly, to be made the fit exponent of the bounty and goodness of the Most High." I copy these lines from a poem by Laman Blanchard:—

" Who looked on common life, with all its care,
And found a beauty and a blessing there;
Who steered his course by Nature's sacred chart,
And shed a halo round the human heart."

And Talfourd, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons in 1837, thus spoke of him : "He has supplied the noblest antidote to the freezing effects of the scientific spirit of the age, and while he has done justice to the poetry of greatness, has cast a glory round the lowest conditions of humanity, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest. His habits were almost those of an anchorite ; he had no artificial wants ; his luxuries were those which abundant Nature supplied—

' Rich in the wealth
Which is collected among woods and fields.' "

It may be that his intense love of nature induced forgetfulness of that eternal truth—

" The proper study of mankind is man ; " *

for he mixed but little with society, and his happiest hours were those he passed "at home," in the bosom of a family by whom he was revered as well as loved, and among a few chosen friends by whom he was almost adored.

I may, perhaps, venture to give my own appreciation of his character as I wrote it ("Book of Gems") in 1837. I know it gave the poet pleasure.†

"The style of Wordsworth is essentially vernacular, at once vigorous and simple. He is ever true to nature, and therefore, if we except Shakspeare, no writer is so often quoted ; passages from his poems having become familiar as household words, and are perpetually called into use to give strong and apt expression to the thoughts and feelings of others. This is, perhaps, the highest compliment a poet can receive ; it has been liberally paid to him even by those who knew little of the rich mine of which they are but specimens. With him, the commonest objects—

' Bare trees, and mountains bare,
The grass, and the green fields '—

are things sacred : he has an alchemy of his own, by which he draws from them 'a kind of quintessence,' and rejecting the 'gross matter,' exhibits to us the present ore. He sees nothing loftier than human hopes—nothing deeper than the human heart ; and while he worships nature, he so paints her aspect to others that he may succeed in 'linking to her fair works the human soul.' His poems are full of beauties peculiarly their own, of original thoughts, of fine sympathies, and of grave, yet cheerful wisdom."

My readers will not consider out of place some touching and eloquent lines, written on visiting the scenes of the poet's triumphs, by the late John Dillon, Esq.,

* Yet Mrs. Hemans tells us that when "pestered with albums" he found it convenient to administer the same line to all patients :—

" The proper study of mankind is man."

He did not so summarily dismiss Mrs. Hall's Album, writing there the lines beginning—

" She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove ; "

writing them, I am proud to say, when seated at her own Library table.

† In a letter to me (dated December 23, 1837) he writes, in reference to my memoir of him, "Absurdly unreasonable would it be in me if I were not satisfied with your notice of my writings and character. All I can further say is, that I have *wished* both to be what you ingenuously say they are."

a gentleman who, in the active discharge of duties connected with commercial life, had leisure to cultivate and cherish the arts that refine and elevate, and did not find the labours incident to trade antagonistic to the enjoyments derivable from intercourse with the Muses.

"I understand him better, that I've seen
His mountains and his valleys, and those lakes,
The near lake and the distant ; sate me down
In his own garden, where he thought and felt ;
For thought to him was feeling ; seen his house,
Tasted the freshness of the air he breathed,
And knew the world he lived in, sung, and loved ;
Beheld that purple mountain, those green hills.

Nature to him was faith, and earth a heaven.
Man was to him a shepherd on the fells,
And human life the grey and winding path
That wanders up the mountains, and then fades
In mist and distance.

His mind was as that flying cloud of light
Which rushes o'er the mountains and the plains,
Then mingles in the waters like a dream.
The earth and skies, the sunshine and the storm,
The mighty mountain and the gurgling stream,
Fell on his vision, till his sense became
All eyesight.

A mind like his
Sees in the merest nook where verdure dwells
The smallest flower that springs there, and the dew,
The single dewdrop that weighs down its lids,
Rich specimens of nature, to be kept
And hoarded 'mid the treasures of his thoughts
Even as a wonder, and a proof of God."

The poet's "ways" were, of course, familiar in the neighbourhood where he had lived so long. A good walker, he was acquainted with every spot within twenty miles of him,* and he was often found a stroller at night. The people used to hear him "maundering" about the roads, talking to himself—composing, of course ; but much of his poetry was produced while moving up and down "the Poet's Walk"—the walk that led from his hall-door to the end of the plantation.

Neighbours, when they saw him pacing the floor of his "study," which was ever out of doors, used to say, as they listened to his solemn voice, "Ah ! there he is—maundering about again !" Ay, he was drinking deep draughts from that eternal fountain which furnished living water to mankind. His mind was ranging over the whole domain of nature, while on-lookers thought him an idler on the waste of life ; intensely enjoying all that met his eye or ear, and revelling in sights and sounds to which those about him were blind and deaf.†

It is notorious that the poet lived to be an old man before the world had learned to appreciate his genius. Yet so early as 1804 this is the opinion of

* "I calculate," writes De Quincey, "that Wordsworth must have travelled 180,000 miles on his legs ; a mode of exertion which, to him, stood in the stead of alcohol and all other stimulants whatsoever to the animal spirits."

† Yet in Wordsworth nature was, at one opening, quite shut out. Southey tells us that "Wordsworth has no sense of smell. Once, and once only, in his life, the dormant power awakened. It was by a bed of stocks in full bloom ; and he says it was like a vision of paradise to him ; but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has since continued torpid." Mr. Charles Kent, one of the later friends of Leigh Hunt, tells us he had a similar defect, the joy that is given by sweet scents having been denied to him.

Southey, the soundest and safest, while the most generous, of critics :—" He will rank among the very first poets, and probably possesses a mass of merits superior to all, except only Shakspeare." Again he writes, in reference to Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," "I do not hesitate to say that in the whole compass of poetry, ancient or modern, there is no collection of miscellaneous poems comparable to them, nor any work whatever which discovers greater strength of mind, or higher poetical genius." And again, "It is by the side of Milton that Wordsworth will have his station awarded by posterity."*

But Southey was one of the very "few : " Charles Lamb did, indeed, greet him with the

"All hail hereafter !"

and De Quincey, when a youth, worshipped at his shrine. Yet, although from the beginning he "fit audience found,"† and was ever emphatically "a poet for poets," Fame was slow with acknowledgment, and tardy with reward ; and he was aged before his recognition as a poet for universal man. For many years, with a consciousness of power not to be suppressed, he lived with a knowledge that he was "scorned." The word is not too strong to express the general sentiment with which he was regarded. *All* the critics were "down upon him." The "oracles" were not merely dumb : they jeered, they pitied, and thought they paid him but fairly, and dealt with him only leniently, when they gave him contempt for the "puerilities" and "absurdities" that most of them lived to see immortalities.‡

No wonder that intercourse with humanity became distasteful to him ; that he sought, instead, converse with nature—the vales, and skies, and—"common things !"

Not only were the critics his foes ; even loving friends often shook their heads, and smiled at the poet's simplicity in fancying the world could ever accept verses such as his. One of them ventured to intimate that among the lyrics there was a piece that at all events ought to be cancelled, as the printing of it would make the writer "everlastingly ridiculous." It was the poem "We are Seven," which is now placed among the most touching and delicious poems in the language of our land.

The "Lyrical Ballads," published originally in 1798, was an edition of five

* Southey was, however, as fully aware as any critic that the friend he loved was not without "fault." In a letter from Southey to Miss Seward (dated December 10, 1807), lent to me by Mr. Dillon, I found the following remarks on Wordsworth :—"You speak of Wordsworth's poems as I should expect, fairly appreciating their defects and excellencies. William Wordsworth is a most extraordinary man, one whose powers as a poet it is not possible to overrate, and who will stand in the first rank of poets. It is the vice of his intellect to be always upon the stretch and strain—to look at pileworts and daffodownillies through the same telescope which he applies to the moon and stars, and to find subjects for philosophising and fine feeling, just as Don Quixote did for chivalry, in every peasant and vagabond he meets. Had I been his adviser, part of his last volume would have been suppressed. The storm of ridicule which it would draw down might have been foreseen ; and he is foolishly, and even diseasedly, sensitive to the censure which he despises, like one who is flea-bitten into a fever. But what must that blindness of the heart be which is dead to the noble poetry contained in these volumes ?"

† In a letter to Moxon, in 1833, he states that not a single copy of his poems had been sold by one of the leading booksellers in Cumberland, "though Cumberland is my native county."

‡ Among the "few" was Professor Wilson, a mere youth and "stranger" to the poet. In a letter, warm to enthusiasm, he lauds the "Lyrical Ballads." "He valued them next to his Bible," and felt for their author "an attachment made up of love and admiration." The letter was not signed by the writer's name, but Wordsworth answered it. He cheered the great poet by its evidence that there were some to appreciate his genius. He had given to the writer "no cheap nor vulgar pleasure," for it was plain that his poems had been thought over and studied, and that his correspondent was no common youth.

hundred copies. "The sale was so slow," arising from "the severity of reviewers," that its progress to oblivion seemed certain. When the publisher, Cottle, sold his copyrights to Longman, that copyright was valued at *nil*, and was given back to Cottle for nothing, as of no worth, who gave it to the author on the same terms. "This will never do," wrote Jeffrey, *with admirable prescience*, when reviewing "The Excursion;" and in reference to the critic's opinion of the poet, Lamb writes to Southey, "Jeffrey is resolved to crush it." "He crush 'The Excursion!'" exclaimed the Laureate; "tell him he can as easily crush Skid-daw!" That most wonderfully sweet and powerful poem (there are tens of thousands who consider it fulfils the prophecy of Southey, and gives him rank with Milton), the result of many years of labour, thought, reflection, knowledge, observation, study, not from books—for, like his own "Wanderer,"

"He had small need of books"—

was pooh-poohed away among "rubbish." Even Giffard, although he yielded to Southey's wish, and let Lamb review it in the *Quarterly*, clipped the friendly critic's wings, erasing so many laudatory passages, that the very soul of "gentle-hearted Charles" was wrung with anguish.

He was, in the estimation, or at least according to the description, of those whose business was to lead and guide public opinion, neither more nor less than "one of the school of whining and hypochondriacal poets that haunt the Lakes."

Such were his reviewers—as Coleridge writes,

"Disinterested thieves of our good name,
Cool, sober murderers of their neighbour's fame."

It would have been opposed to nature had the self-conscious poet in no way murmured against this dispensation of the critics, representing the public. He did murmur, no doubt, and very frequently complained,—even so late as 1831, when I knew him,—at the miserable recompense that rewarded his many years of labour; but, at the period to which I refer, indifference was gradually giving way, the fruit was ripening to reward toil, and the "hereafter" that was to bring the "All hail!" was gradually looming into sight.

When "The Excursion" was "crushed," Wordsworth wrote to Southey:—"Let the age continue to love its own darkness; I shall continue to write, with, I trust, the light of Heaven upon me."

Critics will do well to bear perpetually in mind that a not far-off *thereafter* may reverse a sentence that will, at the moment, be accepted as just. A hundred modern instances may be quoted: that so generally pronounced against Wordsworth will, perhaps, suffice. I cannot say if Jeffrey repented him of the evil; probably at the last, as at the first, he was unable to comprehend the great High Priest of Nature—the poet who, next to that of Shakspeare, has his name written in the book of British Worthies. He did not "crush 'The Excursion,'" neither did he extinguish the poet; but no doubt he so thoroughly "stifled" his aspirations as to extort a brief resolve to write on, but to print no more—to leave the benefits of publication to his heirs and assigns. Is it

"No public harm that Genius from her course
Be turned, and dreams of truth dried up, even at their source?"

Yes, the history of authors is full of "calamities" of that kind. Unhappily, there is ever a strong temptation to unsympathising and ungenerous and harsh criticism. Though it may be rare—perhaps it has never been—that an author has died of a review, at least it is certain that the "this will never do" of the critic has depressed and saddened, nay, blighted a whole life, and deprived generations of the fruits of labours that might have been productive of much good. I speak from my own knowledge when I say this; and I could, if I pleased, describe a score of such cases that are within my own experience. If critics could witness the agonies that harsh judgment has brought to a working home, when hands have been shackled and brain has been paralysed by heedless injustice, or even by justice ministered not with reluctance, but with relish, there would be less of misery among those whose "sensitiveness" is proverbial—authors and artists.

In estimating the full effect of unjust or severe personal criticism, we must not confine our thoughts to the author attacked. Often it affects literature. Some scholars in easy circumstances have ceased to write rather than be the butt of ignorant critics. Such was the case with Francis Douce, whose illustrations of Shakspeare are a text-book for students. He was so bitterly assailed that he determined never again to publish. He gave his manuscripts to the British Museum, locked in iron-bound boxes, with a legal proviso that they should not be opened until a century after his death. His valuable and curious library he left to the Bodleian at Oxford.

No book is better known and appreciated than Percy's "*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*." It had, too, a salutary effect on popular literature, by substituting simple nature in ballad poetry for foolish conventionalism. Yet the bishop was so bitterly attacked, particularly by Ritson, that it embittered his life. He never ceased lamenting that he had published the book, and in his later days could not bear to hear it named.

It would be easy to multiply examples.

Even so it was with great Wordsworth: very nearly he had resolved to write, or at all events to print, no more. But, as I have said, he lived to see his faith in himself gradually but surely becoming the faith of all mankind.

One morning in 1831, when Mr. Wordsworth honoured me with his company at breakfast, our talk fell on his lack of popularity. I, who was among the most devout of his worshippers, sought to argue him out of so depressing a belief, and I showed how I had become so familiar with his writings by placing before him a copy of Galignani's edition of his works, collected in a form, and at a price, that brought the whole of them within my reach. I expressed a belief that of that book many hundreds, probably thousands, were annually sold in England. That led to an appointment with a view to inquiry, and next day I accompanied him to a bookseller's in Piccadilly—a firm with the encouraging and ominous name of "*Sustenance and Stretch*." The sale of the work, as of all English reprints, was strictly "prohibited." I asked for a copy of Galignani's edition: it was produced. I asked if I could have six copies, and was told I could; fifty copies? yes, at a month's notice; and further questions induced conviction that by that one house alone between two hundred and three hundred copies had been sold during the year. I believe Wordsworth was far more pleased than vexed to

know that although he derived no profit from them, at least his poems were read.*

In 1864 I made a pilgrimage to the home and grave of Wordsworth,—the haunts he loved, and the places he has made familiar as household words to millions living and for millions yet to come. I will ask the reader of this Memory to visit them with me—

“In that sweet mood, when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.”

It is needless to say that “the Lake district” is known to every tourist. If it be not, it ought to be. Shame be to him who travels to view the scenery of the Continent, and ignores the landscape-beauties of his own land! In Cumberland and Westmoreland there are charms with which, in some respects, no country of the world can compete. I limit my thoughts exclusively to the points and places familiar to readers of Wordsworth; but there are a thousand objects in that lovely and magnificent locality of which even he has made no note. When the great man lived there it was hard to reach; the traveller had days of toil before he saw “lofty Helvellyn;” he may now be at its foot before the sun sets on the day he leaves his home in London. The wayside inns that gave him little more than shelter have been displaced by superb “hotels.” We need not pause to inquire whether such “palaces” and roads improve the counties of hill and valley, wood and water; at least they afford more comforts to those who there seek health, relaxation, or enjoyment in delights that are derived from nature. One of the most attractive of these hotels I have pictured; it is not the one where I was “at home:” that is at Ambleside, in the centre of a town whence excursions to all “the lions” may be made easily. The “Prince of Wales Hotel” stands on a border of Grasmere Lake, a few yards only from its eastern bank.†

Let us, however, set out on our tour to “the land of Wordsworth,” first entering the house—RYDAL MOUNT—in which he lived from the year 1813 to the year of his death in 1850. Nay, rather let us, for the moment, pass it by—closing our eyes as we pass—and, a mile or so farther on, drop down upon a little humble cottage by the roadside. “That little cottage (at Town End, Grasmere‡) was Wordsworth’s, from the time of his marriage, and earlier—in

* In a letter addressed to me by Leigh Hunt, in 1831, he writes:—“Wordsworth’s lack of popularity was owing partly to that taste for the French school of poetry which was still lingering among us from the times of Dryden and Pope, and partly to the excess to which he pushed his simplicity, as if in scorn of it, which naturally enough irritated the wits and others, who had been bred up in its conventional elegancies. He has since given indications of a consciousness of having gone a little too far; and they, on the other hand, are very sorry and complimentary, and so all is well at last. Meanwhile, he waited patiently for the turn of the tide that was to bring to him a crowd of devoted admirers.” They who knew Wordsworth may conceive the delight he would have felt at examining the edition of *all* his poems (700 pages), published by Moxon, not long after the poet’s death. It is a beautifully-printed volume, in sufficiently large and clear type, infinitely preferable to that of Galignani, so long the only “collected” edition of his poems, but most unsatisfactory and incomplete.

† Wordsworth wrote and published (at Kendal) “A Guide through the District of the Lakes.” It is singularly “prosaic;” apparently the poet thought it right to ignore fancy as much as possible, and felt it a sort of duty to be dull in prose.

‡ In 1760 the poet Gray describes Grasmere village as utterly isolated—“not a single red tile, no staring gentleman’s house breaks in upon the repose of this unsuspected paradise, but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its sweetest, most becoming attire.” It is entirely altered now: here is Mrs. Lynn Linton’s description of Grasmere in 1865. Grasmere is “a scattered collection of human habitations, cottages, shops, houses,

fact, from the beginning of the century to the year 1808.* Afterwards, for many years, it was mine." So writes De Quincey. It was then a white cottage, "with two yew-trees breaking the glare of its white walls." The house has undergone little change; the low rooms are unaltered; the flight of stairs to the "drawing-room"—"fourteen in all;" the fire-place, "half kitchen and half parlour fire;" the small and contracted bed-rooms; the road close in front, the wide open view of mountains, and the steep hill, covered with wild shrubs and underwood that overhung the house behind—these are all as they were when the poet left them



THE PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL.

more than half a century ago. Such was his first house—his "little nook of mountain ground."

mansions, each with its own garden, or special plot of greenery." Some idea of its character may be formed from the fact that the postman walks some eight miles in and out and about the village while delivering letters. These are Mrs. Hemans' lines on Grasmere valley:—

"O vale and lake, within yon mountain urn,
Smiling so tranquilly, and yet so deep!
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
The place with holiest harmonies."

* He left the cottage in 1808 for Allan-bank, where he resided about two years; he then went to the Parsonage, also in Grasmere, where he remained until he went to Rydal Mount in 1813.

Rydal Mount is about two miles from Ambleside, on the road to Keswick, and about the same distance from Grasmere. It stands a few yards out of the main road, on high ground—a projection of the hill called “Nab Scar*—and commands an extensive view, to which I shall refer presently. Rydal village is in the hollow underneath, in a narrow gorge, “formed by the advance of Loughrigg Fell and Rydal Nab.” In the immediate neighbourhood are some of the finest waterfalls of the district, in the park of Lady Le Fleming—

“Lady of a lofty line.”†

The house is comfortable, without being by any means grand; it is covered with jasmine, roses, and ivy.‡ The rooms are many, but small; it has not undergone much alteration at the hands of its present tenant, although by a former occupier, Wordsworth’s small parlour—his “study,” if he had any—has been “deformed” by removing the old jutting-out fire-place, in the corner of which host and guest might, and did often, sit. A little corner cupboard of oak let into the wall remains to suggest that there the half-finished book was placed when the sunshine or moonshine gave the poet a call to come forth. That, then, was his library; but a library was,§ as all know, a secondary consideration with the poet; “he had small need of books,” although, as his nephew tells us, “he was extremely well read in English poetry.” We have also the evidence of Southey that he was intimately acquainted with the poets of Great Britain; had deeply read and closely studied them; was not only familiar with them, but knew them well, even those of whom so many others know nothing.

The word “*Salve*” still gives its welcome at the door-step; it is a mosaic presented to the poet by a friend who brought it for him from Italy.||

A mound, immediately opposite the door, to reach which you descend half-a-score of time-worn steps, edged with ferns and wild flowers, commands the prospect on which the poet loved to look—the lovely vale of the Rotha. In front—to the left—is Wansfell. His household, the poet writes, has a favoured lot,

“Living with liberty to gaze on thee.”

Underneath it is Ambleside; to the right are the fells of Loughrigg, with its solitary crag that “daily meets the sight.” Immediately in front are—Winder-

* At Nab Cottage, near at hand, unhappy Hartley Coleridge lived; he was but a lodger there. Poor erring child of Genius, he never had, never could, with his habits, have had, a house of his own. If he was not respected, he was dearly loved by all who knew him.

† It is of this particular place that Mason, the biographer of Gray, writes—“Here nature has performed everything in little, which she usually executes on a larger scale, and on that account, like the miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner; not a little fragment of rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides, but has its picturesque meaning, and the little central stream, dashing down a cleft of the darkest-coloured stone, produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description.”

‡ The engraving, from a drawing by my friend Jacob Thompson, pictures the house as it was when the poet lived there. Some of the trees have since been cut down; a new stone porch has been introduced, and the exterior has, unhappily, been subjected to other “improvements.” *Vide* p. 291.

§ It is said that a stranger once asked the servant to show him “Mr. Wordsworth’s study,” and received this answer as she conducted him into a room in which were many books, “This is master’s library, but his study is out of doors.”

|| In 1826 “the poet’s home” was pictured by Mary Jane Jewsbury—

“Low and white, yet scarcely seen
Are its walls, for mantling green,
Winding walk and sheltered nook
For student grave and graver book.”

mere to the left, Rydal Water to the right. From the summit of Nab Scar, within ken, are Windermere, Rydal, Grasmere, and Coniston Lakes; the Tarns also of Loughrigg, Easedale, Elterwater, and Blellam; while, far away, Solway Frith is distinctly visible. On the summit of Helm Crag, seen in all directions in the locality, are two singular rocks, known throughout the district as "the Lion and the Lamb;" they convey the idea—the lesser crouching at the feet of the larger animal, supplicating mercy.* Such were the sights that

"From this low threshold daily meet my sight,
When I step forth to hail the morning light."

Now and then the sound of the not far-off cascade greets the ear, softened by distance into melody. Immediately underneath is the modern church—Lady Le Fleming's Chapel; it is there still—with its holy response to the poet's prayer "when first the woods embraced that daughter of her pious care"—

"Heaven prosper it! May peace, and love,
And hope, and consolation fall,
Through its meek influence, from above,
And penetrate the hearts of all."

It is, however, the walks about—the Poet's Walk especially—that pilgrims will visit as a Shrine; they are sufficiently "trim," but Nature is allowed to have her will, and they are full of wild flowers—the foxglove, the wild strawberry, and various ferns abounding. At the extremity of one of them is a summer-house lined with fir cones, which must be recruited now and then, for they supply pilgrims with relics.†

The Poet's Walk leads from the house, through a shaded and narrow pathway; he consigned it to the care of "those pure minds who reverence the Muse."‡ For

"A poet's hand first shaped it; and the steps
Of that same bard, repeated to and fro
At morn, at noon, and under moonlight skies,
Through the vicissitudes of many a year,
Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its grey line."

It is, I rejoice to say, carefully kept; an aged gardener, who was there in Wordsworth's time, still trims the borders and weeds the banks. And the gentleman who dwells there—whether he reverences or is indifferent to the Muse, I cannot say—keeps the place in order, giving entrance to the public on certain days.

* Wordsworth calls these singular rocks "the Astrologer and the Ancient Woman." I cannot say how, why, or when their title was changed.

† "Dread pair, that speak of wind and weather,
Still sit upon Helm Crag together."

‡ "He led me," says Emerson, "into his garden, and showed me the gravel-walk in which thousands of his lines were composed." Mr. Justice Coleridge writes of him—"He dealt with shrubs, flower-beds, and lawns with the readiness of a practised landscape-gardener; his own little grounds afforded a beautiful specimen of his skill."

§ "The sylvan, or say, rather, the forest scenery of Rydal Park was, in the memory of living men, magnificent, and it still contains a treasure of old trees. By all means wander away into those old woods, and lose yourself for an hour or two, among the cooing of cushats, and the shrill shriek of startled blackbirds, and the rustle of the harmless glowworm among the last year's red beech leaves. No very great harm, should you even fall asleep under the shadow of an oak, while the magpie chatters at safe distance, and the more innocent squirrel peeps down upon you from the bough of the canopy, and then, twisting his tail, glides into the obscurity of the loftiest umbrage."—PROFESSOR WILSON.

But I could not fail, in visiting the poet's house, to quote the lines written on it by Mary Jane Jewsbury in 1826 :—

" What shall outward signs avail
If the answering spirit fail ?
What this beauteous dwelling be
If it hold not HEARTS for thee ? "

You pass out of the grounds by a small gateway, and have a long walk that leads to Grasmere. Of this walk Mrs. Lynn Linton says, "The terrace walk along Nab Scar, with its desolation, sometimes left bare and naked to the sky, and sometimes clothed with fern, and moss, and lichen, is very lovely ; lovely, from the first step outside the poet's garden, to the last, by White Moss, and the little pool fringed with water-lilies." "Hundreds of times," writes the poet, "have I here watched the dancing of shadows amid a press of sunshine, and other beautiful appearances of light and shade, flowers and shrubs."

The grounds slope, sometimes with a sudden and steep descent. One of the paths leads to "Dora's field." In that field there is a venerable oak, the branches of which are thickly covered with lichens and ferns, that have thrust their roots deep into the moist bark ; and at its foot there is a spring where grow the plants that flourish best in perpetual moisture. There, too, is the stone that at Wordsworth's suit was spared : the lines he wrote are engraved on a brass tablet, let into it :—

" In these fair vales hath many a tree,
At Wordsworth's suit, been spared ;
And from the builder's hand, this stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the bard.
So let it rest ; and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him
As one of the departed."

In this spot, it seemed to me, and no doubt it will so seem to all visitors who love the bard and reverence his memory, that Wordsworth was more palpably present than elsewhere ; and it will demand no great degree of hero-worship to utter, beside that stone and that aged tree, his own words applied to his predecessors in his "high calling :"—

" Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of true and pure delight by heavenly lays."

From the house our steps naturally pace to the grave in which the mortal part of Wordsworth rests. Happily, he sleeps among the scenes he has made immortal ; happily, it was not his destiny to "moulder in a far-off field of Rome." The little graveyard of Grasmere, "the Churchyard among the Mountains," was familiar to all readers of "The Excursion" before the poet was laid there. It receives mournful, yet happy, interest as the place in which he "sleeps" among the dalesmen of Grasmere valley, upon whose shoulders—"the shoulders of neighbours," in accordance with his wish, expressed long years before—he was

borne to his grave. By the side of his beloved Dora he was buried.* It is a humble grave: they are plain, erect stones that record his name, and those of his immediate relatives. He reposes under the green turf: no weight of monumental marble keeps the daisies from growing there. Others, no doubt, have done as I did—transplanted a wild flower from his “Walk” to the mound that rises over his remains; and others, no doubt, for generations yet to come, will do as I did, breathe a prayer of fervent and grateful homage to his memory at the foot of the grave in which his mortal part is at rest from labour:—

“The common growth of mother Earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears!”



THE STONE: “AT WORDSWORTH’S SUIT WAS SPARED.”

A group of yew-trees throw their shadow on the grave; they were planted by his own hands, “principally, if not entirely;” and who is there that will not say

* Dora Wordsworth, the poet’s only daughter, was married in 1841 to Edward Quillinan. Concerning that estimable gentleman I have elsewhere offered some remarks. Few men were more esteemed and respected than was Mr. Quillinan by a large circle of acquaintances, of whom I had the privilege to be one. His beloved Dora died in 1847, and her venerable father “was never the same man afterwards.” Mr. Quillinan is buried near to the grave of Wordsworth, by the side of Dora, and Hartley Coleridge lies there too. The spot was selected by Wordsworth, who said, in reference to poor Hartley, “I know he would have liked to lie where I shall lie.”

"Amen" to the poet's wish, "May they be taken care of hereafter;" and to his hope that some future generation may see them rivals to the "Pride of Lorton Vale," and the forlorn sisters that give at once gloom and gladness to Borrowdale?

The river Rothay meanders round the churchyard; it may be rude and harsh in winter, but it pursued its course to Lake Grasmere with a gentle and harmonious melody when I was there. Alone for a long half-hour I stood—mute. Suddenly a group of children passed through the little gate, arranged some wild flowers under the church porch, and laid them on the poet's grave, "under the yew-trees and beside the gushing Rothay," the spot "he had chosen for himself." The poet would have loved to see that sight; possibly did see it.

The subject of Religion was not prominent—certainly not intrusive—in his writings, yet it breathes through almost everything he wrote; the essentially holy



THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

mind of the poet is everywhere manifest. No writer, living or "dead," has better taught us how

"To look through Nature up to Nature's God."

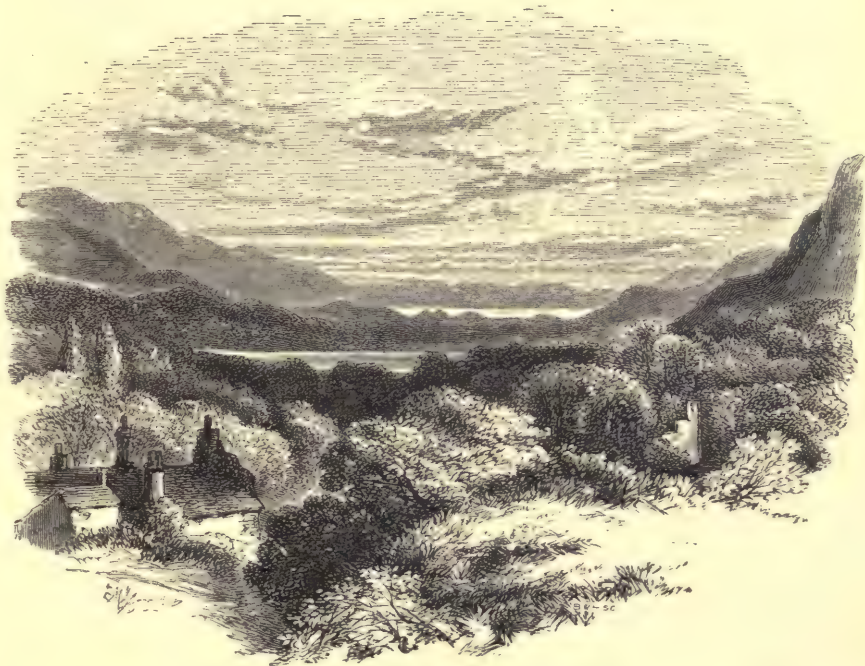
I found, in Mr. Dillon's collection of autographs, a letter written by Wordsworth to the painter Haydon, dated January 20th, 1817, which, I believe, has never been in type. I am, therefore, induced to print it.

"Thelwall, the politician, many years ago lost a daughter. I knew her; she was a charming creature. Thelwall's were the agonies of an unbeliever, and he expressed them vigorously in several copies of harmonious blank verse, a metre which he writes well, for he has a good ear. These effusions of anguish were published; but though they have great merit, we cannot read them but with much more pain than pleasure. You probably know how much I have suffered in this way myself, having lost, within the short space of half a year, two delightful creatures, a girl and a boy, of the several ages of four and six and a half. That was four years ago, but they

are perpetually present to my eyes. I do not mourn for them, yet I am sometimes weak enough to wish that I had them again. They are laid side by side in Grasmere Churchyard; on the headstone of one is that beautiful text of Scripture, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;' and on that of the other are inscribed the following verses:—

'Six months to six years added, he remained
Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained;
O blessed Lord, whose mercy then removed
A child that every eye that looked on loved,
Support us,—teach us calmly to resign
What we possessed—and now is wholly Thine!'

These verses I have inscribed because they are imbued with that sort of consolation which you say——is deprived of. It is the only support to be depended upon, and happy are they to whom it is vouchsafed."*



THE VIEW FROM RYDAL MOUNT.

We turn from the churchyard and the church, the church that contains a memorial stone, with a medallion portrait (Harriet Martineau tells us), "accompanied by an inscription adapted from a dedication of the Rev. John Keble."

* "In this just and high sense of the word, the education of a sincere Christian, and a good member of society upon Christian principles, does not terminate with his youth, but goes on to the last moment of his conscious earthly existence,—an education, not for time, but for eternity." (From an Address by Wordsworth at the Foundation of a School-house at Bowness, May 6th, 1836.)

Wordsworth described that church in 1790. It has been "renovated" since; but still the roof is upheld by "naked rafters," and still "admonishing texts" speak from its white walls.*

The accompanying view is of the head of Windermere, looking towards Rydal; it is engraved from a drawing by Jacob Thompson, taken before the locality was changed—dotted with villas—and represents the lovely scene as it was when Wordsworth looked upon it. There is the steep hill behind the poet's dwelling; behind the group of trees is Ambleside; the vale of Rydal is hidden by the dark mass in the middle of the dell; to the left is Loughrigg Fell; and underneath it, more to the left, is the entrance to the vale of Langdale.

You cannot walk a mile in that rugged and wild, and grand and fair, district without quoting some passage from the poet; linking it, as it will be linked for ever, with the place or object on which you look.† Every spot is consecrated by his genius; he has left his mark everywhere; the lakes, the rivers, the hills, the mountains, the dales and dells, the rocks and crags, the islands and waterfalls, are all signed with his name:‡—

"Deep pools, tall trees, black chasms, and dizzy crags,
And tottering towers."

"Wordsworth has himself told us that nine-tenths of his verses were murmured in the open air, and about them there is an out-door fragrance. We sniff the mountain breeze, and hear the murmur of the forest, and gaze into the clear depths of the rocky stream; and even in his loftiest mood, when raised into a purer atmosphere than we breathe on earth, his thoughtful brow is still fanned by its gales, his inspiration is coloured by its beauty, and finds a fit local habitation amidst its natural scenes."§

There is the Derwent, "fairest of all rivers," that blent its murmurs with his nurse's song—"glory of the vale," the "bright blue river" that was a joy to the very last; there is drear Helvellyn, with its ravines, "a history of forgotten storms"—"lofty Helvellyn," on the summit of which he stood side by side with the "Wizard of the North," when Scott revelled in "his day of strength." There they stood rejoicing; and, as Mrs. Linton writes, "let any one haunted by small cares, by fears worse than cares, and by passions worse than either," go "stand in the midst of that great majesty, the sole small thing, and shall his

* Another local memorial was raised to the memory of Wordsworth in November, 1853, in his native town of Cockermouth. It took the form of a church decoration—a stained-glass window (by Hardman), costing upwards of £300, and containing figures of saints and evangelists, with an inscription on a brass tablet beneath the window.

† "The brook that runs through Easedale, which is in some parts of its course as wide and beautiful as a brook can be. I have composed thousands of verses by the side of it."—WORDSWORTH.

‡ I have limited my notes to Wordsworth's pictures of the district in which he lived. It is needless to say, however, that his Muse had a far wider range—in Scotland, in Wales, and in several countries of the Continent. Most unhappily, Ireland had no share of the wealth given to other lands. He visited Ireland in 1829, but it was in the company of a gentleman,—John Marshall, M.P., of Leeds,—who drove him through it in "a carriage and four." No wonder, therefore, that his Muse was uninspired and idle; yet he coveted a ramble in Kerry County, with an artist as his companion. He visited Killarney, but it was in October. "To the shortness of the days, and the speed with which he travelled," he writes, "may be ascribed the want of notices, in my verse, of a country so interesting." Ay, it was indeed, a misfortune for Ireland that he was not a traveller there, as he so often was by the banks of Windermere. "The deficiency," he adds, "I am somewhat ashamed of." Out of his Irish tour came only the lines "To the lone Eagle," which he saw at the Giant's Causeway, or rather near it, at Fairhead. One of the most delightful conversations I had with the poet concerned that brief and unsatisfactory tour. When talking of Killarney he fully conceded that the Killarney Lakes, considered as *one* lake, surpassed in grandeur and beauty any *one* of the lakes of Cumberland.

§ John Dennis.

spirit, which should be the noblest thing of all, let itself be crippled by self and fear, till it lies crawling on earth, when its place is lifting to the heavens? Oh! better than written sermon, or spoken exhortation, is one hour on the lonely mountain-top, when the world seems so far off, and God and his angels so near:—"

"When inspiration hovered o'er this ground."

St. Herbert's cell is yet on an island in Derwentwater; the cell of the saint who, in his "utter solitude," prayed that he and the man he loved as his own soul—a far-away fellow-labourer, St. Cuthbert—"might die at the same moment,"

"Nor in vain
So prayed he!"*

There is bleak Skiddaw, the poet's love:—

"What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
Mount Skiddaw?"

There is the Greta, giving its gently mournful voice, as it rolls onward to join the Derwent, gliding together into Bassenthwaite,

"Among this multitude of hills,
Craggs, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills,"

with her sinuous banks, her "thousand thrones,"

"Seats of glad instinct, and loves' carolling."

There is the mightiest of all the cataracts. Often

"O'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
Pealed to his orisons."

There is still the road the Roman conquerors laid down,—

"The massy ways carried along those heights
By Roman perseverance."

There are the "piled-up stones," Druidic relics, laid where they now stand, by British hands, centuries before the Romans were a power in Britain; "long Meg" and her daughters, the "giant mother" and her brood:—

"A weight of woe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my spirit, cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that sisterhood forlorn."

And still you may visit the cairn heaped over the bones of Dunmail,—

"Last king of rocky Cumber-land."

We see the "rocks of St. John"—the crags that, at distance, "resemblance wild to a rough fortress bore," and became a turreted castle when magic seduced King Arthur within its walls, to waste his time and his strength in guilty dalliance.

Here, too, is "the Eden"—a name that, though borrowed from Paradise, is borne rightfully; for here

"Nature gives the flowers
That have no rivals among British bowers."

* "There is beauty in the tradition that the man of action and the man of meditation, the propagandist and the recluse, were so dear to each other, and so congenial."—HARRIET MARTINEAU.

And here is majestic Lowther :—

“ Lowther, in thy majestic pile are seen
Cathedral pomp, and grace, in apt accord
With the baronial castle's sterner mien.”

There is the river Duddon, “ the cloud-born stream,” “ cradled among the mountains ”—Duddon, so often his sole listener, and here are the

“ Tributary streams
Hurrying with lordly Duddon to unite.”

Here are the nooks with woodbine hung, “ half grot, half arbour ;” and here is still “ the Fairy Chasm,” and here

“ The gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and cold.”

Still Duddon shelters the startled scaly tribe, and the “ dancing insects forged upon his breast ;” still “ passing winds memorial tributes pay, and torrents chaunt their praise.”

And here is his own Rydal. It hath, and will ever have, “ a poet of its own,” who,

“ Haunting your green shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
Ground flowers, beneath your guardianship self-sown.”

Here are yet “ the Stepping Stones ”—

“ Stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry ;”

and here is “ the Wishing Gate,”—

“ Surviving near the public way
The rustic Wishing Gate,”

leading to a field sloping to the river's bank. “ Time out of mind ” has a gate been there. May no evil chance remove it ! for there “ wishes formed or indulged have favourable issues : ”—

“ And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past.”

The yew-tree, “ which to this day stands single,” “ of vast circumference and gloom profound,” is “ still the pride of Lorton Vale ;” the tree that furnished weapons to those who

“ Drew their sounding bows at Azincour.”

And there flourish yet the four solemn sisters—yew-trees planted a thousand years ago :—

“ Fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove.”

The “ golden daffodils ” are still here in rich abundance—

“ Beneath the lake, beside the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze ! ”

And if we wander there in spring-time, we cannot fail to see

“ A primrose by a river's brim,”

and, it may be, an ass

“Cropping the shrubs of Leming Lane,”

to recall the gentle brute that would not leave its dead master, and taught the savage potter to be a wiser and a better man. There are violets on the same “mossy stone,” “half hidden from the eye;” and there is “the meanest flower that blows”—the meek daisy,—“the poet’s darling,” “the unassuming commonplace of nature,” that had power to give the poet

“Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”



THE HEAD OF WINDERMERE.

Still the butterflies sparkle from bud to bud—descendants of those he chased when a boy, with “leaps and springs,” while his tender sister stood by:—

“But she, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.”

Still we may hear the cock straining its clarion throat,

“Threatened by answering farms remote.”

That surely is the very redbreast the poet welcomed over his threshold; the whole house was his cage. He springs about from bank to bank, now along the Poet’s Walk, knowing well that none will make a stir

“To scare him as a trespasser.”

S S

And the lark, is it the same the poet hailed "upspringing," "pilgrim of the sky,"

"Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home?"

"I heard a stock-dove sing or say,
His homely tale this very day."

No doubt it is the bird of which the poet sang so sweetly and so oft. Still

"Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong."

There are all the mountains—"a mob of mountains," as Montgomery called them—go where we will; and the lakes, larger and lesser, that greet the eye from every hill-top; majestic Ullswater, "wooded Winandermere"—"shy Winander,"

"That peeps
Mid clustering isles and holly-sprinkled steepes;"

lovely Derwentwater, lonely Haweswater: they were, each and all, familiar to the poet almost as his own Walk above the Rotha:—

"Ye know him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander."

They all knew him, and of all he was the Laureate. The "brook" I reverently cross is that

"Whose society the poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew."

It runs "through rocky passes among flowery creeks;" and that "little unpretending rill of limpid water" is the very one that, to his mind, was brought "oftener than Ganges or the Nile."

Is that "Emma's Dell?" for here we can see

"The foliage of the rocks, the birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,
With hanging islands of resplendent furze."

Is that "Johanna's Rock" by Rotha's bank, at which we pause

"To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower,
That intermixture of delicious hues,"

turning to look up at

"That ancient woman seated on Helm Crag?"

Is that the cliff "so high above us"—an "eminence,"

"The last that parleys with the setting sun?"

Is that

"The loneliest place we have amid the clouds?"

Is that "the lonely summit" to which his beloved gave his name? Is that "narrow girdle of rough stones and crags" by the eastern shore of Grasmere—is that the place the poet named "Point Rash Judgment," for that he there learned and taught

"What need there is to be reserved in speech,
And temper all our thoughts with Charity?"

At least we may rest awhile at "The Swan :"—

"Who does not know the famous Swan?"

The small wayside hostelry is still a palpable reality, and if you drink nothing else at its porch, you may there take in as full and rich a draught of nature as any country on God's earth can supply.

These are the "facts" of the district: the poet has clothed them in glory and in pride—living realities—Romance unveiled by Truth. He is, as John Ruskin says, "the great poetic landscape-painter of the age." He did, indeed, so paint with words as to bring vividly before the mind's eye the grandest and loveliest things in nature.



RYDAL WATER AND NAB SCAR.

But who can walk in this favoured locality without calling *Fancy* to his aid? I know that some of his pictures were drawn far away from the scenes so inseparably linked with his name; but it will be hard to separate any one of them from the district that is so especially *his*.

It is the high privilege of genius—more especially it is that of the poet—to consecrate the common things of life—

"Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn."

Time has changed many of them, no doubt; indeed, we know that ruthless rail-

road layers have swept away some of the "nooks of English ground" that genius had made sacred ; but others remain associated with the poet's history. Let all who love the district, and have power there, preserve them, as they would the cherished children of their homes and hearts.

The plank that in a dell half up Blencathra crosses yonder stream, under which it glides so gently, now that summer, self-satisfied, laughs from the mountain-tops—is that the plank where Lucy Gray left her footmarks half-way over, when the storm was loud and snow was a foot thick above the perilous pathway?

" But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen."

Is that "stragglng heap of unhewn stones" at Green-head-ghyll a remainder of the sheepfold reared by "Michael" and "the son of his old age," ere the boy

" In the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses,"

and broke the old man's heart?

Give alms to the "female vagrant" you meet in highway or in byway, for does she not recall to memory her whose sad story was poured into the poet's ear?—

" And homeless, near a thousand homes, I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food."

Surely charity cannot be withheld from any wayworn beggar you encounter on the roadside here. That thorn must be the very thorn—"so old and grey"—under the scant shade of which sat, at all times of the day and night, that lonely woman,—

" In misery near the miserable thorn,"—

whose doleful cry was "Misery, O misery!" Poor Ruth! that may be the very "greenwood tree" by the banks of Tone under which she sat; it overhangs the rocks and pools she loved—

" Nor ever taxed them with the ill
That had been done to her."

Will it not well repay a visit to distant Ennerdale to read the story of "The Brothers" beside a nameless grave—to see the grey-haired mariner standing there, his fraternal home desolate? Ah! if the touching tale can move us to tears—"a gushing of the heart"—beside a city home-fire, what may it not do in that lonely graveyard, where was nor epitaph nor monument, tombstone nor name—

" Only the turf we tread!"

Is that the fountain where, beneath the spreading oak, beside a mossy seat (we see them both), there talked a pair of friends, though one was young, the other seventy-two? Was it beside this hedge, on this highway, the shepherd mourned the "last of his flock?"

" A healthy man, a man full grown,
Weep in the public roads alone."

That little maid—"a simple child"—is she the great-grandchild of her—"one of seven"—of whom two slept in the churchyard beneath the churchyard tree?

"Her beauty made me glad."

Sitting under "Dungeon-ghyll Force," do we see in the boys who saunter there descendants of those who, having "no work to do," watched the poet—

"One who loved the brooks
Far better than the sage's books"—

as he rescued the lamb from the troubled pool, and gave it to its mother?

"And gently did the bard
Those idle shepherd-boys upbraid."

Let us search for the roofless hut in which he met "the Wanderer," a poet, "yet wanting the accomplishment of verse;" who had "small need of books;" whose character was God-made; who learned from nature to worship Him in spirit and in truth. Can we see the well, "shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy fern," at which he bade the poet drink? the hut in which "the wife and widow" dwelt, a-weary, a-weary for the beloved who never came?

"If he lived,
She knew not that he lived: if he were dead,
She knew not he was dead."

Is that the spot, "among the mountain fastnesses concealed," where "lonesome and lost" the Solitary lived,

"At safe distance from a world
Not moving to his mind?"

Is that far-off valley, with its grey church tower, environed by dwellings "single or in several knots"—is that the valley where the poet, the wanderer, and the recluse encountered the good priest, discoursing of things that no gross ear can hear,

"And to the highest last,
The head and mighty paramount of truths,—
Immortal life in never-fading worlds
For mortal creatures conquered and secured?"

Is that indeed the veritable "churchyard among the mountains" where rest so much of human joys and griefs, hopes and blights—records that live but in the pastor's memory; where green hillocks only mark the graves—

"Free
From interruption of sepulchral stones?"

But I might go on, page after page, touching every portion of the sublime and beautiful district where the poet had his home and haunts, for you can hardly move a step, or turn the eye on a single point, without finding something he has given to fame, some association of his glory,—

"Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand;"

ever preparing a feast for millions upon millions, who will be his debtors to the end of time.

He lived down "indifference," almost the only human malady to which he had been subjected; he lived to know that he was valued in a measure approaching desert; acknowledged by the senate and "the masses" as a benefactor of all humankind—not for a day, but for ever—in high and holy consciousness that he had done the work of God for the good of man. To WILLIAM WORDSWORTH have been, and will be given, by universal accord, as long as language can utter thought,

"Perpetual benedictions!"

Is there any tourist—any one with leisure and means—who has not visited the land of Wordsworth? Shame be to him or her who can boast of having visited many countries of the Continent in search of pleasure, and who remains in guilty ignorance of the charms that are to be found in such abundance close to our own thresholds at home!

What a volume of beauty may be opened by those who spend a month—a week—a day—at the English Lakes! All that Nature can supply of the graceful and the grand are within easy reach; it is impossible to exaggerate in describing the sublime and beautiful of this locality, accessible within a few hours from any part of England.

I cannot think the man or woman lives who can dwell even for a brief time amid these mountains and vales, beside these lakes and rivers—with Wordsworth in his hand—who will not thank God for the intense enjoyment placed at his command—not the less to be valued because it may be so easily obtained. Yes, far too often there is truth in the poet's lines—

"Thus 'tis ever; what's within our ken,
Owl-like, we blink at, and direct our search
To furthest Inde in quest of novelties;
Whilst here, at home, upon our very thresholds,
Ten thousand objects hurtle into view,
Of interest wonderful."



JOHN WILSON.



ALTHOUGH I knew Professor Wilson under other, and always pleasant, circumstances, I associate my happiest remembrance of him with "The Festival" that took place in the pretty and picturesque town of Ayr, on the 6th of August, 1844, when a vast assemblage of the Scottish people tendered homage to the memory of Robert Burns, by welcoming to Scotland his sons, two of whom had been absent in India during more than a quarter of a century. I do not think I shall try the patience of my readers if I recall that exciting scene on that memorable day. I will first ask them to accompany me to a comparatively humble, but neat and comfortably-furnished, cottage, where resided Mrs. Begg, the sister of the poet, and in which met, on the evening succeeding "the day," all the members of his family—his sister, her children, and her husband's brother, the poet's three sons, and the daughter of Colonel James Glencairn—the only "strangers" (for the poet's friend and biographer, McDiarmid, was no stranger) being Mrs. Hall and myself, and an artist whose genius was then in the bud, but who has

since become famous—Sir Joseph Noel Paton, R.S.A., whose friendship we have had the happiness to retain from that far-away time to this.

Mrs. Begg was a plain and very simple woman, obviously of a gentle and kindly nature, but giving no evidence that to her had been allotted any portion of the intellectual power of which her great brother had so much. Her sons and her daughter were in no way remarkable. Her husband's brother wore the dress of a Scottish peasant of the better class, and, I believe, had never aimed at any position beyond it. He spoke of "Robbie Burns" as a companion with whom he had passed many a pleasant day and merry night, and wore the bonnet and plaid as he had done fifty years before that evening. Robert Burns, the eldest

*O meet the silver Shannon founts
An inland murmur round her shores
With blooming fountains that smile;
Here of the poet's steps to learn
Thine delight to his ear
Turn many a young gle.*

John Wilson

son of Robert Burns, died long ago. He is said to have greatly resembled his illustrious father. I give the portrait of him as I gave it in 1844:—"His eyes are large, dark, and intelligent; and his memory is stored with legends, poems, and historical records of great value. These materials are not only abundant, but well arranged and ordered; and when a question is asked, intelligent reply is ready. His conversation is rich in illustration, and though he gracefully said 'the mantle of Elijah had not descended upon Elisha,' the son possesses much of the ability, if not the genius, of the father." The other two sons, Colonel William Nicol and Colonel James Glencairn, are still living at Cheltenham; and no gentlemen in that favoured town of retired worth are more honoured or

respected.* Both are men of considerable talent; they have not been called upon to exert it; but pleasanter companions are rarely met. It is a treat that many have enjoyed to hear Colonel James sing his father's songs.

Such was the group we met in that homely cottage by "the auld brig" at

Burns
Robert Burns
W. Burns
Isabella (Burns) Begg
Agnes Begg
Isabella Begg
Robert Burns Begg
Annie B. Burns
John McDiarmid

AUTOGRAPHS OF THE BURNS FAMILY.

Ayr on the eve after the poet's triumph—a triumph certainly greater than any that has honoured a memory in Great Britain at any period of its history.

* Alas! within a few hours after this passage was written (in 1865), we received from his daughter intimation of the death of our excellent and valued friend Lieut.-Colonel James Glencairn Burns, who departed this life at Cheltenham, in November, in his seventy-second year. He was essentially a man of high moral and social worth; of abilities by no means limited; he had written things not unworthy of his name; and sang, with much taste and feeling, some of his great father's songs. To the memory of that father he was intensely attached, proud of the name he bore, and always delighted when Burns was a theme of talk. He has left a daughter unmarried, and she is, I believe, the only one of the descendants of Robert Burns (the other brothers having left no children), if we except the sons and daughter of Mrs. Begg.

Mrs. Hall had her Album with her. Colonel James Glencairn had previously written in it; his name being prefaced by the following:—

“This is confessedly a collection of the autographs of ‘Lions;’ and as it is impossible Mrs. Hall can get that of the Lion my father, she probably thinks the next best thing is to obtain that of one of his Cubs. I therefore have much pleasure in transcribing, at her request, the first verse of the address to a mountain daisy.”

When assembled in that cottage at Ayr, it was suggested by our friend the Colonel that on the page which contained his name and the passage quoted, the names of the other members of the family should follow, as they never had met all together before, and most probably would never meet all together again. My readers will, I am sure, be pleased to see these autographs as they were then and there written.

A dull and gloomy morning ushered in “THE DAY.” Nevertheless, upwards of eighty thousand persons were “gathered” at Ayr. They came from all parts of the kingdom, and some from foreign lands. The town was full of triumphal arches—“forests of evergreens” at every point associated with the poet’s history; processions of people fancifully dressed; Lodges of Freemasons, Foresters, and Odd Fellows; and the trades,—weavers, tailors, bootmakers, and so forth,—with no lack of bands; and at least a score of bagpipes heading parties of stalwart Highlandmen, each playing his own pibroch, all of them “in harmony.”

At one end of a field was a platform, on the first bench of which sat the family of Robert Burns. Before *them* the multitude passed in orderly procession, pausing when they reached the point, and bowing in homage to the sons of the poet; then marching on to the music with which every one of them was familiar, and joining in a song, the words of which were known all the world over. When all had thus passed, they collected into a mass, and raised a cheer such as can be heard nowhere else in the world—literally eighty thousand voices of eighty thousand hearts!

It was not difficult to distinguish those to whom chiefly appertained that day the glory and the triumph. The honest lads and bonnie lasses, workers at the loom, tillers of the soil, who belonged to “the land of Burns,” had their full share of his renown; and never, perhaps, in the history of any country has there been such conclusive evidence that a people, nine-tenths of whom were the grandchildren of his co-mates, identified themselves with a poet who had been half a century in his grave.

On the platform—on the seat immediately beneath us—sat a man of powerful frame, large-limbed and tall, who in youth was of a surety “the best wrestler on the green,” and who in age seemed one of the elder sons of Anak, of whose “boisterous vigour” many pens and tongues have written and spoken. Look at his massive head, his clear grey eye, his firm-set and finely-chiselled mouth, his broad and intellectual brow, and you will be sure it is not physical force alone that makes him greatest of the many great men by whom he is surrounded. His hair, thin and grizzled and unusually long, was moved by the breeze as he rose to speak—in a voice manly as his form, richly and truly eloquent. He was master of his theme, and loved it; but then and there a stoic would have been an enthusiast, with the cheers of such a multitude booming in his ears. That was

JOHN WILSON.

While he was speaking, and his long thin locks waved about in the wind, I thought I might steal imperceptibly, at such a moment, a single hair. I saw one that I believed had been accidentally detached, and I ran the hazard of taking it. The Professor felt the touch, and turning instantly round, flashed upon me one of those fierce looks of which I had heard so much from those who had seen the "lurking devil in his keen grey eye;" but at once perceiving that no insult



THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILSON.

was meant, and perhaps appreciating the motive of the theft, as I murmured out something like "It is but one to keep for ever," his lips as suddenly assumed a smile of lovable grace such as might have won the heart of an enemy. That "single hair" is on my table as I write.

From the platform there was an adjournment of the "select"—but the select

consisted of two thousand persons—to a monster tent or “pavilion” that had been erected to receive the guests at the dinner. The President was the good, graceful, and gracious Earl of Eglintoun, whose two memorable words, “Repentant Scotland,” had an enduring echo there that day in every Scottish heart. There was a gathering of Scottish “men of mark” ranged on either side of the noble chairman, following in order: the sons of Burns on his right, and the sister and her children on his left; with some of the poet’s early friends; and one, a venerable matron then, who, when a blooming lass of sweet seventeen, had been the subject of his verse. Among the guests were Alison, Aytoun, Glasford Bell, “Delta” Moir, Charles Mackay, and the brothers, William and Robert Chambers. And good right had Robert Chambers to be there, foremost among the men whom the people delight to honour; for, but for his exertions, near relatives of the great poet—to render homage to whose memory the tens of thousands had assembled—would have had to bear neglected penury instead of independent comfort. Scotland owes to these admirable brothers a debt the extent of which it would be difficult to calculate.

But on that day of glory the assembly of the “aristocracy” of Rank and Letters was far too small; from England and Ireland there were few guests, while Scotland did not contribute a fourth of the number she ought to have sent to the gathering. Its glory and its triumph were to “the common people;” and certainly the appearance of these—for whom tents had been provided—was an object of even higher importance than the assembling of the “select.”

As we looked upon the heaving multitude, we could not avoid thinking that if all the preparations for the banquet had suddenly disappeared, the manifestation of respect on the part of *the people* towards *their* poet would have been accomplished—the heart-beatings of Scotland as thoroughly exhibited, if no pavilion, with its tasteful draperies and elevated galleries, had been planted on the banks of the river that waters the land of Burns. Who that witnessed the glorious sight can have ceased to remember the fervent looks of the old and middle-aged, the tearful eyes and exclamations of the young, the eagerness with which parents pointed out to their children the grey-haired sons of the poet they delighted to honour? On, and on, and on, they came, in peace and harmony, disturbed by no jarring feelings, moved by no political object, warmed by the genial influence of the tenderest and most elevated patriotism. The shouts of the people were echoed by the enthusiastic cheers of the noblemen and gentlemen who were on the platform, while the tears of the fairer portion of the assembly proved how deeply they sympathised with the great purpose all had met to commemorate. As long as the procession was in progress, the men who composed it refrained from any manifestation of their feelings beyond lowering their banners, uncovering their heads, and gazing upon the poet’s sons; but when the gigantic thistle, the emblem of their native country, closed the procession, and had been not only honoured, but divided and borne off blossom by blossom, and leaf by leaf, as mementoes of the “field of Burns,” there was a rush of human beings back towards the platform, and eager hands were upstretched from below to grasp the hands of the family of the poet.

Yet it was a most exciting scene within the pavilion, where nearly two thousand persons, ladies and gentlemen, were seated. We recall their fervid

enthusiasm when the noble chairman rose and proposed the memory of Robert Burns—"drunk in solemn silence," but followed a few minutes afterwards by a shout such as is seldom heard more than once in a lifetime. The Earl of Eglintoun was then in his zenith—a thorough "gentleman" in look, in manner, and in heart. His address was brief, pithy, and condensed, yet remarkably conclusive and comprehensive. It was, indeed, an example of true eloquence—if eloquence is to be estimated by effect produced. There was in it no word too much—not a syllable that might have been as well left unsaid.

Then Professor Wilson rose to "welcome the sons of Burns." He was "in his glory." His robust and manly form appeared to grow under his theme, his magnificent head positively seemed to roll about over his huge shoulders, and his large hands to sweep away all let and hindrance to his gigantic energy.

I cannot attempt to give the toasts that followed; among them "Wordsworth and the Poets of England"—"Moore and the Poets of Ireland." The latter was proposed by Henry Glasford Bell; and in the course of his eloquent speech he took occasion to introduce the name of Mrs. S. C. Hall thus:—"I have to-day seen that not the gifted sons alone, but also some of the gifted daughters, of Ireland have come as pilgrims to the shrine of Burns—that one in particular—one of the most distinguished of that fair sisterhood who give by their talents additional lustre to the genius of the present day—has paid her first visit to Scotland that she might be present on this occasion, and whom I have myself seen moved even to tears by the glory of the gathering. She is one who has thrown additional light on the antiquities, manners, scenery, and traditions of Ireland, and whose graceful and truly feminine works are known to us all, and whom we are proud to see among us."—(*Blackwood*),*

I cannot give even an outline of the Professor's speech, which occupied full an hour. Perhaps the apologies he offered for the failings and shortcomings of the poet might have been spared, and were considered out of keeping with the occasion;† still it was a most masterly discourse; and those who heard it can never forget the wild burst of applause that followed his concluding sentence,—"We rise to welcome you to your father's land." The whole assembly rose with a loud and long-continued cheer.

My readers will believe the event to be the most exciting of all our "Memories." It is inseparably associated (I shall never desire to separate them) with the memory of Professor Wilson—the Burns Festival, where so many living worthies, linked hand in hand with the Ploughman and the Artisan, assembled in earnest homage to glorify the illustrious dead.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

John Wilson was born on the 18th of May, 1785, in a "somewhat gloomy-looking house in a dingy court at the head of the High Street," Paisley. The

* My readers will not, I hope, consider me as materially departing from the rule I have laid down in these "Memories" of introducing little concerning ourselves, if I am unwilling to resist the temptation to "chronicle" this event.

† The Professor printed it *in extenso* in *Blackwood's Magazine*. I know that it gave greater pain than pleasure to those who were more immediately held in honour that day. Colonel James Burns has more than once expressed that feeling to me. I did not hold the opinion he did, but I could easily understand that some of the Professor's allusions to his father fell very far short of giving him content.

house is still standing, being "preserved" for public uses, under the name of "Wilson's Hall."* His father was a wealthy man, having realised a fortune in trade as a gauze manufacturer, and was respected for social worth and moral integrity. His mother is described as "beautiful, of rare intellect, wit, humour, wisdom, and grace." The boy John was "precocious," physically and intellectually; "foremost in the playground and in the task;" running a race against ponies while yet a child; in youth surpassing men in bodily feats, and in early manhood excelling all competitors in strength of arm and swiftness of foot. Almost from his birth to his death, as one of his friends wrote long afterwards, "whatever he did was done with all his soul."

In June, 1803, he entered as a gentleman commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford, having been previously "well educated" at Glasgow. His father left him an "unencumbered fortune of £50,000." Thus endowed, with rare personal advantages, "the world was all before him, where to choose," in a sense very different from that which applies generally to the heir of the Muses. Yet, so early as 1807, he selected an abiding-place on the banks of Windermere, and the cottage of Elleray was his home until the year 1815.

When at Oxford, and indeed everywhere, he had the acquaintance of the refined and the rough—the learned and the ignorant—the "brutal," indeed. Dr. Routh, the President of his College at Oxford, was his friend; but his "friends" also were the "grooms, the cobblers, and the stable-boys." He gave wide scope for scandal, but such were the joyousness of his nature, the buoyancy of his big heart, and his many endearing qualities; so prominent also were his powers as a student and a scholar—his after-fame being clearly foreseen—that his eccentricities were visited with no heavy penalties, and he passed from the University with honour, if not with unmingled respect.

I have given my own portrait of Wilson as I saw him, and heard him speak, in 1844; I may add that of Mr. Aird, the editor of the *Dumfriesshire Herald*, when writing of the Burns Festival, and in reference to the Professor's speech on that memorable occasion:—"Now broad in humour; now sportive and playful; now sarcastic, scornful, and searching; now calmly philosophic in criticism; now thoughtful and solemn, large of 'reverent discourse, looking before and after' with all the sweetest by-plays of humanity, with every reconciling softness of charity,—such in turns, and in quickest intermingled tissue of the ethereal woof, have been the many illustrations which this large-minded, large-hearted Scotchman, in whose character there is neither corner nor cranny, has poured in the very prodigality of his affectionate abundance around and over the name and the fame of Robert Burns."

Talfourd, considering him as an editor, and contrasting him with Campbell in that capacity, speaks of his "boisterous vigour, riotous in power, reckless in wisdom, fusing the productions of various intellects into one brilliant reflex of his own master mind;" and Hallam describes him as a "writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters."

In 1812, Scott, in a letter to Joanna Baillie, referred to him as a "young man

* It is a large stone-built house, situate in the main street of Paisley. At the time of Wilson's birth it was one goodly mansion; it is now divided into separate tenements.

of very extraordinary powers"—"an eccentric genius"—"a warm-hearted and enthusiastic young man"—"something too much, perhaps, of the latter quality places him among the list of originals."

De Quincey writes, in 1808, of "his large expansion of heart, and a certain air of noble frankness." "He seemed to have an intense enjoyment of life." Young, rich, healthy, and full of intellectual activity then, with no care, present or foreshadowed, how could it have been otherwise?

James Hogg, in one of his lay-sermons, says,—“Professor Wilson’s conversation is rich and brilliant; but then he takes sulky fits. If there be anybody in the company whom he does not like, the party will not get much out of him for that night; his eyes gleam like those of a dragon; and a poet says of him (Wordsworth, I think), ‘He utters a short *hem!* at every pause, but further ventures not.’”

The poetry of Professor Wilson has not attained the popularity to which it is entitled; probably because, when he first published, he had to compete with a formidable rival in his own illustrious countryman, and the fame which, in England, nearly at the same period, was about to absorb that of all other bards. His poems are, however, full of beauty; they have all the freshness of the heather; a true relish for nature breaks out in them all; there is no puerile or sickly sentimentalism; they are the earnest breathings of a happy and buoyant spirit; a giving out, as it were, of the breath that has been inhaled among the mountains. They manifest, moreover, the finest sympathies with humanity; nothing harsh or repining seems to have entered the poet’s thoughts; they may be read as compositions of the highest merit,—as bearing the severest test of critical asperity; but also as graceful and beautiful transcripts of Nature, when her grace and beauty are felt and appreciated by all. There is no evidence of “fine frenzy” in his glances “from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;” but there is ample proof of the depth of his worship, and the fulness of his affection for all the objects which “nature’s God” has made graceful and fruitful.

He was ever gentle and kindly, and meek and humble, in verse; holy and tranquillising was the influence he obtained by associating with the Muses. It was only in prose he was harsh, uncompromising, and bitter; yet in his criticisms there was only evidence of a sound heart—of a nature like the Highland breezes he loved to breast, keen, biting, but healthy; often most invigorating when most severe, but to be safely encountered only by those whose stamina was unquestionable.

On the banks of Windermere he had his “full fling” of “animal delights”—racing, leaping, wrestling, boxing, fishing, boating, and cock-fighting—one of the sports in which our not far-off ancestors indulged as of the “manly” English. And if there be ample testimony to his lofty genius and social worth, there is certainly quite as much to uphold the declaration of one of his comrades for a time:—“It was a’ life an’ murth amang us as lang as Professor Wilson was at Wad’sle Heed.”

He dearly loved the gentle craft of the angler. Dogs were his familiar friends, but so were other animals. From the horse to the spider they were objects of study that gave him pleasure—generally healthy pleasure, but some-

times pleasure that was not so. He had large humanity—earnest love of all things in nature. For dogs his affection was intense, and many curious illustrative anecdotes are told of that passion. Especially he loved all things that needed help. For nearly eleven years he kept in his room a sparrow he had found, scarcely fledged, on his door-step. Who that has read can have forgotten his terrific anathema against those who were more than suspected of having poisoned his dog Bronte, in revenge for his awful denunciation of those who had “patronised” the butchers Hare and Burke?

Yet there is abundant evidence that the fierce leopard of “Maga” could be as gentle as a lamb—that the giant could use a giant’s strength as tenderly as a young mother nursing her first-born. Let us picture the Professor as he was



ELLERAY, THE DWELLING OF WILSON.

seen one day, long after the period to which I am now referring, with a carter’s whip in his hand, walking beside a miserable horse through Edinburgh streets. He had released the animal from a brute far more worthless, had unharnessed him from a cart full of coal, upset the coal into the street, given the carter one blow, and promised him another, and left the fellow, utterly astonished, “gaping wide-mouthed,” and speechless, as he followed the horse to the charge of the police.

Notwithstanding his somewhat perilous attractions, he found a wife worthy of him. Miss Jane Penny was “the belle of the Lake district”—as good as she was beautiful—“whom he had sensibility to love, ambition to attempt, and skill to win.” In May, 1811, he married. In 1815 he was called to the Scottish Bar,

having quitted "dear sycamore-sheltered Elleray" in consequence of a breach of trust on the part of a "guardian" that deprived him of nearly all his property.

Elleray is a nest in the midst of mountains, in an elevated dell surrounded by foregrounds of great beauty, sequestered and secluded, commanding views of surpassing loveliness and of exceeding grandeur. The sight is at once graceful and magnificent, and no marvel that the poet loved it with his whole heart. This is De Quincey's description of Elleray:—"Within a bow-shot of each other may be found stations of the deepest seclusion, fenced in by verdurous heights, and presenting a limited scene of beauty—deep, solemn, noiseless, severely sequestered—and other stations of a magnificence so gorgeous as few estates in this island can boast, and, of those few, perhaps none in such close connection with a dwelling-house. Stepping out from the very windows of the drawing-room, you find yourself on a terrace, which gives you the feeling of a 'specular height' such as you might expect on Ararat, or more appropriately conceive on 'Athos seen from Samothrace.'" Mrs. Gordon adds that "Windermere is best seen from Elleray—every point and bay, island and cove, lying there unveiled."

The cottage is now denuded of its "profusion of jasmine, clematis, and honeysuckle." The trellis no longer "clusters with wild roses," but the gigantic sycamore still flourishes, and overshadows the lowly dwelling that was so long the home of the poet. He dearly loved that tree. "Never in this well-wooded world," he writes, "not even in the days of the Druids, could there have been such another." "Oh, sweetest and shadiest of all sycamores, we love thee above all other trees!"

Not far off was Keswick, where the high-souled Southey lived, and Rydal, where great Wordsworth communed with Nature. Thither, as to a cool fountain, came the man in his buoyant and hearty youthhood; there his favourite pursuits were to the full enjoyed. He had "a fleet of yachts" on the lake. He excelled in all manly exercises and field sports; on road, field, flood, foot, or horseback, he was equally at home. In wrestling he had few equals, being, as a professor of the "noble art of self-defence" described him, "a vera bad un to lick."*

In the summer of 1865 I paid a visit to Elleray, to the cottage in which he dwelt during the earlier part of his residence in the district, and to the comparatively sumptuous house he built, and which was afterwards for many years his home.

"And sweet that dwelling rests upon the brow,
Beneath that sycamore of Orest Hill,
As if it smiled on Windermere below."

It occupies a commanding site above the eastern bank of Windermere, and near to the picturesque town of Bowness; consequently, the views are supremely grand and beautiful. There are many houses all about it now. A railway terminus

* The gardener at Elleray told me a story of the Professor. No doubt many such stories are rife in the neighbourhood. He had challenged *five* potters, brothers, to fight (potters are tramps) the whole of them. He led them into his sitting-room, cleared for the purpose, locked the door, put the key into his pocket, and told them to set to. One after another they were "floored" beneath his stalwart arm and "profound" science. At length one of them crawled along, entangled himself in his legs, and Wilson fell. The five set upon him together then as he lay on the ground, and would certainly have killed him, but that his servants burst in the door, and rushed to his rescue.

discharges its cargo thrice a day close to the gate that leads to the well-wooded grounds of the "mansion," and probably the nightingales and cushat doves have been chased from the locality. It would no doubt grieve the great Nature-lover to hear the shrieking "whistle" in their stead; but there are some things even civil engineers cannot destroy: the outlook from the hall door at Ellera is one of them.

Mrs. Hemans thus writes of Ellera:—"I never saw any landscape bearing so triumphant a character. The house, which is beautiful, seems built as if to overlook some fairy pageant, something like the Venetian splendour of old, on the glorious lake beneath."

In 1817—a memorable year for letters—was commenced the publication of *Blackwood's Magazine*, so inseparably linked with the name of Wilson from its birth to his death. The *Edinburgh Review* was then in its prime. To that work Wilson contributed one article—his first and his last—a review of Byron; but the Tories were a powerful party in Edinburgh, and some of them resolved that the Whigs should not have it "all their own way."

One of two who suggested the idea to Mr. William Blackwood, an enterprising publisher in Edinburgh, was THOMAS PRINGLE, "a pleasant poet," who afterwards emigrated to South Africa, from which he subsequently returned, and became editor of the *Friendship's Offering*, one of the annuals, published first by Lupton Relfe, a bookseller in Cornhill, and afterwards by Smith and Elder.

I knew Pringle somewhat intimately. He was a kindly and courteous gentleman, with limited literary power, but with much taste and feeling for literature and for art. What was his occupation at the Cape I cannot say. He could not have been an "effective settler," for he was lame—so lame, indeed, as to be compelled to use a crutch. His politics got him into "a scrape" with the authorities at Cape Town. He was compelled to quit the colony, and strove to exist as an author in London, where not long afterwards he died. Those who desire to know more of him may read his "Narrative of a Residence in South Africa." I published some of his stray pieces and poems in the *British Magazine*, a work I then conducted. They were never, I believe, collected.

The first number of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* was issued by Mr. Blackwood in April, 1817. Its infancy was weak and unpromising. Misunderstandings having arisen between Blackwood and the then editors—Messrs. Cleg-horn and Pringle—they withdrew. The title was changed, and in October, 1817, was issued *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. It began in a storm; a ferocious spirit influenced the leading writers from the first. "The Mohawks of the press," as Lady Morgan afterwards styled them, produced something like a shudder, and excited an amount of wrath scarcely conceivable nowadays; for there was such abundant evidence of high ability in all its departments, that no one could despise, however much he hated. Later in its history, Leigh Hunt, in the *Liberal*, described its writers as "a troop of Yahoos, or a tribe of satyrs," "adoring Blackwood as some Indian tribes do the devil!"

It soon became more than a suspicion that Wilson, if not the editor, was, at all events, a principal contributor. He was like an athlete in the arena, dashing at a score of foes; striking now here, now there; wounding alike friends and

foes; heedless where he struck, or who fell beneath his blows; while "even in his fiercest moods he was alive to pity, tenderness, and humour," and would have been the first to heal the wounds he inflicted. The magazine prospered, and has ever since maintained its high repute. It was famous, and it was *feared*, and Wilson was assailed—not without show of reason—as a reprobate and a moral assassin.

It is known that one of Wilson's closest allies in the conduct of *Blackwood* was JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and the successor of Gifford in the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*. The personal appearance of Lockhart was familiar to all *habitués* of society reception-rooms in London. Neither in aspect nor manner, in mind nor in character, had he aught of the genial nature, the utter unselfishness, the large and universal sympathy, of his friend Wilson. Indeed, it would have been difficult to find two men so utterly dissimilar.

This is the portrait of Lockhart in Mrs. Gordon's Life of her father, Professor Wilson:—"His pale olive complexion had something of a Spanish character in it that accorded well with the sombre, or rather, melancholy, expression of his countenance; his thin lips, compressed beneath a smile of habitual sarcasm, promised no genial response to the warmer emotions of the heart: cold, haughty, supercilious in manner, he seldom won love." He is described by other authorities as "systematic, cool, and circumspect:" "when he armed himself for conflict it was with a fell and deadly determination:" "no thrill of compassion ever held back his hand when he had made up his mind to strike." In Edinburgh he received the cognomen of "the Scorpion." His friend Wilson—through the mouth of the Ettrick shepherd—described him "wi' a pale face, and a black toozy head, but an e'e like an eagle's, and a sort o' lauch about the screwed-up mouth o' him that fules ca'ed no canny, for they couldna thole the meaning o't." In "Peter's Letters" he thus pictures himself:—"His features are regular and quite definite in their outline: his forehead is well advanced, and largest in the region of observation and perception." He protests against its being supposed that his play of "fancy is to gratify a sardonic bitterness, or to nourish a sour and atrabilious spirit." He was young then, and hoping to find there were better things in literature than satire. He did not find it, because he did not seek for it.

Certainly he was a strikingly handsome man: tall and slight, with abundant dark hair on a head well set on his shoulders, and with features "finely cut;" but on his face there was a perpetual sneer, as if he grudged humanity a virtue.*

BLACKWOOD, the eminent bibliopole, so often the mark of assailants as merciless as were those who upheld him, Wilson describes as "a perfectly honourable and honest man." I saw him often during his brief visits to London, and once in his shop in Edinburgh. We were invited to his house—an invitation circumstances compelled us to postpone; and on a subsequent visit to Edinburgh he

* Lockhart died at Abbotsford on the 25th of November, 1854, a few months only after his friend Wilson; he is buried in Dryburgh Abbey, "at the feet of his great father-in-law." He was born in the Manse of Cambusnethan, on the 14th of July, 1794—his father being minister of the parish—and married, in 1820, Sophia, the daughter of Sir Walter Scott. By her he had a son and a daughter. The son died young; and so perished the lineal representatives of the great Scottish bard. The daughter married Mr. Hope, who took the name of Scott; and, happily, there are children of that marriage.

had been removed from earth. He was a plain man, somewhat burly of form ; of his shrewd intelligence there can be no doubt ; he did not convey the idea of an intellectual man ; neither, I believe, did he ever assume to be one. But he was a man of strong will ; he did not hesitate to "cut down" even the papers of Wilson, and was the only "real editor" of the magazine in the day of its strength. He died in September, 1854, esteemed, respected, and beloved by those who knew him best, and by none more than his constant ally and perpetual trust, Professor Wilson.

In 1820 John Wilson obtained the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and was thenceforth known as "Professor Wilson ;" not, as was to have been expected, without strenuous opposition. His enemies (and he had earned them) attacked the moral character of the candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy, but in that they failed ; there he was, as Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, wrote, "invulnerable." He had twenty-one votes out of thirty, notwithstanding all the efforts of political and personal foes.

Thenceforward he gave free vent to the more lovable qualities of his nature, the outpourings of his generous soul, his earnest sympathy with the young whom it became his duty to arm for the battle of life. One of his pupils describes "his grand and noble form excited into bold and passionate action ; his manly and eloquent voice sounding forth its stirring utterances with all the strange and fitful cadence of a music quite peculiar to itself"—"with eye, hand, voice, and soul, bearing his audience with him." Thus writes another :—"The tremulous upper lip, curving with every wave of thought or hint of passion, and the golden-grey hair floating on the old man's mighty shoulders—if, indeed, that could be called age which seemed but the immortality of a more majestic youth."

In after years his writings were chiefly limited to his contributions to *Blackwood*. "He became," writes his daughter, in her most pious and most beautiful "Life," "identified with its character, its aims, and its interests." And in 1823 he was in a position again to reside at Ellaray ; to enjoy again its woods and walks, "his idle time not idly spent" beside the banks of the lake, rod in hand ; to look upon the hills he loved ; to see the snow in summer on the mountain-tops. Here he had passed his joyous and energetic youth, when animal strength and animal spirits were "over-boiling," so to speak ; and thither, when advancing age had matured his judgment and subdued his passions, when—

"Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipped the offending Adam out of him"—

he went, with as full a love of Nature as ever, to enjoy the abundant gifts of which she is so lavish in that most lovely locality.

In 1837 his beloved wife died, "leaving the world thenceforward to him dark and dreary." Cannot we hear his voice "tremulous with emotion," as he met his class, "with a depressed and solemn spirit," murmuring, "Pardon me, but since we last met I have been in the valley of the shadow of death?" And he wore "weepers"—badges of mourning—on his sleeves until he received his own summons to join her.*

* Sir Walter Scott, speaking of Mrs. Wilson, says—"One whose grace and gentle goodness could have found no fitter home than Ellaray—*except where she now is.*"

One event connected with this period of his life is especially remembered at "the Lakes." In 1825, George Canning, writing to Scott, hopes he will join a party on the banks of Windermere (where he was visiting Mr. Bolton, at Storr's Hall),* and he adds, "Our friend the Professor (who is Admiral of the Lakes) will fit out his whole flotilla and fire all his guns in honour of your arrival." Scott went, and Wordsworth was of the party. The weather was brilliant; so was the company, especially by moonlight. Fifty barges, gay with banners and fair ladies, formed the *cortège*; music and merry songs came from each one of them, as the flotilla made its way among the islands; while the shores were lined with enthusiastic spectators, whose perpetual cheers were echoed by the mountains.

That grand event occurred in August, 1825: a record of it will be found in the Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott, and in those of Wordsworth.†

So late as 1848 Wilson was at Elleray; but it had lost its charm—the beloved of his heart had been called to a better home; he complained of "its silence and loneliness," and did not remain there long before he quitted it for ever. In 1850 he was "breaking up;" strength was gradually decaying;‡ he grew meditative and solemn. Occasionally there were glimpses of his old self, when he "strolled" beside the banks of Dochart, rod in hand (the use of one hand had gone), and rejoiced to see it had not quite lost its cunning, as he transferred to his basket the trout from the stream.

His work was drawing to a close; he resigned the chair of Moral Philosophy, and prepared for the coming change; "the head grew sick, and the heart faint;" he remained altogether "within doors;" "something of a settled melancholy rested on his spirit;" he seldom spoke, and did not often smile. Fully conscious of his altered state, "my mind is going—I feel it," he sadly said.

Now and then he rallied, "presenting a serene and beautiful picture of calm and genial old age." There were yet thoughts for his duties, and one of his latest labours—when he moved with difficulty, when his feet were feeble and unsteady, and the foreshadow of death was over him—was to drive into Edinburgh to give his vote for Thomas Babington Macaulay, then a candidate for the representation of the city—a Whig—a political opponent all his life.

But as his good and devoted daughter, his biographer, writes,—“He humbly looked in the coming days of darkness for the light that rises to the upright, and hopefully awaited the summons that should call him to rest from his labours, and enter into the joy of his Lord.”

The final summons did not find him reluctant to obey it. His fishing-tackle lay scattered near him, and it pleased him to arrange his flies; but his Bible was ever at his bedside, and was read to him, morning and evening, when he was no longer able to read it himself.

It came at length—it came at midnight, just as a Sabbath-day had passed.

* Mr. Bolton was an estimable and much-respected merchant of Liverpool: he had commanded one of the regiments of volunteers, and was usually called Colonel Bolton.

† To this memorable scene Wilson makes but little reference; yet it might have moved his pen. He afterwards, however, referred to Wordsworth there:—"The memory of that bright day returns, when Windermere glittered with all her sails in honour of the great northern minstrel, and of him, the eloquent, whose lips are now mute in dust. Methinks we see his smile benign, that we hear his voice, silver sweet."

‡ Just then he received a pension from the Crown of £300 a year, an intimation to that effect having been conveyed to him by Lord John Russell, the noble lord expressing a desire that the intelligence might be communicated to him "in such a manner as may be most agreeable to his feelings."

Just as the clock struck twelve the mighty heart was still, as if in answer to his prayer uttered long years before—

“When nature feels the solemn hour has come
That parts the spirit from its mortal clay,
May that hour find me in my weeping home,
’Mid the blest stillness of a Sabbath-day!
May none I deeply love be then away!”

He died at No. 6, Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, the house in which he had long dwelt, on the 3rd of April, 1854.



THE GRAVE OF WILSON.

On the 7th of April he was interred in the “Dean Cemetery,” at Edinburgh; perhaps the most beautiful (the word is not out of place) graveyard in the kingdom: it is richly planted with various trees, and, at all seasons, is full of flowers. The graves are carefully and neatly kept: no weed is suffered to grow there, although wild flowers are not excluded from associations with the dead. To those who can recall the old graveyards that environed our churches—they

were nowhere else—these modern improvements are sources of no common gratification. I remember, some thirty-five years ago, when the subject was first broached by a Mr. Carden, and I had the satisfaction earnestly to advocate the movement (in the *Morning Journal*, of which I was for a time the editor), it encountered bitter hostility, as a movement that was hostile to the well-being of society, fatal to the interests of the Church, and, indeed, *contre la nature*. At that time Père-la-Chaise was the only burial-ground in Europe that invited lovers



THE MONUMENT OF WILSON.

of the picturesque; and no visitor to Paris ever left it without seeing that, its leading attraction. Yet to induce imitators in England was, for a long while, uphill work; those who advocated the innovation were condemned as not only un-English, but anti-Christian.

If in England the feeling was strong, we may imagine it must have been even stronger in Scotland, where "time-honoured" prejudices have ever taken deeper root. It is, however, one of the departures from rules of the "good old times" on which society has to be congratulated.

But his fellow-countrymen raised a monument to his memory; I give an engraving of it. It was erected by public subscription; and the statue, in bronze, ten feet high, is the work of Mr. John Steel, R.S.A. It is thus described by the pen of a loving friend:—"The careless ease of Professor Wilson's ordinary dress is adopted, with scarcely a touch of artistic license, in the statue; a plaid, which he was in the frequent habit of wearing, supplies the needed folds of drapery, and the trunk of a palm-tree gives a rest to the figure, while it indicates, commemoratively, his principal poetical work. The lion-like head and face, full of mental and muscular power, thrown slightly upward and backward, express fervid and impulsive genius evolving itself in free and fruitful thought, the glow of poetical inspiration animating every feature. The figure tall, massive, athletic; the hands—the right grasping a pen, at the same time clutching the plaid that hangs across the chest, the left resting negligently on the leaves of a half-open manuscript; the limbs loosely planted, yet firm and vigorous—all correspond with the grandly-elevated expression of the countenance." This description brings the man vividly before us. The statue stands in one of the great thoroughfares—in Princes Street—and adjoins the "Institution" in the city of Edinburgh.

But the best monument to the memory of Professor Wilson are the two volumes of *Memoirs* written and compiled by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. They are charming records of his active, energetic, busy, and useful life, written in a spirit of devoted affection and genuine piety. That is not strange, for if he was loved almost to adoration by those who knew him only afar off, intense must have been the feeling with which he was regarded by those who were of his household, and who were portions of his great heart.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OF SIR WALTER SCOTT I knew so little that I am barely justified in introducing him into these "Memories." I saw him but twice: first in 1827 or 1828, at an exhibition of Haydon's pictures, and I was then and there introduced to the "great unknown;" for such, at that time, he in one sense was. I had previously corresponded with him, however; and he did not consider me altogether a stranger. I seem at this moment to feel the cordial pressure of the hand he gave me, and to hear his words of gracious recognition. Scott was leaning on the arm of Lockhart, his son-in-law, of whom I have just spoken in the *Memory of Wilson*.

Scott was then at the summit of fame: subsequently it was a downward path. His name was known throughout the world, his books were read in every language of civilised man, the mask had been removed; for the secret of the great magician was divulged by a calamity that compelled him to work in harness till he died: over-tasked, over-worked, the brain gave way! It is a sad picture—that which has been presented to us—of broken spirits, disappointed hopes, vain ambition, mental and constitutional sufferings—all his gatherings from life before he rested in his grave.

Every incident of his literary career is known: his marvellous industry, his intense application, his continual study, his labour at dry technical pursuits, his

simple habits, his rigid morality, his avoidance of all unhealthy excitements—these are the keys, no less than his vast and comprehensive genius, to the success he achieved, when volume after volume issued from the press; so that between the year 1802, when his first book was printed, and the year 1830, when his last appeared, he had actually written almost as many volumes as there were months in all these years.

The person of Scott has been so frequently described as to be almost as familiar as his novels or his poems.

The other occasion on which I saw “the great magician” was at the house of Allan Cunningham.

I can readily recall the robust and hearty frame of the man; his lofty forehead, broad too, but losing its breadth in its remarkable height; his keen yet kindly grey eyes; and his firm yet pleasant mouth, easy to smile, yet evidencing indomitable will. He disappointed no one; his manner was peculiarly gracious; the very humblest of his fellow-labourers was at ease with him at once; it was kindness without the weight of condescension, and counsel without the burden of advice. No man better understood that maxim of Lord Shaftesbury, “Politeness is benevolence in trifles.” All who had intercourse with him, either personally or by letter, mingled regard with respect, and affection with veneration.*

What a debt is owing to him by mankind! a debt that will accumulate as generations after generations yet to come, profit by his superhuman labours—creations of genius that teach and inculcate chivalric honour, homely virtue, and eternal truth—

“Clothing the palpable and the familiar,
In golden exhalations of the dawn.”

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

THERE was another “man of mark” of whom I knew but little—meeting him, indeed, only in general society. The far-famed editor of the *Edinburgh Review* had a few friends—firm and staunch and loving friends—and very many foes. Some of them he wilfully and wantonly made so; others he did not understand, and therefore misrepresented; others he rightly and conscientiously condemned, and roused into bitter and irrational hostility.

There are several word-portraits of him; I will endeavour to bring them together. I find the best of them in the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1831, during my editorship, but I cannot say who gave it.

“He is of low stature, but his figure is elegant and well proportioned. The face is rather elongated, the chin deficient, the mouth well formed, with a mingled expression of determination, sentiment, and arch mockery; the nose is slightly curved; the eye is the most peculiar feature of the countenance: it is large and sparkling. He has two tones in his voice—the one harsh and grating, the other rich and clear.” Lockhart thus pictured him in “Peter’s Letters:”—

* It was a poor tailor who hit his character best:—“Sir Walter speaks to every man as if he were his blood relation.”

"Jeffrey is a very short and very active-looking man, with an appearance of extraordinary vivacity in all his motions and gestures;" his hair thick and wiry, lips firm, "but they tremble and vibrate, even when brought close together, in such a way as to give the idea of an intense never-ceasing play of mind; there is a delicate kind of sneer always upon them." He adds, "What speaking things are his eyes!" "When troubled, how they beam, flash upon flash!" Jeffrey—whom his biographer, Lord Cockburn, styles "the *greatest* of British critics"—was born in Edinburgh, 1773. Although subsequently a Scottish judge and a member of Parliament, the world chiefly knows him as the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Sydney Smith's account of its origin is this:—"One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*." The first number was published in October, 1802; the second number was edited by Jeffrey in 1803, and from that year to the year 1829 he was its sole directing power.

His eloquence as a pleader is spoken of by many. Lockhart wrote of "the princely profusion" of his language that springs from an indefatigable intellect; and Lord Cockburn tells us his talk was "copious and sparkling," and that his words "often imparted nearly as much pleasure as the merry or the tender wisdom they conveyed."

He was not successful as a member of the House of Commons: "he was," as he himself says, "too old to be transplanted."

He died on the 26th of January, 1850, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. No doubt he was a bitter, caustic, and often unjust critic; and during his long career of power there were not many cases wherein he exhibited generosity and consideration, or that far-seeing intelligence which can anticipate and augur good as well as bad in the authors tried at his tribunal.

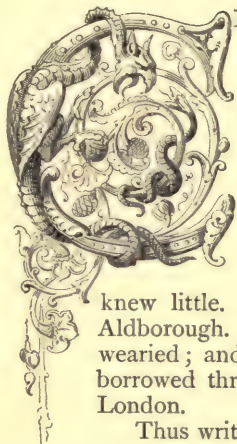
But he lived to see "the error of his ways," and to repent him of the evil; to see many to whom he had given heart-aches, and in whose pathways to distinction he had put "filthy pebbles," become honoured and renowned, if not, in the widest sense, popular.

For years he had laboured to make Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth—immortal three—mere "laughing-stocks." To his prophecies concerning James Montgomery I have made reference. There are many others whose youth in authorship he strove to blight; and, no doubt, some he did blight effectually.

And Moore writes—paying at once a tribute to the head and the heart of the critic—"In the most formidable of all my censors, the great master of criticism in our day, I have since found one of the most cordial of all my friends."

Yet—and let it be recorded to his honour, for we little know the secret springs of sympathy, feeling, and goodness that often run into the turbid river of life—he acknowledged that he found himself "crying and sobbing" over the fictitious death-bed of Little Dombey!

GEORGE CRABBE.



RABBE was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, in a small and rude cottage, now removed, the "portraiture" of which has been preserved by the painter Stanfield. His father was a man of humble means and position. He gave, however, to his eldest son the best teaching he could; but George was "in a great measure self-educated;" yet the ground must have been well laid, for in later days he was no mean scholar. He was born on the Christmas-eve of the year 1754; and, when little more than a child, had made essays in verse. He was apprenticed to a village surgeon, but learned little and knew little. When "out of his time" he "set up for himself" at Aldborough. Of this uncongenial and ill-rewarded employment he soon wearied; and in 1780—"with the best verses he could write," and a borrowed three pounds in money—he set forth to seek his fortune in London.

Thus writes the Laureate Southey in reference to a case somewhat analogous:—

"Woe be to the youthful poet who sets out upon his pilgrimage to the Temple of Fame with nothing but Hope for his viaticum! There are the Slough of Despond, and the Hill of Difficulty, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death upon the way!"

Partly from the statements of his son, and partly from a journal kept by himself, we learn much of the terrible struggle that followed the advent of Crabbe in the metropolis. His "wealth" gradually diminished; went down to shillings, and then to pence: nay, once, on taking stock, he found "sixpence farthing" in his purse, and reduced it to fourpence halfpenny by expending seven farthings in the purchase of a pint of porter. The pawnbroker gave temporary relief. At length he had accumulated a debt of £7; and the gates of a gaol were about to open to the heir of Parnassus. Here, there, and everywhere, he had sought a publisher in vain: as futile were his efforts to find a patron! Lord North was deaf; Lord Shelburne silent; Lord Chancellor Thurlow had "no leisure to read verses;" a poetical appeal to Prince William Henry—then a young sailor, afterwards King William IV.—produced no response.

Here he was, in the "peopled solitude," without a friend, without a shilling, without a hope: nay, not so, for trust in God never left him. And there was a dearly-loved girl (afterwards his loving and devoted wife) praying for him in the humble home he had left. But his sufferings of mind and body were intense: once when he had wandered away to Hornsey Wood (the locality he

most frequented), and found it too late to return to his lodging, he passed the night under a hayrick—having no money to pay for a casual bed. What was he to do? The natural holiness of his mind kept him from following the example of that “marvellous boy” who, but a few months gone, had “perished in his pride” in the wretched attic of Shoe Lane. What was he to do as he wandered about, hungry and hopeless, with high aspirations and much self-dependence,—a full consciousness of the fount within, that was striving to send its streams of living water to mankind,—yet without a hand to sustain him across the Slough of Despond, or a glimpse of light to guide him through the Valley of the Shadow of Death?



THE CHURCH AT TROWBRIDGE.

Yes, his lot has been the lot of many to whom “letters” is a sole “profession;” but of few may the story be told so succinctly and emphatically as of Crabbe; for but few so thoroughly or so suddenly triumphed over the enemy, or could look back without a blush upon the progress of the fight when its end was Victory.

Who will say that his prayers, and those of his “Sarah,” were not heard and answered, when an inspired thought suggested an application to Edmund Burke? I copy a touching passage from “The Life of the Rev. George Crabbe,” by his son—a volume of rare interest, that renders full justice to an illustrious memory, but claims for it nothing that the present and the future will not readily give:—

"He went into Mr. Burke's room a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it; he came out virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that by successive steps afterwards fell to his lot; his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned; his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power."

Ay, the dark and turbulent river was crossed, and the celestial city was in sight. The sad and solitary wanderer no longer walked London streets in hopeless misery; no more was the spirit to be subdued by the sickness of hope



THE RECTORY AT TROWBRIDGE.

deferred; and who will grudge him the natural triumph with which he once again entered his native town, his genius acknowledged, his position secured, his lofty imaginings converted into palpable realities, the companion and the friend of many great men, whose renown had reached even the poor village of Aldborough?

It was by the advice of Burke, responding to his own thought, that he became a clergyman; and by that good man's influence he was ordained on the 21st of December, 1781, his first curacy being in his native village; and, no doubt, among those who heard his first sermon was the "Sarah" who had believed in him when neighbours considered him a "lubber" and a "fool," or at best a hare-brained youth, who "would never come to good." In 1783 they were

married, and went to reside at Belvoir Castle, the Duke of Rutland having made Crabbe his domestic chaplain.

He who had borne poverty with heroism was able to bear the "straitened circumstances" which he had to endure for several after years. There was a sweet seraph ever by his side; and "trust in God" had been strengthened by imparting "trust" to others.

In 1815 he was inducted into the living of Trowbridge, and on the 5th of June he preached his first sermon there. Here he lived and worked till he died, discharging his duty until within a week of his removal; having been so richly



THE MONUMENT TO GEORGE CRABBE.

gifted with health and strength that he had not omitted the duty on a Sabbath once for forty years —

"The children's favourite and the grandsire's friend,
Tried, trusted, and beloved!"

In the autumn of 1830 the world was closing over him. "Age had sadly bent his once tall stature, and his hand trembled;" and on February 3rd, 1832, he "died;" almost his last words to his children being, "God bless you! Be good, and come to me!"

Crabbe seldom visited London during the later years of his long life, and I saw him only in a crowd, where certainly he was not "at home." He was

then aged, over threescore and ten; it was impossible, however, not to be impressed by the exterior of the poet, whom a high contemporary authority characterised as "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

Half a century had passed between the period when the raw country youth sought and obtained the friendship of Edmund Burke, and the time when I saw him, the "observed of all observers," receiving the homage of intellectual listeners.

My visit was paid to him at Hampstead, where he was the guest of his friends, "the Hoares." It was in the year 1825 or 1826, I do not recollect which. There were many persons present. Of the party I can recall but one; that one, however, is a Memory—JOANNA BAILLIE. I remember her as singularly impressive in look and manner, with the "queenly" air we associate with ideas of high birth and lofty rank. Her face was long, narrow, dark, and solemn, and her speech deliberate and considerate, the very antipodes of "chatter." Tall in person, and habited according to the "mode" of an olden time, her picture, as it is now present to me, is that of a very venerable dame, dressed in coif and kirtle, stepping out, as it were, from a frame in which she had been placed by the painter Vandyke. Her popularity is derived from her "Plays of the Passions," only one of which was ever acted—*De Montford*—in which John Kemble, and afterwards Edmund Kean, performed the leading part. Her father, Dr. Baillie, must have been a stern, ungenial man, for it is said by Lucy Aikin (on the authority of her sister) that he had never given his daughter a kiss, and Joanna herself had spoken of her "yearning to be caressed when a child." We have no difficulty in accepting the testimony which Miss Aikin offers to the memory of the author of "Plays of the Passions":—"If there were ever a human creature 'pure in the last recesses of the soul,' it was surely this meek, this pious, this noble-minded, and nobly-gifted woman, who, after attaining her ninetieth year, carried with her to the grave the love, the reverence, the regrets of all who had ever enjoyed the privilege of her society."

In the appearance of Crabbe there was little of the poet, but even less of the stern critic of mankind, who looked at nature askance, and ever contemplated beauty, animate or inanimate,—

"The simple loves and simple joys,"—

"through a glass darkly." On the contrary, he seemed to my eyes the representative of the class of rarely troubled, and seldom thinking, English farmers. A clear grey eye, a ruddy complexion, as if he loved exercise and wooed mountain breezes, were the leading characteristics of his countenance. It is a picture of age, "frosty but kindly"—that of a tall and stalwart man gradually grown old, to whom age was rather an ornament than a blemish. He was one of those instances of men plain, perhaps, in youth, and homely of countenance in manhood, who become absolutely handsome when white hairs have become a crown of glory, and indulgence in excesses or perilous passions has left no lines that speak of remorse, or even of errors unatoned.

This is the portrait that Lockhart draws of Crabbe:—"His noble forehead, his bright beaming eye, without anything of old age about it—though he was then above seventy—his sweet and, I would say, innocent smile, and the calm,

mellow tones of his voice, all are reproduced when I open a page of his poetry."

Certain it is that the Crabbe who wrote "The Village" and "Tales of the Hall," who seemed to have neither eye nor ear for the pure and graceful, whose spring wore the garb of autumn, to whom even the breeze was unmusical, and the zephyr harsh, whose hill, and stream, and valley were barren, muddy, and unprofitable, was only misanthropic in verse. In his life and practice he was amiable, benevolent, and conciliatory. We have other authority besides that of his son and biographer for believing that "to him it was recommendation enough to be poor and miserable;" that as a country clergyman—

"To relieve the wretched was his care."

This is the tribute of his friend, the poet Moore :—"The *musa severior* which he worships has had no influence whatever on the kindly dispositions of his heart; but while with the eye of a sage and a poet he looks into the darker region of human nature, he stands in the most genial sunshine himself."

This is the inscription on the monument (by the sculptor Baily) to his memory in the church at Trowbridge, of which he was so long the rector :—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
THE REV. G. CRABBE, LL.B.,
Who died on the 3rd of February, 1832, in the 78th year of
his Age, and the 18th of his services as
Rector of this Parish.
Born in humble life, he made himself what he was;
Breaking through the obscurity of his birth by the force of
his genius,
Yet he never ceased to feel for the less fortunate;
Entering, as his works can testify, into the sorrows and
wants of the poorest of his parishioners,
And so discharging the duties of a pastor and a magistrate
As to endear himself to all around him.
As a writer he cannot be better described than in the words
of a great poet, his contemporary,—
"Tho' Nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

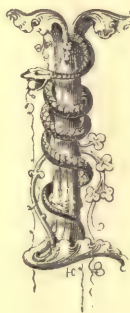
This monument was erected by some of his affectionate friends and parishioners.

I recall with pleasure a morning spent in the Rectory at Trowbridge, and in wandering among the lanes and into the cottages where the poet had trodden so often—the bearer of peace, love, and hope. It is a thoroughly English town, very quiet except on "fair days." The character there is so primitive that in any part of it the poet might have made a study. No doubt he did often work in thought among the peasantry and people he found about him, where nature remained, and I imagine remains, but little disturbed by the outer world. Though by no means "a lodge in a vast wilderness" for which Cowper longed, it seemed to me shut out completely from intercourse with the "busy throng"—

"The vain, the wealthy, and the proud."



THOMAS CAMPBELL.



N the year 1830 I had the honour to be associated with the poet, Thomas Campbell, in the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the entire conduct of which I was subsequently his successor. Although in the prime of life, or very little past it, a heavy sorrow was over him. He had not long previously (in 1828) lost his wife, and his son (his only living child) was confined in "a private lunatic asylum." Unhappily he sought relief where it is the friend of but a brief and treacherous moment, and a habit was contracted which I have reason to believe never left him. Fortunately for mankind, his grand "Odes" and "Lyrics" had been given to the world previously; for afterwards his works were, by comparison, nothings.

"In whose sea-odes—as in those shells
Where ocean's voice of majesty
Seems still to sound—immortal dwells
Old Albion's spirit of the sea."

Campbell was rather under than above the middle size; his voice was low almost to weakness, and inharmonious; the expression of his countenance

indicated the sensitiveness of his mind ; his lips were thin ; his nose finely and delicately chiselled ; his eyes large and of a deep blue ; and his manners, though without frankness and lacking dignity, were bland and insinuating. One of his fair friends described the poet as "a little rosy man in a bob wig." "His wig was always nicely adjusted, and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair." He was accustomed to blacken his whiskers with burnt cork, or some kind of powder, to make them correspond with his wig. He was cheerful in general society, agreeable and communicative in the social circle, and his conversation abounded in pointed humour. It was, however, sometimes so irreverent as to make the listener ask if he were really the author of "The Pleasures of Hope ;" and his anecdotes were not always kept "within the limits of becoming mirth." He seemed, and was, averse to exertion, mental or corporeal ; and was deficient in that energy which is *character*. He laboured much at what he wrote, poetry or prose, and I have known him to produce but a single page of prose as the result of a day. I remember once expressing my surprise at this, and his telling me he always considered a verse as the ample fruitage of a week ; for although the rough hewing of a block might be the work of an hour, the fashioning and polishing were born of the toil that brought reward ; while the *fore*-thought, as compared with the *after*-thought, was as the mile to the inch.

I was not long his sub-editor. My appointment to that office was, I believe, against his will ; for certainly he had no desire to lose the associateship of his old and valuable ally, Cyrus Redding. Although I had not only nothing to complain of in his treatment of me, but the opposite, there may have been that lack of cordiality which prevented me from cherishing towards him the fervid homage I have felt for so many great men. At least, after this long lapse of time, I cannot say otherwise than that my intimacy with the poet was a dream dispelled. I soon found that the less trouble I gave him in reference to the magazine, the better I should please him ; no doubt my predecessor had acted on that principle ; but very soon after my accession, Campbell was tempted into a speculation that caused him much anxiety and eventual loss. He resigned the editorship of the *New Monthly*, and became one of the proprietors, as well as the nominal editor, of the *Metropolitan*, and expended fruitlessly two or three years of wearisome labour. That publication was, in due course, abandoned, and Campbell afterwards led a listless, if not a positively idle, life until his death.

Dr. Beattie thinks his resignation of the *New Monthly* was the result of a "vexatious incident." There crept into the magazine "a vile and shocking paper," which attacked the memory of his dear friend, Dr. Glennie, of Dulwich ; it referred to Lord Byron's foot, and was written by a quack. That it grievously annoyed Mr. Campbell, I know. I was anxious not to be held responsible for the act ; and in one of the few letters I have preserved of his, he fully acquits me of all blame. It is, however, clear from some of his letters in 1829 that he was then longing to be "away from the thralldom" to which he was subjected.

His partners in the *Metropolitan* were Captain Chamier and the publisher Cochrane : he was induced to become "a proprietor" in consequence of finding himself "enormously" in Mr. Colburn's debt. Rogers lent him the money to embark in that undertaking—a disastrous one, although the poet "got out of it" with comparatively little loss, Captain Chamier behaving with nice honour and

generous consideration. Subsequently the journal became the property of Captain Marryat, and had but a short and unprosperous life.

Campbell had commenced his duties as editor of the *New Monthly* on the 1st of January, 1821. It was with many misgivings the poet undertook the task, for which he was singularly disqualified. "He was accustomed to make mountains of mole-hills;" he had no organ of order; contributions were rarely acknowledged, and not often read; of the capabilities of contemporary writers he was entirely ignorant. He could seldom make up his mind either to accept or reject an article, and fancied he must be held responsible not only for the sentiments, but for the language of every contributor. Especially he was disqualified for his task by his extreme sensitiveness. He could not bear reproach or blame; complaint more than exasperated him; he took as a personal insult any protest against his editorial fiat. They were "pestilent fellows" who hurried him for the return of the manuscripts he did not know where to find.*

Indecision was the prevailing vice of his character. Scott pictured him, in 1817, as "afraid of the shadow his own fame cast before him;" and Talfourd, summing up his faults as an editor, described him as "stopping the press for a week to determine the value of a comma, and balancing contending epithets for a fortnight." His magazine he himself called "an *olla podrida* that sickens and enslaves me."†

*There came to the brack a poor exile of Erin
The dew on his thin robe was heavy & chill
For his country he sigh'd whilst at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-battered hill
Transmired for M. Hall
J. Campbell
London &c Feb. 1834 —*

* "Whatever article came to him he would put by, as intended for future inspection, and think of it no more. . . . I often found a letter or an article placed over his books on the shelves unopened—sometimes slipped down behind them."—*Cyrus Redding*.

† Dr. Beattie, in his own gracious and generous manner, puts the point thus:—"His flow of thought was

His £600 per annum was therefore earned not only by double the amount of needful labour, but by a sacrifice of peace of mind. In a word, a worse editor could not have been selected; yet the enterprise of the publisher Colburn, and his liberal scale of remuneration, attracted many important and valuable aids, and the magazine, though published at 3s. 6d. monthly, was a great success.

Fortunately, however, Campbell had associated with him as sub-editor a practical and painstaking gentleman, Mr. Cyrus Redding, always considerate and courteous, who kept contributors in good humour, and did the "business" part of the magazine thoroughly well.* It was this gentleman I was called upon to succeed (I do not know, and I believe I never knew, the reason of the change). In the year 1830 Campbell was then either weary of, or indifferent to, his editorial duties; at least, he left to me the whole business of selecting articles. My own experience certainly bears out the picture drawn by Talfourd of Campbell as an editor. "It was," writes that genial and indulgent critic, "an office for which he was the most unfit person who could be found in the wide world of letters, who regarded a magazine as if it were a long affidavit, or a short answer in Chancery, in which the absolute truth of every sentiment, and the propriety of every jest, were verified by the editor's oath or solemn affirmation; who stopped the press for a week at a comma; balanced contending epithets for a fortnight; and at last grew rash in despair, and tossed the nearest, and often the worst, article 'unwhipped of justice' to the printer."

Consequently, Campbell lost rather than gained in reputation as the presiding power over an important public organ; and, acting "like the poor cat i' the adage," gave no character to the work.†

His life has been written by one of the best and kindest of men—good Dr. William Beattie, his friend and physician; who was guided by strong affection and profound reverence; who had watched him in sickness, solitude, and depression; and who, if he has judged him more in mercy than in justice, will be esteemed and loved for the mind and heart he gave to his labour of love.‡

Thomas Campbell, the eighth son and eleventh child of his parents, was born in the High Street of Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777.§ His father was a

not rapid; and the extreme fastidiousness of his taste was a constant embarrassment to his progress. In writing, he was often like an artist setting figures in mosaic—cautiously marking the weight, shape, and effect of each particular piece before dropping it into its place."

* Redding was a Cornishman, born somewhere about the year 1785, for he must have been nearly eighty years old when he died. Early in life he had been the intimate friend of Dr. Wolcott ("Peter Pindar"), of whom he told many strange characteristic stories. I remember one:—"When sitting by the old man's bedside, as he was dying, he said, 'Doctor, can I do anything for you?' 'Yes,' 'What?' 'Give me back my youth!'"

† Of his extreme carelessness I have a remarkable proof in one of his letters I have preserved. Twice in that letter he spells the name of his literary colleague "Reading," instead of "Redding."

‡ Campbell, on appointing, by his will, Dr. Beattie one of his literary executors, terms him his "staunch and inestimable friend," and on a long prior occasion thus greets him:—

"Friend of my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song."

§ William Howitt gives a curious account of his search for the house in which the poet was born. "It stood," he says, "at the east end of George Street, but has been cleared away." Inquiries on the subject, of neighbours, led to nothing; some thought the inquirer "fou" for occupying himself so idly. They had heard of the poet certainly, but that was all; of any good he had ever done they were entirely ignorant. Macnee, the Scottish painter, tells a story that he and some friends were conversing in the presence of an old farmer-lady, who seemed to listen with rapt attention. At length she said, in audible tones, to one who sat next her, "I canna mak' it oot; they are a' talking, talking, aboot painting and po'try, jooast as if they were of as much importance as sheep!" Something akin to this was the expedition of William Howitt to Glasgow in search of guidance concerning Thomas Campbell.

Scottish gentleman, though "a decayed merchant," and was of the proud blood of Argyll.* He began to write verses early; and when a mere youth gave the promise of after greatness. At sixteen years old he produced poems so good that it need have startled no one when, at the age of twenty-one years and eleven months, he produced "The Pleasures of Hope."

That famous poem, one of the classics of our language, was written at intervals (his vocation being then to teach pupils) during the years 1797-8, and was published at Edinburgh in 1799. It took at once the place it has kept and will keep as long as our language endures. It was composed in "a dusky lodging" in Rose Street, Edinburgh. The copyright he sold to an Edinburgh publisher. Campbell tells us it "was sold out and out for £60 in money and books;" he adds that "for two or three years the publishers gave him £50 on the issue of every new edition."†

Professor Pillans, in the course of an address at the Festival to inaugurate the statue of James Hogg, beside "lone St. Mary's silent lake," related this interesting anecdote of Campbell:—

"I knew him—he was a student of Glasgow, I of Edinburgh; and we met about the year 1797, some considerable time before the publication of his immortal poem, 'The Pleasures of Hope.' He was of so poetical a temperament that it happened at the time I made his acquaintance, and he had been at my father's house, he was in the lowest state of depression and dejection of spirits—so much so, that my father taunted me with bringing to his house a man of whom he would not be surprised to hear that he had put an end to his life before morning. That was a part of his poetical temperament. He was always in extremes; hence it was that the next time I saw him he was in the highest spirits, because by that time the book which he held in contempt, as you may guess from his having suffered such dejection, was received with such universal encomiums and applause, that it raised him to the third heaven of exultation. And it was not long after that I met him in London, when the book had gone through several editions, and the last of them contained a passage which had not appeared in the first edition of the poem‡—a passage which was to me so delightful and so striking, that I complimented him on it, and he said, 'I am glad to receive that compliment, for that passage has cost me more labour and more thought than any equal number of lines in the whole poem.'"

The passage referred to commences—

"Oh, lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of chance?" §

* He was naturally proud of being a clansman of the Clan-Campbells. Lady Charlotte Campbell (sister of the Duke-chief) wrote—

"Bard of my country, clansman of my race,
How proudly do I call thee one of mine!"

† The original MS.—the first draft—of "The Pleasures of Hope" was purchased by the curators of the British Museum.

‡ The fourth edition, corrected and enlarged, contains no fewer than 154 lines—perhaps the finest in the poem—which are not in the first edition.

§ Several instances are recorded of Campbell readily acknowledging the source whence some of his thoughts were obtained. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* (I believe Peter Cunningham) relates this anecdote:—

"I remember remarking to Campbell that there was a couplet in his 'Pleasures of Hope' which I felt an indescribable pleasure in repeating aloud, and in filling my ears with the music which it made:—

'And waft across the wave's tumultuous roar
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.'

['Yes,'

At a late period of life he published an illustrated edition of his poems; they had become his property, I presume, in consequence of the term of twenty-eight years from their original publication having expired, for which reason the copyright reverted to him. The edition was illustrated by engravings, from drawings by Turner: for these drawings he paid £25 each—£350 for the whole. When Campbell sought to sell them, he did so in vain, offering them for £300, but finding no purchaser, until Turner himself bought them back for £200,—“bits of painted pasteboard,” Campbell called them, and an adviser, when he “showed him Turner’s money,” told him “they had been re-purchased at twice their intrinsic value.” They would now probably bring £5,000 if offered for sale.*

In 1800 he visited Germany; his fame had gone before him, making his journey a triumph. He saw, from the rampart of the Scotch convent at Ratisbon, the horrors of war as exhibited at the storming of Ingolstadt—saw the dying and the dead, and heard the veritable cannon roar. Out of this visit grew some of the noblest of his poems, among them “Hohenlinden.”

Campbell had his early struggles. After settling in London, in 1803, he obtained a situation on the *Star* newspaper, and gained a precarious livelihood as a writer for the press, writing anonymously on any subject, “even agriculture,” for daily bread. But, he says, “the wolf was at the door.” Among his other troubles he had to pay £40 a year usurious interest on a sum of £200 borrowed to furnish his dwelling.

That dwelling was at Sydenham, then a retired village, not easily reached from London. The house, in which he resided seventeen years, is still standing, and I have pictured it. It had a good garden, but little else to recommend it; yet here the poet received his brother wits; and much concerning “evenings” there may be found in the Memoirs of Moore, Hook, Hunt, the brothers Smith, and others.

Here the happiest of his days were spent, in genial and congenial society, not alone of men and women possessing his own tastes, but of others who fully appreciated his genius, giving him not only honour, but affection.

“The narrow lane, lined with hedgerows, and passing through a little dell watered by a rivulet,” “the extensive prospect of undulating hills, park-like enclosures,” the “shady walks,” where the poet was “safe from all intrusion but that of the Muses,” as he himself describes them—

“Spring green lanes,
With all the dazzling field flowers in their prime,
And gardens haunted by the nightingale’s
Long trills, and gushing ecstasies of song;”

* Yes, he said, ‘I’ll tell you where I got it. I found it in a poem called *The Sentimental Sailor*, published about the time of Sterne’s *Sentimental Journey*.”

The poem called “*The Sentimental Sailor*” is noticed, and extracts from it are given, in the *Scots’ Magazine* for March, 1773. The style and versification are not unlike those of Campbell’s “Pleasures:”—

“The distant Alps in horrid grandeur piled,
The screaming eagle’s shriek that echoes wild,
The wolf’s long howl in dismal discord joined,—
These suit the tone of my desponding mind.”

* Mr. Carruthers informs me that Campbell used to relate this story:—“Turner, I was told that your drawings were as good as bank notes; but as I cannot dispose of them, I mean to have a raffle, to get them off my hands.” That touched the pride of the painter, who bought them back, but at a low price compared with his charge to me.”

—all these are gone. Sydenham is now thoroughly spoiled as a suburban retreat, where the recluse of letters might “retire, his thoughts call home.” “An endless pile of brick” is the sole view now obtained from the dwelling-place of the bard, if we except the most wonderful creation of our time—the Crystal Palace.

Just when fate seemed most unpropitious, when his restless mind was seeking repose in laudanum, and health was sinking fast, when his days were “oppressed and feverish,” and his nights “sleepless,” he was rescued from evils worse than death by a Government pension of £200 a year.* It was, as his good physician



CAMPBELL'S RESIDENCE AT SYDENHAM.

says, and as he himself thought, “a defence between him and premature dissolution.” Who shall say from what utter misery the poet was thus preserved? For how many of his glorious works are we indebted to that wise and just, yet generous aid? He never knew to whose influence he owed the merciful boon—he knows it now! A “certainty” was thus secured to him. Afterwards he inherited more than one legacy: one, amounting to nearly £5,000, was

* A letter from Campbell to Sir Walter Scott, dated October 2nd, 1805, has this emphatic postscript:—
“P.S. His Majesty has been pleased to confer a pension of £200 a year on me. *God save the King!*”

bequeathed to the author of the "Pleasures of Hope;" the old man who left it saying that "little Tommy the poet ought to have a legacy, because he had been so kind as to give his mother £60 yearly out of his pension." How oft is the pot of honey as well as the poisoned chalice returned to our lips! It made him, as he said, "feel as blithe as if the devil were dead." Happier would it have been for himself and mankind, if his gratitude had been felt and expressed to the Giver of all good.

Yet he was never rich; indeed, he was generally poor; had seldom any means for luxuries, seeming to have been "in straits" all his life. A very short time before his death he writes from Boulogne to Dr. Beattie thus:—"If I had money to spare, I should remove to a warmer spot; but I am in a cleft-stick, for I have neither money to meet the expense, nor courage to face the toil and trouble, of removal."*

In 1803 he "fell in love with and married his cousin, Matilda Sinclair." Redding tells us she had no literary tastes; but she had travelled, and had "learned to make the best cup of Mocha in the world." To the poet, however, she was "beautiful, lively, and ladylike." They wedded with very little "gear," but were certainly happy in each other. I knew her long before my more intimate acquaintance with Campbell, when they were living in Upper Seymour Place West, in 1823, and I have more than once partaken of that famous "Mocha." She was an exceedingly pleasant, "chatty" lady, of agreeable and conciliating manners, and certainly one whom a poet with a very hopeful fancy might have dearly loved. Mrs. Grant described her as "frugal, simple, and sweet-tempered." She died in 1828. They had but one son, Thomas Telford,† who was, at the time of which I write, "under restraint:" his name, consequently, is seldom heard of in association with that of his illustrious father; they did not often meet; but it is certain that he was always "left in good hands." "My poor boy" was neither neglected nor forgotten. He still lives in comfortable retirement; and although, it is said, of eccentric habits, is not more heavily afflicted by the blight that had fallen on the youth of his life.

* Campbell's course was that of most men of letters. "I was by no means without literary employment; but the rock on which I split was *over-calculating* the gains I could make from them."

† Two sons were born to him; the younger, Alison, a child of great promise, died at Sydenham. Thomas Telford, the elder, was godson to the great civil engineer of that name, who bequeathed £1,000 to the poet. A friend has sent me the copy of a letter (inedited) from Campbell to his friend Dr. Gregory:—

"A son was born to me yesterday, and I thank God that both mother and child are well. I happened, however, to be unwell, and to have slept none for a night or two before the birth. The joy of yesterday was such as I never experienced before. I need not describe to a father and a genuine heart what feelings of instinct—unutterable, strange, and successive—shook and agitated my frame when I stood over my boy that lay in his first sleep, breathing sweetly, and I dare to say it (is) 'as fine an infant as ever heaven's light smiled upon.' I bless God that He takes our hearts into His hands, and moulds them to His high purposes.

"It is not, however, for common strength to enjoy such ecstasies with impunity. I could not govern my mind under such a tumult of happiness; no more can I hold up my body any longer under the consequences of being excited so much above par at a time when I was in a disordered state of health. It is to-day that I feel the effects of yesterday. I slept none last night, none the night before, and little or none the preceding. All the anxiety of the birthday, my uneasiness while the child was unborn, the effects of my immorale (*sic*) exultation, and the now returning fear for the health of my wife, operate too severely on me to sleep yet. But although forced to be awake, I can do nothing in the way of industry. I could not write a syllabus on any subject if it were to make me Emperor of Russia. And what is farther unfortunate, I have something on hand to execute before I can get any of the money which is now so necessary for my family. As soon as I have recovered myself by sleep, I must go on with my present avocations, and when I have a little leisure I shall read 'Prince Ely,' both syllabus and letter.

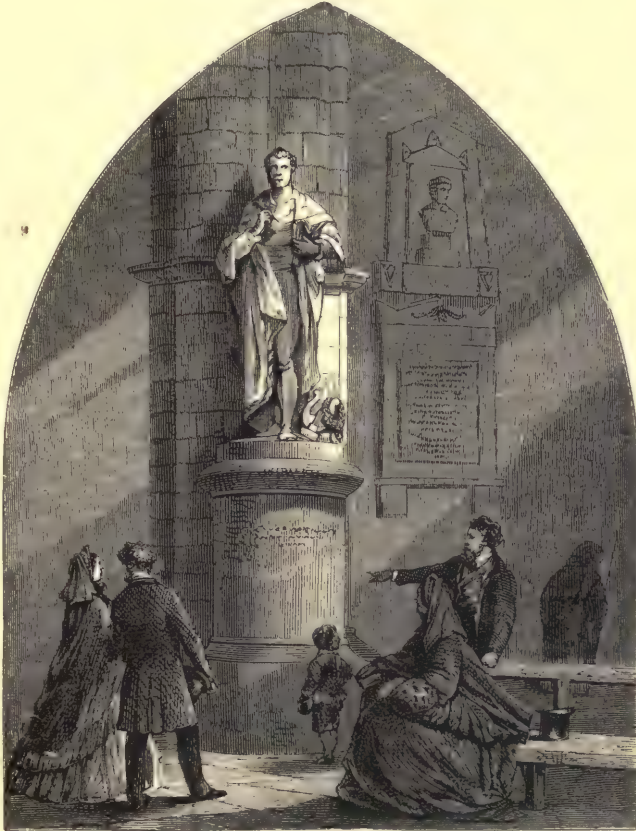
"I remain, with great esteem for you and yours, sincerely,
"THOS. CAMPBELL."

When Campbell undertook the editorship of the *New Monthly* he left Sydenham, to which he often reverted as

“ The greenest spot in Memory’s waste,”

and took up his permanent abode in London.

In 1829 he formed the “ Literary Union Club,” * the first meeting being held



CAMPBELL'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

at his house, 10, Seymour Street, Connaught Square, on the 4th of July of that year; the second meeting taking place at the house of the artist, W. H. Pickersgill, R.A., in Soho Square. I was, if I remember rightly, the seventh member elected. It was

* Originally it was intended to be named “ The Campbell Club,” and to be associated with a club under that name some time previously established at Glasgow.

formed (to consist of four hundred members) "for the purpose of promoting frequent intercourse among the Professors of Art, Science, and Literature," on a principle of economy. Somehow or other there soon arose sundry bickerings: there was about as much household harmony as there might have been among four hundred spiders agreeing to spin a single web. Some idea of this may be formed from the following minute, entered on its books on the 15th of March, 1830:—

"It having been reported to the Committee that a member of the club had proposed, in the book of candidates for election, the name of one Gortz (described as an esquire), tailor and breeches maker in the Quadrant, as an individual duly fit and qualified to become a member of this society—adding thereto, that this same proposed person 'would have much pleasure in taking measure of all the members'—the committee regret," &c. &c.

The first elections passed tranquilly enough; but when the ballot came, out of ten candidates nine were black-balled—the tenth being in no way connected with art, science, or literature. One of its minutes condemned the practice of taking away newspapers from the reading-room; one ordered the return of sixpence to Mr. Hobhouse, being an overcharge in his bill; and another of a like sum, being an overcharge to a gallant captain for gin and water. There was a smattering of magnates in art, science, and letters; but the structure was composed mainly of small fry. Gradually the best withdrew, and after an existence, I think, of about three years, it fell to pieces.

Campbell's efforts to promote the cause of unhappy Poland were not so inauspicious; at least, if we may judge from the fact that the "Literary Association of the Friends of Poland," of which he was the founder and the first president (in 1831), still exists, and still occupies the apartments it originally held—No. 10, Duke Street, St. James's. Campbell lived for some time in one of the attics of that house: it is a poor and small room, with a view of house-tops; the last place in the world, one would think, a poet could have chosen for a dwelling. But it would seem as if Campbell preferred to abide where nature was quite shut out. It was so in Scotland Yard, in Victoria Square, Pimlico, and in other places where he dwelt—to think, see, feel, and write.

The miserable attic in Duke Street is, however—though consisting now of bare and dilapidated walls, reached by a narrow and somewhat dangerous stairway—a place to which those who love the bard and honour the memory of one who has done so much for mankind may well make pilgrimage. Over the fireplace in that poor chamber is a small marble slab, which contains the following inscription:—

In this attic,
THOMAS CAMPBELL,
Hope's Bard and Mourning Freedom's Hope,
lived and thought,
A.D. MDCCCXXXII.,
While at the head of the Literary Association of the
Friends of Poland.
Divinæ virtutis pietati amicitia.
1847.

A. B. COL.

It was placed there by a German named Adolphus Bach, who was his successor in the lodging, and who had jointly with him founded the Polish Association.

Neither must it be forgotten that he was chiefly instrumental in founding and establishing the London University.

As one of the foremost men of the age and country, Campbell was honoured during his time, and will receive the homage of the generations for which he wrought. Thrice he was Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow—the place of his birth : he was elected, it was said, “by a show of hearts ;” it was “a sun-burst of popular favour,” and he valued it highly, as he had the right to do. For once, at least, a prophet received honour in his own country.

To Campbell's personal appearance I have made some reference,—his large eyes, quivering lips, and delicate nostrils,—and also to his character, in so far as I was able to estimate it : both, however, have been treated by several of his contemporaries. The portrait by Lawrence, painted when the poet was in his prime, was his favourite. It ever gave him great delight. “When I look at it,” he said, “I seem to be viewing myself in the looking-glass of heaven.” Lockhart thus describes him :—“Thomas Campbell has a poor skull upwards compared with what one might have looked for in him ; but the lower part of the forehead is exquisite, and the features are extremely good, though tiny.” He is thus pictured by Leigh Hunt :—“His face and person were rather on a small scale, his features regular, his eye lively and penetrating ; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth, which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it.” Leigh Hunt also speaks of his “high and somewhat strained voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings.”

Miss Mitford thus describes him at one of his lectures :—“Campbell's person is extremely insignificant, his voice weak, his reading detestable—neither English nor Scotch ; and yet, in spite of these disadvantages, the exquisite beauty of the images, the soft and sweet propriety of the diction, and the admirable tact of his criticisms, enchained and almost electrified the audience.”

The following is from the pen of Mr. Carruthers, of Inverness, the accomplished editor of Pope, &c. :—

“He was generally careful as to dress, and had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference to fine linen. His wigs were always nicely adjusted, and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair. His appearance was interesting and handsome. Though rather below the middle height, he did not seem little, and his large dark eye and countenance bespoke great sensibility and acuteness. His thin quivering lip and delicate nostril were highly expressive.”

Redding says that Byron's description of Campbell, in 1813, is correct, regarding the poet down as late as 1835 or 1836 ; *i.e.*, “Campbell looks well, seems pleased, and dresses sprucely. A blue coat becomes him ; so does his new wig. He really looks as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit or a wedding garment, and was witty and lively.” Leigh Hunt describes him as “a merry companion, overflowing with humour and anecdote ;” and so, indeed, he was reported by many of his familiar friends ; but it is certain that his “merry” moods were only common after dinner, and, as one poetical associate said, “very unlike a Puritan he talked.” Montgomery, who heard him lecture at the Royal Institution in 1812, thus speaks of him :—“He read from a paper before him, but in such an energetic manner, and with such visible effect, as I should hardly

have supposed possible. His statements were clear, his style elegant, and his reasoning conclusive." Haydon describes him as "bilious and shivering," and Redding records that "his natural character was the reverse of equality—the being of impulse in all." He grew bald when a mere youth, and a wig was adopted at the early age of twenty-five.

As an instance of his absence of mind, it is stated that posting off to Brighton to visit Horace Smith, and to spend a few days with the family he dearly loved, he suddenly discovered he had left all his money on his table at his lodgings, and posted back to town to get it.

Dr. Beattie tells us that once, when invited out to dinner, he had forgotten to change some article of his morning dress, and had to borrow from the wardrobe of some *near* friend. In one of his playful scraps he writes:—

"Oh, picture in the gallery of your thought
Me asked to dine abroad: shaved, toileted,
Busked brave in silken hose and glossy shoon;
But rummaging my wardrobe, struck aghast
To find no wearable untattered shirt!"

When he spoke, as Leigh Hunt has remarked, "dimples played about his mouth, which nevertheless had something restrained and close in it, as if some gentle Puritan had crossed the breed and left a stamp on his face—such as we see in the female Scotch face rather than the male."

Dr. Beattie touches very lightly on "his infirmity,"—"a habit which he condemned in others, but could not conquer in himself." It is understood, indeed, that he had to struggle against that unhappy tendency from the time he was twenty years old. A very little was to him too much; "hence," it is said, "what would have been only moderation in other men was little else than excess in him."

At the memorable dinner of the Literary Fund at which the good Prince Albert presided (on the 11th of May, 1842), the two poets, Campbell and Moore, were called upon to speak. The author of "The Pleasures of Hope," heedless of the duty that devolved upon him, had "confused his brain." I have referred to that evening in my *Memory of Moore*.*

In 1842, when he was barely sixty-four, Time was not dealing gently with him. He conversed less freely; his spirits came in jerks, so to speak; and in company he was often silent and thoughtful; he walked feebly; while "his countenance was strongly marked with an expression of languor and anxiety." His memory grew treacherous, and he had the characteristics of premature old age.

To the wonder of his friends, for the event was unaccountable (and it was certainly in opposition to the advice of his friend and physician), he went to reside at Boulogne, removing his books from his then residence in Victoria Square (No. 8), Pimlico. Infirmities increased upon him; he avoided all intercourse with fellow-men, and sought a comfortless and diseased solitude, having

* Mr. Carruthers, who was present, informs me that Campbell was not tipsy, but he had an excited manner; the audience was impatient; and when the poet, after some preliminary words, began, "As Dugald Stewart says," they coughed him down; he got confused, made two or three attempts to continue his speech, "As Dugald Stewart says," but failed utterly. Mr. Carruthers adds, "I dined with him next day. He said he had not intended to speak long, nor to touch on politics, (which some of the company seemed to be afraid of), but that two or three blackguards could spoil a large meeting."

none of that consolation which religion gives at all times, but especially when the mind's eye sees the open grave. He was, in short, to borrow a line of his own,—

“A lonely hermit in the vale of years.”

In June, 1844, his ever-dear and constant friend, Dr. Beattie, was at his bedside; but the hand of death was on him. The good doctor writes,—“The most that can be done is to palliate one or two urgent symptoms—to treat with the inexorable besieger, and obtain a surrender on as easy terms as we may.”

On the 15th of that month his mortal put on immortality. He had been attended by a clergyman, and joined in prayer. “We shall see —— to-morrow,” naming a long-departed friend, he said, and left earth.

Dr. Beattie, who stood beside him, says, “The last sound he uttered was a short faint shriek, such as a person utters at the sudden appearance of a friend, expressive of pleasure and surprise. This may seem fanciful,” he adds, “but I know of nothing else that it might be said to resemble.”

Many such cases are recorded, and on evidence that cannot be disputed. Surely it is not mere fancy to believe that a spirit departed is waiting to receive the spirit departing; and, at the moment of what is called “Death,” becomes visible to the organs of the soul about to be welcomed.

The picture he presented in death—the features in cold placid relief—“was that of a wearied pilgrim resting from his labours; a deep untroubled repose.” The good doctor writes thus :—“Seldom has death assumed an aspect so attractive, and often as it has been my lot to contemplate, under various circumstances, the features of the dead, I have rarely, if ever, beheld anything like the air of sublimity that now invests the face of the deceased.”

And thus he describes the dwelling of the poet after the spirit had left it :—“There lay the breathless form of him who had impressed all sensitive hearts with the magic influence of his genius, the hallowed glow of his poetry, the steady warmth of his patriotism, the unwearied labours of his philanthropy; the man whom I had seen under many varieties of circumstances; in public the observed of all observers, in private the delight of his circle; the pride of his country, the friend of humanity; now followed with acclamations, now visited with sorrows; struggling with difficulties or soured with disappointments; then striving to seek repose in exile, and here finding it in death.”

An interesting incident is recorded by the same liberal hand. The old nurse was a French soldier's widow. She twined a chaplet of laurel, with which, as a mark of homage, she asked leave to encircle the poet's brow. The day was the 18th of June, the anniversary of Waterloo. With that chaplet on his head, he was laid in his coffin. Its leaves are now with his honoured dust in Westminster Abbey; for in Westminster Abbey, on the 15th of July, he was buried. His pall was borne by the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Brougham, Lord Leigh, Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord Campbell, Lord Morpeth, Viscount Strangford, and Sir Robert Peel; and the grave that received his remains was surrounded by a throng of poets and men of letters—his contemporaries.

Well do I remember that day and that august assemblage—in the Jerusalem Chamber famous for centuries—memories inscribed on every dark oak panel of that solemn room for the mind's eye to read! There they waited the coming

of the dead!—illustrious mourners many of them, whose own resting-places were foreshadowed there, under the fretted roof of England's proudest mausoleum of her heroes of pen and sword. It was a dark and gloomy day,—

“The sun's eye had a sickly glare.”

There was solemn and impressive silence—every footfall had a sound—as we followed the poet Milman, who read the touching Burial Service for the dead. And in Poets' Corner they placed Thomas Campbell. A lengthened pause preceded the words, “Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;” there advanced from the throng a Polish officer, one of the many of his unhappy nation there assembled. He dropped upon the coffin-lid some earth gathered for the purpose from the grave of Kosciusko. The effect was startling; but it became a thrill—the hearts of all there present beating audibly—when immediately afterwards, as the venerable Dean uttered the words, “I heard a voice from heaven,” a thunder-clap shook the old Abbey—aisles, pillars, and roof. He paused; the pause continued full a minute, and as the awful sound subsided, the assembly heard the sentence finished—“they rest from their labours!”*

HENRY HART MILMAN.

THE poet MILMAN, who was, on that memorable day, “the observed of all observers,” was not long ago called from earth. There are many who can remember the venerable Dean of St. Paul's; not as he was in his prime, but nearly bent double, less from age than from spinal weakness or disease.

I knew him in 1829, when fame was only beginning to dawn upon him, although his tragedy of *Fazio* had been successful—Miss O'Neill having acted the leading part.† It still keeps possession of the stage.

He was born in London, in 1791, and was the youngest son of an eminent physician, Sir Francis Milman. He received his early education at a school in Greenwich, where Dr. Charles Burney was his tutor. He was afterwards placed

* This startling incident is thus referred to in a poem of surpassing beauty, “The Interment of Thomas Campbell,” written by Theodore Martin:—

“Louder yet, and yet more loudly, let the organ's thunders rise:
Hark! a louder thunder answers, deepening inwards to the skies,—
Heaven's majestic diapason, pealing as from east to west:
Never grander music anthem'd poet to his home of rest.”

† Miss O'Neill (who became, in the year 1820, I believe, the wife of Sir Wrixon Beecher, Bart.) still lives. She was seen very lately at the private view of the Royal Academy, and attracted the attention of many artists, who did not know who she was, by the exceeding beauty of age, which any artist might have loved to paint—better, perhaps, than if she had been in the bloom of youth, as she was when I saw her act, in 1819. She was then very beautiful, with delicate and refined features and slender form (they are, indeed, her characteristics now); her eyes were light blue, her complexion even more than commonly fair; her smile delicious; her hair was blonde—it is now white as snow—and she does not strive to conceal the change that time has wrought. Those who have seen her act cannot have forgotten the impression she made. In some characters, such as Juliet and Monimia, it was as near perfection as acting has ever been. She did not, if I recollect rightly, attempt the parts which nature had, so to speak, forbidden her to represent. From the outset of her appearance in public, she preserved a character which the breath of calumny never touched; yet she was in a manner born on the stage, for her father was an actor. It is needless to say that, as Lady Beecher, she won the “golden opinions” of all with whom she came into contact; but her life has been more than retired: society saw little of her when she had quitted the stage, and soon afterwards became a widow.

at Eton; and, in 1810, entered at Brasenose College, Oxford. He soon became a distinguished scholar; obtained prizes for English and Latin verse, and for English and Latin essays; and gained first honours in the examinations. In 1815 he became a Fellow of his college, and in 1817 took holy orders, and was presented to the vicarage of St. Mary, Reading. In 1821 he was elected Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Subsequently he became rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and in 1849 was appointed to the deanery of St. Paul's. In 1830 he published a "History of the Jews," a work which gave rise to much controversy, and subjected the writer to various attacks, on the ground that he desired to merge the divine in the historian, and to exhibit himself as a simple narrator of facts, without any regard to the source whence he derived his materials, as an inspired and infallible record. He was accused of treating the Bible as a philosophical inquirer would treat any profane work of antiquity,—as having ascribed to natural causes events which the Scriptures unequivocally declare to be miraculous,—and as having, therefore, unwittingly contributed to subvert the bulwarks of the faith he was bound, by every consideration of honour and consistency, to defend. Such criticisms, however, he ably and effectually combated.

Forty years had passed between the time when I saw him first and that when I saw him last. In 1829, when my first interview with him took place at Oxford, he was sitting in a small room in his college, preparing for the prominent part he was to take that day at the Triennial Commemoration. He was then a remarkably handsome man in the prime of life—verging upon forty, with a reputation made, a position obtained, and ample honours looming in the future. He struck me as the ideal of a Churchman—conscious of power; adding to his other advantages those of person and feature. He was an aged man when he died, yet looked older than his years. His dark eyebrows, however, indicated intellectual vigour, and he seemed what he was, a man of high principle, whose temptations from the path of duty had been few, and who only lacked the sympathy that is usually born of suffering to make him as much loved as a man as he was venerated as a pastor.

The long space between his earliest triumph and the close of his labours was worthily filled by the clergyman, the critic, the dramatist, the historian, and the poet; and no man has been more honoured and respected in his generation.

But his study had been the cloister; and neither in the city nor the fields—where men congregate or nature revels free—did he woo the Muse. Hence his poems are fine examples of cultivated intellect and refined taste, which rarely move the sympathies or touch the heart.

He was like his writings: there was a stately and formal dignity in his manner, in keeping with their solemn and elevated style. And he himself seemed an apt guide—but little influenced by human passions and desires—into a temple grand, lofty, spacious, and marble-paved, but the chill of which is keenly felt the moment we have passed the inner gate.

He died on the 24th of September, 1868, nearly the latest of all the poets whose birthdays commenced in the last century.

HENRY HALLAM.

I AM reminded of another of the men of mark whom I met often in general society—the historian HENRY HALLAM. He was born in 1778, and died so recently as 1862. His father was Dean of Wells. His works are authorities—not only in reference to facts, but for their exceeding perspicuity and their obvious study of truth, away from party, although he was a Whig, and a strong adherent and supporter of the political leaders who, when he was in his vigour, fought with little prospect or hope of victory.

Hallam was a tall and remarkably handsome man, very stately in look and manner. His countenance was thoughtful and intelligent, yet by no means stern. On the contrary, he was kindly and condescending. I had once occasion to apply to him for information. He gave it graciously and gracefully, and appeared as if he had received instead of conferred a compliment.

LORD MACAULAY.

I KNEW as little of THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY as I did of Henry Hallam : my intercourse with the great critic and historian was limited to one visit while he resided at the Albany, Piccadilly. I had tendered to him some information concerning the scene of the Battle of the Boyne ; and he wrote to me a gracious letter asking me to call upon him. During a long conversation that ensued I was impressed—as all who ever saw him were—by his marvellous power to obtain, that he might communicate, facts. Although his scrutiny of the Boyne Water had been but for a few hours, he seemed to know really more of it than I did, and could have imparted on the subject more to me than I could have given to him. I said as much, and deemed an apology necessary for my offered help. I do not forget the exceeding earnestness and courtesy with which he thanked me, making reference to one incident that had not been previously within his knowledge.

He was born in 1800, died on the 28th of December, 1859, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. It was a grand throng of British worthies that accompanied his remains to their grave.

My remembrance of him is that of a man of middle size and robust, “stout on his limbs ;” his features were not remarkable for any peculiar or strong expression ; his head was good, but not intellectually grand. No doubt he owed much to the retentive memory he is said to have possessed. Harriet Martineau writes, “Before his retirement from the House of Commons in 1856” (he was elevated to the peerage in 1857), “he was the mere wreck of his former self ; his eye was deep sunk and often dim, his full face was wrinkled and haggard, his fatigue in utterance was obviously very great, and the tremulousness of limb and feature melancholy to behold.”



MRS. HEMANS.



ELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Duke Street, Liverpool, on the 25th of September, 1793. The house is not known. Some years ago I wandered through the quaint old street, situated in the lower part of the town, near the river and the Custom-house. Many of the dwellings are a century old, with venerable porches that speak of former respectability, and fancy may accord the honour to any one of them.* Her father, of Irish parentage and birth, was a merchant in the great capital of sea-commerce; her mother, Miss Wagner, was of Italian descent, and the poet was fond of tracing the peculiar tendency of her mind to the Venetian blood she inherited. But to that mother she was indebted for higher boons. She was a good and accomplished woman, who gave to her daughter those lessons of practical virtue that were early learned, to be afterwards taught in immortal verse.†

* Possibly, however, some persevering inquirer may find it out, for it is said in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1835—"She was born in Duke Street, in a house now inhabited by Mr. Molyneux."

† A near relation of the family (a son of a niece of Mr. Browne), whom I chanced to meet not long ago in Cork, tells me that Mr. Browne was born in that city. His father was member of a mercantile firm. The

Happily, while still very young, her father retired to comparative solitude in North Wales,* and in that wild, romantic, and picturesque country, closely communing with Nature, her taste was formed, and her mind strengthened. During nearly the whole of her life she was a resident in the land she loved intensely. It retained its charm, even after she had visited Ireland, Scotland, and the English Lakes.

Two years before she had "entered her teens" she produced a volume of poems. Other works followed, and her name had become famous when, in her nineteenth year, she married Captain Alfred Hemans, of the 4th Regiment, a gentleman closely connected with one of the oldest Welsh families in the neighbourhood. Although no quarrel arose, the marriage was not a happy one. Captain Hemans was much older than his wife, and his health having been impaired by foreign service, he became, a few years after they wedded, a permanent resident in Italy; Mrs. Hemans continuing to reside in Wales, rearing and educating five sons who were born to them, working for her own and their honourable independence.†

"She was married at eighteen, in all the trustfulness of a young enthusiastic nature, but was fated soon to see her dreams of happiness give place to sad realities, and the blight thus cast upon her affections tinged with mournfulness a temperament naturally ardent and joyous."

On this sad subject she rarely spoke, even to her nearest friends. Mrs. Lawrence tells us it was "sacred and unapproachable." It would be only evil now to seek to fathom the mystery. No doubt it was the shadow that cast a perpetual gloom over her path through life, and gave a tone of sadness to all she wrote. She exclaims in one of her poems,—

"Tell me no more
Of my soul's gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?"

From the time he left her, for seventeen years, the husband and wife never met. Her duties, and perhaps her natural disposition, kept her apart from the bustle of life. Except once, I believe, she never visited London. She loved solitude, and enjoyed its calm; indeed, it was in a great degree necessary to her, for her constitution was always delicate. Subsequently she lived at Bronwylfa, near to St. Asaph, the residence of her brother, General Sir H. Browne; that home is one of the abiding-places I have pictured. She found time, however, to learn as well as to write much; and, it is said, had intimate acquaintance with several modern languages, and with the Latin also, which, probably, she acquired that she might better teach her sons.

But Rhyllyn, also near to St. Asaph, was the residence she most loved. On General Sir Henry Browne's second marriage, she, with her mother, sister, and all her children, went to reside there (it was another of Sir Henry's houses). Here she dwelt during the remainder of the years she passed in Wales.

father of Mrs. Hemans—George—was sent over to arrange some affairs in Liverpool, and, "being handsome and very prepossessing," won the heart of Miss Wagner, married her, and settled in Liverpool. He died in Canada.

* Their first dwelling was at Grwyth, near Abergelae, a house which had the reputation of being "haunted."

† The eldest son—George Willoughby Hemans—is the distinguished civil engineer, who occupies one of the highest positions in his profession, and is universally esteemed and respected. He has made some of the most important "Lines" in Ireland, and has also been much employed in England and on the Continent.

For three or four years she lived at Wavertree, a village suburb of Liverpool. The house is now surrounded with unpicturesque dwellings, and is conspicuous for the absence of attractions that formed her chief delight in Wales. For some time she resided in Westmoreland. Not far from the shores of Windermere is "Dove's Nest," still a pretty, yet unpretending, cottage. Here she had the frequent companionship of the poet she most honoured and loved; and Wordsworth, in return for sweet companionship, gave her the wealth of his friendship, and accorded to her, perhaps, greater homage than he paid to any other of his contemporaries. "Dove's Nest was," according to Mrs. Hemans, "originally designed for a small villa;" but it had passed from the careful hands that meant it for "a home;" "traces of love" had been gradually effaced; the garden was a wild; the sweet-brier and the moss-rose had degenerated. Thus she writes:—"An air of neglect hangs about the little demesne, which does not at all approach desolation, and yet gives it something of touching interest." "Perhaps some heart like my own in its feelings and sufferings has here sought

*By a Mountain Stream at dusk.
We found the Warrior lying,
And around his noble breast,
A Banner, clasped in dying.
Julia Hemans.*

refuge and repose." But there was "a glorious view of Windermere from an old-fashioned alcove" in the garden.

Circumstances induced her to remove her residence to Dublin. Her brother, Colonel Browne,* held an important office there, as Chief of the Metropolitan Constabulary, and the Irish capital offered strong temptations for the education of her sons. In that city she dwelt about four years, and there she quitted earth on the 16th of May, 1835.

Her death-bed was a becoming close to a high, a holy, and a useful life. Her sister writes:—"The dark and silent chamber seemed illumed by light from above, and cheered by spirit songs. She would say that in her intervals from pain 'no poetry could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy.'"

* Colonel Browne, C.B., was for many years an officer in the 23rd—the Welsh Fusiliers. My eldest brother was an ensign in that regiment, and fell at Albuera. Conversing, by chance, on the subject, with Colonel Browne, he told me he had taken from the field my mortally-wounded brother, who next morning died in his arms.

And so her last hours were spent ; first, in communing with her own heart, and the unutterable comfort she derived from trust in her Redeemer ; and next, in transmitting affectionate and consoling messages to friends ; in sending memory back to old homes by the sea-shore, to mountain rambles, to pleasant outlooks upon green fields, to the haunts and the books she loved ; filling a darkened room in a crowded city with happy thoughts and cheerful sights ; no repinings, no murmurings ; a holy calm, a grateful resignation, fervent faith, unbounded trust ! Under the influence of these mingled sensations, feelings, hopes, she dictated to her brother the last of her poems, "The Sabbath Sonnet." It breathes the beautiful humanity, loving-kindness, and holy devotion that characterised all her works.



MRS. HEMANS' HOUSE AT BRONWYLFA.

No record of Mrs. Hemans should be without a copy of that sonnet. It was dictated to Colonel Browne on Sunday, the 26th of April :—

"How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow paths, the way
Toward spire and tower, 'mid shadowy elms ascending
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day !
The halls, from old heroic ages grey,
Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. / may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound ; yet, O my God ! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness."

This is the picture her sweet sister draws of her death-bed, or rather of her state just previous to her removal from earth :—"Her sleep was calm and happy, and none but pleasing dreams ever visited her couch. Serenity and submission shed their influence over all. At times her spirit would appear half etherealised, her mind would seem to be fraught with deep and holy and incommunicable thoughts, and she would entreat to be left alone, in stillness and darkness, to 'commune with her own heart,' and reflect on the 'mercies of the Saviour.'" "She will not," wrote one of her friends, "allow a mournful look or tone at her bedside." Mrs. Lawrence writes,—“She had frequent wanderings of mind, but the images she dwelt on were mostly beautiful, and with no terror in them ; and



RHYLLON.

her release was as peaceful as that of an infant falling to sleep. She uttered a scarcely audible sigh, and expired."

One of the latest of her poems, "The Poet's Dying Hymn," has these lines :—

" I bless thee with my glad song's dying breath,
I bless thee, O my God ! "

The room in which she passed away was a back room in a house in Dawson Street, Dublin—a corner house of St. Stephen's Green ; but of that fine square she had no view. It may have contrasted wearily with the prospect from Grwyth,

Bronwylfa, and Rhyllon ; but her heart was far from it, half-way to heaven before she quitted earth.

“ The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life—quite on the verge of heaven ! ”

I visited that house some three years ago, and also the neighbouring church of St. Anne, in a vault underneath which lie her remains. A mural tablet con-



ST. ASAPH.

tains her name, her age, and the date of her death, with the following lines from one of her poems :—

“ Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now !
Even while with us thy footsteps trod
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath !
Soul to its place on high !
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.”

There is a memorial window in the church—placed there by public subscription, chiefly by the exertions of the vicar, the Rev. H. H. Dickinson.

Such is a brief outline of the uneventful life of a poet whose writings are known, valued, and loved throughout the world.

Of Mrs. Hemans I knew personally but little. I saw her only once in her cottage at Wavertree. She was ill, and my visit was a brief one; the more brief because I was under a promise to repeat it, but unhappily that promise I was not permitted to keep, for she grew worse, and the enjoyment I anticipated was postponed to a time that was not to come on earth. But I had frequent correspondence with her, and during my editorship of the *New Monthly* she was a regular writer in that magazine; while some of the most charming of her poems, "The Hebrew Mother," "Passing Away," "The Trumpet Song," and others, were contributed by her to the *Amulet*. For the *New Monthly*, also, she wrote the only prose she published.

Wavertree was comfortless and uncheerful, calculated to depress rather than to enliven. Her house there was the corner of a row, with a small garden in front, and another behind; but the flowers she so dearly loved could not grow in that dull atmosphere. From all rural sights and sounds she was utterly excluded. There was no breeze to bring joy and health to the flowers or to her.

Her early delicacy of frame no doubt influenced her mind. She did not seek the usual enjoyments of young girls. Her pleasure was in solitude, in the companionship of books, and in the discharge of the duties that after-life brought to her. There is said to have been a prophetic utterance by some one, "That child is not made for happiness—her colour comes and goes too fast;" and Miss Landon states that she once asked Miss Jewsbury if she thought Mrs. Hemans a happy person. "No," was the reply, "her enjoyment is feverish, and she desponds; she is like a lamp whose oil is consumed by the light it yields;" and there was sad truth in her own lines:—

"All the vivid interests of life look pale
And dim around me."

Hers was that beauty which depends mainly on expression. Like her writings, it was thoroughly womanly. Her auburn hair, parted over her brow, fell on either side in luxuriant curls. Her eyes are described as "dove-like," with a chastened character that appertained to sadness. "A calm repose," so writes one of her friends, "not unmingled with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of her face; but when she smiled, all traces of sorrow were lost, and she seemed to be but "little lower than the angels"—fitting shrine for a soul so pure.

Her portrait is thus given by her friend Mrs. Lawrence:—"Mrs. Hemans was of an excellent height, just not tall, and of a slight and pleasing form; the hands very delicate and pretty. She had a profusion of auburn hair, and the blue eyes and colouring of the complexion were analogous." "She had been in youth very beautiful, but she faded early;" and she adds that "her language and imagery in speaking were studiously correct and beautiful—hardly less so than in her poetry."

"Delta" (Dr. Moir), prefacing one of the volumes of her poems, describes her as "about the middle height, rather slender; her countenance of great intelligence and expression." "In all her feelings," he adds, "she is intensely and entirely feminine." . . . "Over all her pictures of humanity are spread

the glory and the grace reflected from purity of morals, dignity of sentiment, beauty of imagery, sublimity of religious faith, and ardour of patriotism."

But Moir, if he ever saw her (which he might have done during her brief visit to Edinburgh), knew little of her; and perhaps Miss Williams (Ysgafell), who wrote a Memoir of her, knew less. She is thus described by that writer, no doubt, however, from "hearsay:—" "Her personal appearance was highly attractive; she was of middle stature and slight in figure; her complexion was exquisitely fair, clear, and bright; her silky and luxuriant hair was in colour of a rich golden brown; her fine eyes were radiant with genius."

Mrs. Hemans knew, indeed, but few persons. Though her friends were many, and her admirers numerous, her acquaintances were limited. "My whole life," she writes, "has lain within the circle of those wild Welsh hills, and I know nobody." Perhaps the best portrait of her is that of her friend Miss Jewsbury:—"She is lovely without being beautiful; her rich and silky brown hair, of unusual length, flowed round her, when unbraided, like a veil. . . . Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute, but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. . . . She had a passive temper, but decided tastes; her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections. Her voice was a sad, sweet melody; her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if, in her depression, she resembled night, it was night bearing the stars."

In the frequent conversations I have had with Miss Jewsbury relative to her beloved friend, she could never speak of her without intense enthusiasm—a fervour that has often brought tears into her eyes.

The portrait that heads this Memory is by an American artist, West, who painted it in 1828. It was to this portrait she wrote some lines, ending thus:—

"Yet look thou still serenely on,
And if sweet friends there be,
That when my song and soul are gone
Shall seek my form in thee,
Tell them of one for whom 'twas best
To flee away and be at rest."

The abundant offspring of her high and holy mind—the imperishable outpourings of her pure and generous heart—are the property of the world. They have been translated into every language of civilised man. Those who would teach resignation, meekness, truth, virtue, piety, resort to her poems as lessons attractive, impressive, and permanent, and know that in every line she wrote she was discharging the divinest duty of the poet.

From the period—in childhood almost—when she published a collection of "Juvenile Poems," nearly to her close of life, she had sent forth volume after volume, each surpassing the other in sweetness and in power. It seemed as if the intellectual mine was inexhaustible, and perhaps her latest productions will be considered her best.

I may with propriety introduce here some recollections of the three friends to whom she was most attached, and who have done justice to her memory—Mrs. Lawrence, her sweet sister Mrs. Owen, and Mary Jane Jewsbury—with two of whom we had the privilege to be personally acquainted.

Her sister—whom it was our happy chance to know, meeting her often at the house of Mrs. Hemans' eldest son, George Willoughby—was a woman

rarely gifted, most amiable, and most estimable. When she wrote the *Life of Mrs. Hemans* she was the wife of the Rev. Mr. Hughes ; and by that name she is chiefly known. Some years after his death she married the Rev. W. Hicks Owen, M.A., Senior Vicar of St. Asaph and Vicar of Tremeirchion, Rural Dean. With that most excellent clergyman she enjoyed sixteen years of happiness, unbroken except by occasional visitations of ill-health. She died in 1858, and sleeps in the quiet graveyard of the little church of Tremeirchion, among the hills that surround the valley through which runs the Clwyd—that

“ Cambrian river, with slow music gliding
By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined towers,”



THE CHURCH OF TREMEIRCHION.

beside the banks of which the sisters had passed nearly the whole of their useful, but tranquil and uneventful, lives.

All to whom she was known—and they were many—will bear witness to the truth of this inscription, placed on a tablet underneath the memorial window of the church in which rest her remains :—

“ This Window was erected by many and attached friends, to the glory of God, and in affectionate remembrance of Harriet Mary Owen, who departed this life 14th March, 1858. She was the wife of the Rev. W. H. Owen, vicar of this parish, and was sister of Felicia Hemans, many of whose lyrics she set to music. She was a woman of great intellectual endowments, of deep and varied reading, a good linguist, and an accomplished musician. With these high qualities was combined the most practical good sense in the common things of every-day life. A gentle and considerate mistress, and one who ‘ looked well to the ways of her household.’

“ She had so disciplined her temper, that no provocation caused an impatient or fretful

feeling. Very pitiful and courteous, but gifted with a brave and independent spirit, which unhesitatingly marked its abhorrence of all that was base and dishonourable. For sixteen years she fulfilled indefatigably all the duties of a country clergyman's wife, and was unceasingly occupied in furthering deeds of charity and loving-kindness. In this course, even when weighed down by extreme bodily anguish, she steadfastly persevered to the very last. In joy and in sorrow, in prosperity and in adversity, she presented to those around her, and who knew her best, a bright example of the Christian graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity."

MRS. LAWRENCE, whose "Recollections of Mrs. Hemans" I have quoted in this Memory, was one of the most beloved of her friends. That accomplished lady lived in a great mansion near the humble dwelling of the poet, to whom her doors were ever open in wide welcome. Her residence was at Mosley Hall, near Liverpool. Her richly-cultivated mind enabled her fully to appreciate the genius of her neighbour, whom she loved with intense affection, and it is a pleasant task to associate their honoured names.

MARY JANE JEWSBURY.

THERE was another whose close intimacy with Mrs. Hemans did honour to both—MARY JANE JEWSBURY, the much elder sister of the lady whose works are now before the world, and who has achieved high repute.

Mary Jane Jewsbury was born at Measham, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in the year 1800. She published several valuable books in poetry and prose, obtaining celebrity chiefly under the signature of M. J. J. She married, in 1832, the Rev. W. K. Fletcher, one of the chaplains of the East India Company, and died of cholera on the way to Poonah, on the 4th of October, 1833.

"She died," writes Lætitia Landon (who met her first at our house), "too soon. What noble aspirings, what generous enthusiasm, what kindly emotions, went down to the grave with her unfulfilled destiny!" "She was," wrote Mrs. Hemans, "taken away in the very prime of her intellectual life, when every moment seemed fraught with new treasures of knowledge and power."

Mrs. Hemans wore mourning for her; Wordsworth grieved for her loss as that of a shining light gone out; and thus Professor Wilson refers to her in the "Noctes:"—"I saw her once; it was but a momentary glance among the mountains, mounted on a pretty pony, in a pretty rural straw hat, and pretty rural riding-habit, with the sunshine of a cloudless heaven blended in her countenance with that of her own cloudless soul. The young author of 'Phantasmagoria' rode smilingly along a beautiful vale with the illustrious Wordsworth, whom she venerates, pacing in his poetical way at her side, and pouring out poetry in that glorious recitative of his, till the vale was overflowing with the sound."

We knew her intimately, and esteemed her much. She was our guest for a time not long before her marriage, which took place in the little church of Penegoes—the officiating clergyman being the Rev. Mr. Hughes, the husband of Mrs. Hemans' sister, and the rector of that parish.

I have a letter written to me in 1834 by a lady who was for a time Miss

Jewsbury's instructor. It gives so interesting a sketch of the early progress of her mind, that I copy some passages from it :—

"I found her rather backward as to solid information, and as to the well grounding and disciplining of the mind for study, or for accuracy of reflection or discriminating judgment, but the imaginative and inventive powers lively, and, as I afterwards learned from herself, in continual exercise; for, unknown to her parents, she used to sit up in her chamber in light evenings or early mornings to indulge in reveries, and in compositions of a kind to give scope for those qualities. Among these, I believe, were a few small poems, the fragment of a play, and one or two short sketches of tales or novels. By this habit she rather injured her health, and enfeebled the powers of her mind; but, being soon convinced of her error after she had communicated the circumstance to me, I believe she entirely discontinued the practice, and never rose before five or six in the morning. For a considerable time the patient application of her mind to the quiet matter-of-fact studies of grammar, right reasoning, and history was irksome to her; but her good sense and desire for improvement convinced her of the necessity, and she certainly used every exertion to compel her mind to forego its appetite for high-seasoned and effervescing aliment, if I may so term it. But the main development of her intellectual powers took place after her parents left the neighbourhood."

Mrs. Owen writes of the friends, Mrs. Hemans and Miss Jewsbury :—"Soon a feeling of warm interest and thorough understanding sprang up between two minds so rarely gifted, and both so intent upon consecrating their gifts to the highest and holiest purposes."

In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall, Miss Jewsbury says, "I am melancholy by nature; cheerful on principle." A sense of duty was certainly strong in her; and if her natural disposition was sombre, she did much to show she could be cheerful, conversing freely and well, and manifesting earnest sympathy with the requirements of her companions and the desires of her friends.

This is Mrs. Hall's Memory of Mary Jane Jewsbury. She was one of those who are called upon to give out knowledge before the fountain is sufficiently supplied. She says, indeed, she became a writer almost as soon as she became a reader, "sacrificing," as she writes, "the palm-tree to obtain a single draught of wine," grieving she had done nothing worthy to live, but purposing great things in the hereafter that did not come to her on earth. Her career was, in truth, barely commenced when it was closed.

In person Miss Jewsbury was tall and thin; her complexion was sallow, and her hair dark—almost black; her eyes, of a deep brown, were bright and penetrating; her brow was full; her mouth large, certainly not handsome, but expressive; her voice in speaking clear and distinct; her laugh cheerful; and her conversational powers good. She said many things worth remembering without being pedantic, and was very ready at repartee. She had been much fêted and petted in the country; and the friend of Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans might have looked for pardon if she were exacting of more attention than was perhaps justly her due. But "the set" with which she mixed in London were the lamps of London society. Very different it was from that to which she had been accustomed, and where, no doubt, she was an oracle. She never relished London society. It was too diffused, too insincere, to satisfy one who had communed much with Nature, and was not over-inclined to admit the excellence of any school but that in which she herself had graduated. Yet "socially," no doubt, London did her a great deal of good, without bating an iota of her high principles. She became more tolerant, and more inclined to listen, even if she did

not agree with the opinions of others. She had learned from Wordsworth to take pains with whatever she did, and told us that one morning, while staying with the poet, she brought him down a sonnet on which she considered she had bestowed much time. "There, Mr. Wordsworth," she exclaimed, "I have been six hours over that sonnet!" The great master took it from her and replied, "Young lady, I should have been six weeks!"

While Miss Jewsbury lived she did well; but with her vigorous mind, her desire to excel, her continued reading, and her habit, not only of thinking over what she read, but of weighing and balancing every incident or suggestion, if she had been longer of earth, she would have far surpassed any of her earlier works, and bequeathed an imperishable name to her country.

ANNA JAMESON.

WE knew Mrs. JAMESON early in her career,* and were among her acquaintances when it was drawing to a close; yet she was by no means aged, not above three-score years old, when her useful and active life here was over.

There was perpetual gloom above and about her, although she had a large share of fame, was never embarrassed in circumstances, was the circle round which rallied many friends, some of whom were of rank, others rich in high intellectual possessions, and all, more or less, such as any man or woman might be proud to know.

She was a wedded wife for nearly thirty years; yet she may be said to have had no husband, for, with some brief intermissions, she lived apart from him all that time. Why they were separated few knew; but it was a secret that dulled her life. Once she joined him in Canada, soon to return without him; and once they were together for a brief while in London, when she introduced him to us. He was handsome in person, seemed very amiable in disposition, was a scholar and a gentleman, and held high appointments in the colony, having been Attorney-General and Speaker of the House of Assembly.

It was a mystery then, and is now, by what evil they were put asunder; for although Mrs. Jameson may have been of a hard, and not of a genial, nature, and her temper was perhaps "incompatible," she had many rare qualities of mind, must have been a delightful companion, and was largely gifted with personal attractions. I always thought her handsome, although her hair was red, and her blue eyes were eager rather than tender. Her features were decidedly good, and her form, though "plump," was finely modelled. Altogether she was such a woman as a man might have loved to adore.

Anna Murphy was inducted into love of art from her childhood. Her father was an artist, and held the post of miniature-painter to the Princess Charlotte. His affairs became embarrassed, mainly, I believe, in consequence of his failure

* Early in life she was a governess in a family of the name of Rolls, with whom she travelled into Italy, where she laid the scene of her book—"The Diary of an Ennuyée." It was a mingling of fact with fiction, detailing certain incidents of a breaking heart which were entirely imaginary. It was published in 1826.

to dispose of a series of pictures he had executed of the beauties of Charles II.—the renowned works of Lely at Hampton Court.* They were painted by command of the Princess; but she died before they were finished, and they were left on his hands.

Her first book, the "Diary of an Ennuyée," became suddenly famous; it was the groundwork of her reputation. She wrote better books afterwards: her contributions to art-literature came at a good time, were very useful, and will be always of much value.†

I do not know where she was born: her birth must have dated towards the end of the last century. Her father was an Irishman, and I believe she was of Irish birth. It was a subject, however, which she seemed desirous to ignore.‡ I cannot call to mind that she ever spoke on the subject of Ireland. She must have left that country when very young, and probably had no remembrance of it, and no tie to unite her with it, and certainly visited it rarely. She was very un-Irish in her character, manners, mind, and habits.

Not long before her death—in 1860—she became a partisan of the women who advocate "Woman's Rights," and delivered a lecture on the subject. I regret that we did not hear it, for she gave us an invitation to do so. She did not, indeed, go so far as several of her associates have since gone, but her ideas were vague and visionary. She had, she said, "no desire to free her sex from the high duties to which they were born, or the exercise of virtues on which the whole frame of social life may be said to depend, but from such trammels and disabilities, be they legal or conventional, as are manifestly injurious, shutting them out from the means of redress when they are oppressed, or from the means of honest subsistence when they are destitute."

I do not believe Mrs. Jameson ever contemplated the lengths to which her successors have gone in their advocacy of the new Constitution for women; but she would not have been accepted as a guiding authority if she had. Of the cares and duties of maternity she knew nothing; while those of a wife she was unable to discharge. I by no means infer that she was disqualified by nature for either; on the contrary, I consider she was well fitted for both; but I believe that if she had been a mother, or, in the ordinary sense of the term, a wife, she would not have been found in the ranks of the "strong-minded."

Just so, I think, it was with Miss Mitford, although she never joined the army of — Martyrs. Indeed, when she was in her prime there was no thought of a struggle for "equality," and female authors were contented with the "slavery" that made them seek to be the helpmates and not the "masters" of men.

* Some years afterwards engravings from this series were published, with letter-press, by Mrs. Jameson—a delicate and difficult work for a woman to do; yet she emerged from the trial without soiling her white garments.

† Some of her best aids to this class of literature she published in the *Art-Journal*.

‡ In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall she writes—from Mullingar—"You will not ask me what I think about this most wretched country of ours. I suppose I shall subside in time, and be able to look things steadily in the face; at present all my impressions are of pain and discord." She was a good letter-writer. We have retained many of her letters; yet I do not find in them aught that it would be worth while to publish. None of them give any insight into her life's history.

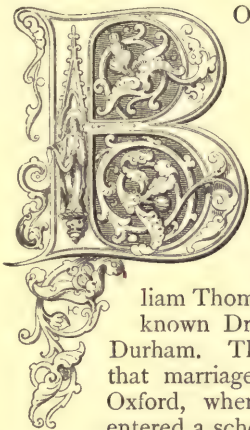
JULIA PARDOE.

ALTHOUGH MISS PARDOE did not occupy a very prominent position in letters, she was much before the public for a period of thirty years between her first appearance and her death in 1862.

We knew her at the commencement of her career, when she had just returned from Portugal, where she had accompanied her father, who was called "Major Pardoe," and had a command in the "Waggon Train," I believe. That was in 1826. She was then a fairy-footed, fair-haired, laughing, sunny "girl," who had resolved upon remaining a girl as long as she could; who would never admit her age to have passed that of youth; and who had ever a terrible dread of being considered an "old maid." Some thirty years after the time of which I speak flowers were mingled with her still abundant locks, and she strove to be as "nimble" and vivacious as she actually was at sweet eighteen.

I would not, however, say a word to her disparagement. If she desired to appear young when she was really old, it was her only weakness; for she was a good daughter and a generous friend; a hard worker, too, who had well earned the Crown pension which brightened and gladdened the later years of her life. Happily it was so; for with time the mine had been exhausted. The "City of the Sultan" is the only one of her many books that is now "asked for;" and even that has but a reputation of the secondary class.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.



BOWLES, "of an ancient family in the county of Wilts," was born in the village of King's Sutton, in Northamptonshire, of which his father, William Thomas Bowles, was vicar. The day of his birth was the 24th of September, 1762. At least, I presume it to be so, for it is so given in a letter I received from him, though he had struck his pen through the date after it was written. "His father," he observes, "was the only son of the Rev. Dr. Bowles, of Brackley, who married Elizabeth Lisle, a descendant of the ancient family of the Lisles of Northumberland; the son (William Thomas) marrying, 1760, Bridget, eldest daughter of the well-known Dr. Richard Grey, Chaplain to Nathanael Crew, Bishop of Durham. The Rev. William Lisle Bowles was the eldest son of that marriage. He was educated at Winchester, and removed to Oxford, where he gained a prize for Latin verse, having been entered a scholar of Trinity. He took his degree in 1792, entered into holy orders, became a curate in Wiltshire, and obtained, in 1804, a prebend's stall, and, in 1805, the living of Bremhill, Wiltshire," where he resided until he resigned it in 1845, after forty years' faithful service, during which long period he had watched zealously over the spiritual and worldly interests of his flock. His memory is venerated there to this day. He retired from Bremhill to Salisbury, where he died on the 6th of April, 1850, being a Canon Residentiary of that cathedral. He had then reached the patriarchal age of fourscore and eight years—a good man and a good clergyman.

I stood beside his grave very recently, and offered homage to his memory. His remains are covered by a plain stone: he was not "honoured" with a monument, but he erected monuments to record the virtues of two of his predecessors within the walls of the venerable and very beautiful cathedral. It was not difficult to fancy the old man treading these lofty and graceful aisles to and fro, at morning, noon, and night, in contemplation, with praise and gratitude; for it was the "home" in which he was always most happy.

In a note to one of his poems he acknowledges his debt to the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury for "preferment in a cathedral, where I might close my days to what I, through life, most loved—cathedral harmony."

In early youth he was innocent enough to apply to a printer at Bath to know if "he would give anything for fourteen sonnets," to be published "with or without a name." The purchase was declined; so the simple man, who fancied he might thus pay the largest debt he ever owed (£70), "thought no more of getting rich by poetry." Yet they were afterwards published (in 1793), and sold well—first an edition of one hundred copies, then another of five hundred copies, and then another of seven hundred and fifty copies.

There came a young man into the printer's shop who "spoke in high commendation" of that volume. Forty years afterwards, Bowles discovered that the young man was Robert Southey; and therefore, in 1837, another edition of the sonnets was dedicated to Robert Southey, "who has exhibited in his prose works, as in his life, the purity and virtues of Addison and Locke, and in his poetry the imagination and soul of Spenser." For more than sixty years he was continually writing, and has left poems which, if they do not place him among the highest of the poets, give to him rank more than respectable.

At the outset of life's journey he was cheered by the voice of a generous and sympathising "brother." Coleridge speaks of himself as having been withdrawn from several perilous errors "by the genial influence of a style of poetry so



THE VICARAGE AT BREMHILL.

tender and yet so manly, so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious," as the sonnets of Bowles, and thus tenders his thanks:—

"My heart has thanked thee, Bowles, for these soft strains,
Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring."

De Quincey states that so powerfully did the sonnets of Bowles impress the poetic sensibility of Coleridge, that he made forty transcripts of them with his own pen by way of presents to youthful friends. Coleridge considered Bowles as one of the first of our English poets "who combined natural thoughts with natural diction—the first who reconciled the heart with the head."

In one of Lamb's letters to Coleridge he thus expresses himself:—

"Coleridge, I love you for dedicating your poetry to Bowles, genius of the sacred fountain of tears. It was he who led you gently by the hand through all this valley of weeping, showed you the dark green yew-trees and the mellow shades, where, by the fall of waters, you might indulge an uncomplaining melancholy, a delicious regret for the past, or weave fine visions of that awful future,

'When all the vanities of life's brief day
Oblivion's hurrying hand hath swept away;
And all its sorrows, at the awful blast
Of th' archangel's trump, are but as shadows past.' "

That is no slight praise from two such men. We may add to it that of



THE CHURCH AT BREMHILL.

Southey, who says in reference to one of the poems of Bowles—"St. John in Patmos"—"I should have known it to be yours by the sweet and unsophisticated style, upon which I endeavoured, now almost forty years ago, to form my own."

Bowles never sought rude popularity—satisfied with inculcating lessons of sound morality in "dignified and harmonious verse," and to lead the heart to virtue, as the chiefest duty of the Muse.

His poetical works are many, but he did not despise prose. His "Life of Ken" ranks high; but he is in this way chiefly remembered by his contest

with Byron, Campbell, and others, relative to the claims of Pope to be considered a poet of the first order. Byron's line is familiar to all:—

“And Pope, whom Bowles says is no poet.”

Bowles thus refers to this subject in one of his letters to me, dated October 28th, 1837. “I never said ‘Pope was no poet.’ I never thought so. I put the epistle to Abelard before all poems of the kind, ancient or modern. The ‘Rape of the Lock,’ the most ingenious, and imaginative, and exquisite; but the Ariel is inferior—how inferior!—to Shakspeare, because the subject would not admit a being employed ‘in adding furbelows’ to a lady's mantle to be as *poetical* as an aërial being singing—

‘Where the bee sucks,’

and raising the storm. The *question* was *wilfully bothered* by blockheads, and no otherwise was the question evaded. But the principles are eternal.”

When I personally knew Bowles, in London in 1835, he was a hale, hearty old man. He seemed to me a happy blending of the country farmer with the country clergyman of old times, and recalled the portraitures of “parsons” of the days of Fielding and Smollett. He rarely quitted Bremhill. Now and then he visited the metropolis, where he seemed as much out of place as a “daisy in a conservatory”—that was his own simile during one of my conversations with this eccentric, but benevolent, clergyman. Some idea may be formed of his loneliness amid the peopled solitude of London by anecdotes related to me by the wife of the poet Moore. Bowles was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike gate, and one day he presented as usual his twopence to the gate-keeper. “What is that for, sir?” he asked. “For my horse, of course.” “But, sir, you have no horse.” “Dear me!” exclaimed the astonished poet; “am I walking?” Mrs. Moore also told me that Bowles gave her a Bible as a birthday present. She asked him to write her name in it; he did so, inscribing it to her as a gift—*from the Author.* “I never,” said he, “had but one watch, and I lost it the very first day I wore it.” Mrs. Bowles whispered to me, “And if he got another to-day he would lose it as quickly.”

I met not long ago, near Salisbury, a gentleman-farmer who had been one of his parishioners, and cherished an affectionate remembrance of the good parson. He told me one story of him that is worth recording:—One day he had a dinner-party; the guests were kept waiting for the host; his wife went up-stairs to see by what mischance he was delayed. She found him in a sad “taking,” hunting everywhere for a silk stocking which he could not find. After due and minute search Mrs. Bowles found he had put *the two stockings on one leg*. Once, when his own house was pointed out to him, he could not by any possibility call to mind who lived there.

This constitutional peculiarity must have been natural to him, for when a very child—just seven years old—(“the child is father of the man”), while accompanying his parents through Bristol, he was “lost.” He had strayed away. There was a hunt for him in all directions, with the eager questioning of his frightened mother; “Have you seen a little boy in blue jacket and boots?” He had been attracted by the sound of the bells of Redcliff Church, and was found tranquilly seated on the ancient steps of the churchyard, careless of the

crowd around, listening in delight and wonder to the peal from the old tower. To this event he alludes in one of his after poems, when

"The mournful magic of their mingled chime
First woke my wondering childhood into tears."

Another peculiarity of his was an inveterate tendency to give away his chattels to those who happened casually to admire them. Mrs. Bowles was compelled, in consequence, to keep a watchful eye at all times upon his proceedings in that way, and is said to have controlled his simple-minded irregularities as well as his indiscriminate liberality.



IN THE VICARAGE GARDEN, BREMHILL.

Of his eccentricities many anecdotes are told in the neighbourhood where he resided for nearly half a century. All of them, however, are simple, harmless, and exhibit generous sympathy. He was loved by the poor, and by many friends. One of the most acceptable guests at Sloperton was the poet Bowles; and Moore says of him, "What with his genius, his blunders, his absences, he is the most delightful of all existing parsons or poets." And again, "What an odd fellow it is, and how marvellously, by being a genius, he has escaped being a fool!" And thus Southey writes of him:—"His oddity, his untidiness, his simplicity, his benevolence, his fears, and his good-nature, make him one of the most entertaining and extraordinary characters I ever met with."

A true lover of nature, he took the greatest delight in ornamenting the beautifully-situated vicarage gardens. And a very pleasing place it was, altogether picturesque, replete with quaint surprises and fancies, and yet entirely devoid of old-fashioned formality. It afforded him high gratification to entertain his friends in these grounds, and lead them along its labyrinthine paths—here to a sylvan altar dedicated to friendship, there to some temple, grotto, or sun-dial. Thus he speaks of one of these garden treats in the “Little Villager’s Verse Book”—a small volume of very sweet hymns, which are, I believe, well known in many village school-rooms, and cannot be too well known:—“A root-house fronts us, with dark boughs branching over it. Sit down in that old carved chair: if I cannot welcome illustrious visitors in such consummate verse as Pope, I may, I hope, not without blameless pride, tell you, reader, that in this chair have sat, among other visitors, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Humphry Davy—poets as well as philosophers—Madame de Staël, Rogers, Moore, Crabbe, Southey, &c.”

Having discovered a huge ancient stone-cross lying neglected half buried in the churchyard, he had it placed there, so as to be visible from the vicinage of the root-house, the moral of which he indicated by inscribing on the latter this couplet:—

“Dost thou lament the dead and mourn the loss
Of many friends?—Oh, think upon the cross!”

The steps leading to this root-house, and the entrance to where it stood, are depicted in the accompanying illustration; but, unfortunately, neither root-house nor chair remains to give point to deeply-interesting memories connected with the spot.

From some lines that—according to the work I have quoted—were inscribed in another part of the very charming grounds of the vicarage, it would appear as though Mr. Bowles had once intended to be buried at Bremhill, instead of Salisbury Cathedral.

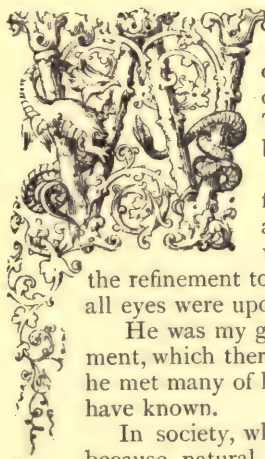
“There rest the village dead, and there, too, I
(When yonder dial points the hour) must lie.
Look round, the distant prospect is displayed
Like life’s fair landscape, marked with light and shade.
Stranger, in peace pursue thine onward road,
And ne’er forget thy long and last abode,
Yet keep the Christian’s hope before thine eye,
And seek the bright reversion of the sky.”

Also, bearing on the same point, in a sermon entitled “The English Village Church,” preached by him at Bremhill, April 20th, 1834, are to be found these words:—“In the course of nature, it will not be long before my grey hairs, which have lived among you for so many years, will be brought down, I hope and pray, in peace. My last abode will be in this chancel, where all the young are now assembled, and who will remember me. I would not wish a better epitaph than the expression of a poor child, on the departure of a man of genius, a conscientious clergyman, and a friend.”

In a note Crabbe is mentioned as the friend alluded to, and the words of the child were, “He with the *white* head will go up in pulpit *no more*!”



JAMES HOGG.



HEN James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, visited London in January, 1832, he produced in "literary circles" a sensation almost as great as might have been created by the removal of Ben Nevis to Blackheath. The world of London was idle then, and the incident became an event.

It was a rare and curious sight to see the Shepherd fêted in aristocratic *salons*, mingling among the learned and polite of all grades—clumsily, but not rudely. He was rustic, without being coarse; not attempting to ape the refinement to which he was unused, but seeming perfectly aware that all eyes were upon him, and accepting admiration as a right.*

He was my guest several times during that period of unnatural excitement, which there can be no question shortened his life; and at my house he met many of his literary contemporaries, whom he might not otherwise have known.

In society, where, as I have intimated, he was easy and self-possessed, because natural, his glowing and kindly countenance, his rousing and

* Hogg, in one of his Lay Sermons, says, "For upwards of twenty years I have mixed with all classes of society, and as I never knew to which I belonged, I have been perfectly free and at my ease with them all."

heartly laugh, the quaintness of his remarks, his gentle or biting satire, the continual flow of homely wit, the rough, but perfectly becoming manner in which he sung his own Jacobite songs, all gained for him personally the golden opinions previously accorded to his writings; and the visit of James Hogg to the metropolis was not a failure, but a success.

On the 25th of January, 1832, a public dinner was given to him in the great hall of the Freemasons' Tavern: nominally it was to commemorate the birthday of Robert Burns, but really to receive the Shepherd. There were many men of note present; among others, two of the sons of Burns, Lockhart, Basil Hall, Allan Cunningham, and others of equal or lesser note; the most conspicuous of the guests being Mr. Aiken, then Consul at Archangel, to whom Burns had, half a century before, addressed his famous lines—the “Epistle to a Young Friend.”

The dinner had been ordered for two hundred; but, long before it appeared on the table, four hundred persons had assembled to partake of it. It will be easy to conceive the terrible confusion that ensued, as steward after steward rushed about the room, seizing food wherever he could find it, and bearing it off in triumph to the empty dishes laid before his friends, over which it became necessary for him to stand guard, while the wrathful clamour of those who had nothing was effectually drowned by the bagpipes—two pipers pacing leisurely round the hall. It was no wonder, therefore, if the guests were indignant, for each had paid twenty-five shillings for his ticket of admission, and certainly many were sent hungry away.

Sir John Malcolm a gallant soldier, from “the Border,” who had gained “the bubble reputation” in the East, and who had achieved some fame as an author, was in the chair.

When the usual toasts had been given, THE toast of the *evening* was announced; but the toast-master had no idea that a guest thus honoured was nothing more than a simple shepherd, and consequently conceived he was doing his duty best when to the assembled crowd he announced, “A bumper toast to the health of *Mister Shepherd!*” There was a roar throughout the building, and the hero of the day joined in the laugh as heartily as the guests.

Up rose a man, hale and hearty as a mountain breeze, fresh as a branch of hillside heather, with a visage unequivocally Scotch, high cheek bones, a sharp and clear grey eye, an expansive forehead, sandy hair, and with ruddy cheeks, which the late nights and late mornings of a month in London had not yet swallowed. His form was manly and muscular, and his voice strong and glad-some, with a rich Scottish accent, which he probably, on that occasion, rather heightened than depressed. His appearance that evening may be described by one word, and that word purely English. It was HEARTY!

He expressed his “great satisfaction at meeting so numerous and respectable an assembly—met in so magnificent an edifice for such an object. He was proud that he had been born a poet—proud that his humble name should have been associated with that of his mighty predecessor, Burns. That indeed was fame, and nobody, henceforward, would venture to insinuate that he had not acquired some share of true greatness after the honour which had been conferred upon him by the literary public of such a metropolis. He loved literature for its own sake, and he gloried in his connection with his country. The Muse, it was

true, had found him a poor shepherd, and a poor shepherd he still remained after all, but in his cultivation of poetry he was influenced by far prouder motives and more elevated considerations, and he was not without his reward. After expatiating on his literary labours, the Shepherd concluded by repeating his thanks for the favours he had experienced, and hoped that the overflowings of a grateful heart would not be the less acceptable because they might be conveyed in 'an uncouth idiom and barbarous phraseology.'* *

The applause that followed his "racy" remarks—a brief history of his life—and his expressions of wonder at finding himself where he was, and how he was, might have turned a stronger brain than that of James Hogg.†

Hogg has given us an Autobiography, from his birth up to a late—but not a very late—period of his life. His vanity was so inartificial as to be absolutely amusing; he avowed, and seemed proud of it, as one of his natural rights. "I like to write about myself"—that sentence begins his Autobiography; and the sensation is kept up to the end. Accordingly, he speaks "fearlessly and

*I'll not tell you how much I
think of you for I am very uneasy
with you
Yours most affectionately
James Hogg*

unreservedly out;" but bating his belief that he beat Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth on their own ground, and that he originated *Blackwood's Magazine*, enough remains to exhibit a man of great natural powers, who merits the high place he obtained in the literary history of his age and country. It is, indeed, a record of wonderful triumphs over difficulties almost without parallel.

He stated himself to have been born on the 25th of January, 1772; but the parish register gives the date of his birth—December 9th, 1770. There is, consequently, a confusion as to the actual time, as there is about the actual

* I copy this passage from the *Times* of January 26th, 1832.

† He does not appear to have written much in reference to his stay in London. A passage on the subject, however, occurs in one of his Lay Sermons (to which I shall refer presently) that may be worth quoting:—"I must always regard the society of London as the pink of what I have seen in the world. I met most of the literary ladies, and confess that I liked them better than the blue stockings of Edinburgh. Their general information is not superior to that of their northern sisters; perhaps it may be said that it is less determined; but then they never assume so much. . . . Among the nobility and gentry I felt myself most at home, and most at my ease. There was no straining for superiority there. . . . The impression left on my mind by mingling with the first society of London is that of perfection, and what I would just wish society to be."—*Lay Sermon on Good Breeding*.

place, some according the honour to "Ettrick Hall," others to "Ettrick House," each of which, notwithstanding its high-sounding title, was a humble cottage not far removed from a hut. The unpoetic name, Hogg, which he was always better pleased to exchange for that of the "Ettrick Shepherd," is said to have been derived from a far-away ancestor—a pirate, or a sea-king—"one Haug of Norway." He was born a shepherd, of a race of shepherds, the youngest of four sons. His father was in no way remarkable;* but, as with all men of intellectual power, he inherited mental strength from his mother, Margaret Laidlaw, "a pious, though uneducated, woman, who loved her husband, her children, and her



THE BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES HOGG.

Bible. Her memory was stored with Border-ballads; she was a firm believer in kelpies, brownies, and others of the good people," stories concerning which from his earliest infancy she poured into the greedy ears of her son. They were the seed that bore the fruit.

He had a few months' schooling—the school-house being close to his cottage door. At seven years old, however, it was needful that he should do work; and

* In 1814, Wordsworth, during his visit to Scotland, had "refreshment" at the cottage of Hogg's father, "a shepherd, a fine old man, more than eighty years of age."

he was hired by a neighbouring farmer, his half-year's wage being "one ewe lamb and a pair of shoes." *

From his childhood he had a perpetual struggle with untoward fate: "chill penury repressed his noble rage" from his birth almost to his death. As his biographer writes, "He was always in deep waters, where nothing was above the surface but the head;" yet the historian of his singular and wayward life has little to say to his discredit, and nothing to his dishonour. He has to record more of temptations resisted than of culpabilities encouraged; and although by no means a man of regular habits, Hogg never so far yielded to dissipation as to be ignored even by the very scrupulous among his countrymen. Wayward, indeed, he was. He quarrelled with his true friend, Scott, but the magnanimous man sought reconciliation with his irritable brother. To Wilson, another true friend, he wrote a letter which, according to his own admission, was "full of abusive epithets." With all the publishers he was perpetually at war.

In judging a character, regard must be had to the circumstances under which it is formed; and Hogg might have been pardoned by posterity if he had fallen far more short than he did of the high standard which it is perhaps necessary for our teachers to set up; while it is certain that his voluminous and varied writings were designed and are calculated to uphold the cause of Righteousness and Virtue.

He was employed, almost from infancy, in tending sheep, herding cows—doing anything that a very child could do—and ran about ill clad, bare-footed, learning from Nature, and Nature only, eating scanty meals by wayside brooks, and drinking from some crystal stream near at hand; serving twelve masters before he had reached his fifteenth year, enduring hunger often, suffering much from over-toil, sleeping in stables and cow-houses, associating only with four-footed beasts over which he kept watch and ward, picking up, how and when he could, a little learning; hearing from many—from his mother especially—the old ballad-songs of Scotland, and acquiring in early youth the cognomen of "Jamie the Poeter;" writing poems as he tended his unruly flock; and at length rising out of the mire in which circumstances seemed to have plunged him, to become notorious—nay, famous—as one of the men of whom Scotland, so fertile of great and glorious women and men, is rightly and justly proud.

These are the eloquent words of his eloquent countryman, Professor Wilson, in reference to the earlier career of Hogg:—

"He passed a youth of poverty and hardship—but it was the youth of a lonely shepherd among the most beautiful pastoral valleys in the world; and in that solitary life in which seasons of spirit-stirring activity are followed by seasons of contemplative repose, how many years passed over him rich in impressions of sense and in dreams of fancy! His haunts were among scenes

‘The most remote and inaccessible
By shepherds trod.’

And living for years in solitude, he unconsciously formed friendships with the springs, the brooks, the caves, the hills, and with all the more fleeting and faithless pageantry of the sky,

* Scott, writing to Byron, says of Hogg, "Hogg could literally neither read nor write till a very late period of his life, and when he first distinguished himself by his poetical talent, could neither spell nor write grammar;" and Lockhart states that he had "taught himself to write by copying the letters of a printed book, as he lay watching his flock by the hillside."

that to him came in the place of those human affections from whose indulgence he was debarred by the necessities that kept him aloof from the cottage fire, and up among the mists on the mountain-top. . . . To feel the full power of his genius, we must go with him

‘Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,’

and walk through the shadowy world of the imagination. . . . The still green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales where he passed his youth inspired him with ever-brooding visions of fairy-land—till, as he lay musing in his lonely shieling, the world of fantasy seemed, in the clear depths of his imagination, a lovelier reflection of that of nature, like the hills and heavens more softly shining in the waters of his native lake.”

In 1801, a chance visit to Edinburgh, in charge of a flock of sheep for sale, led to his “engaging” a printer to print sundry of his poems. They did not find, nor were they entitled to find, fame; and he continued a shepherd until another and a happier “chance” came in his way.

When Scott was seeking materials for his “Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border” he made the acquaintance of William Laidlaw, a peasant with whom he contracted an enduring friendship. Hogg had been Laidlaw’s father’s servant, and Laidlaw knew his enthusiasm concerning the subject of Scott’s search. He brought Scott and Hogg together, being especially anxious to do so because “Jamie’s mother” had “by heart” many old Scottish ballads. Scott found a brother-poet, a true son of Nature and Genius, and continued to befriend him to the close of his life.

Soon after “auspicious fate” had thus brought him into connection with Scott, he was cheered and invigorated, for awhile, by the sun of prosperity. Subscribers to his “Mountain Bard,” and a sum paid to him for what he calls “that celebrated work, Hogg on Sheep,” made him so suddenly rich (for he was master and owner of £300) that he “went perfectly mad,” took a large pasture farm, lost all his money, and was again as poor as ever, until, in 1810, he wrapped his plaid about his shoulders, and marched to Edinburgh to become a man of letters “by profession.” The wayward, vain, and erratic man of genius encountered more than the usual impediments. At that period he wrote of himself that he was “a common shepherd, who never was at school, who went to service at seven years old, and could neither read nor write with any degree of accuracy when thirty;” yet who had “set up for a connoisseur in manners, taste, and genius.” Thus he alludes to a periodical work, the *Spy*, of which he was for a time the editor.

He became, therefore, “by profession a man of letters.” Afterwards he pursued that “profession” through many varied paths—writing plays, poems, and prose, getting money now and then, by fits and starts, but, on the whole, “doing badly,” and obtaining a large amount of popularity with an infinitesimal portion of actual gain.

In 1814 he was presented with the small farm of “Altrive Lake, in the wilds of Yarrow,” by the Duke of Buccleuch. No doubt the suggestion came from Walter Scott; it was a great boon to Hogg, for “it gave him a habitation among his native woods and streams.” Here he built a cottage, married, took a large farm (Mount Benger), found he had not half money enough to stock it, and

gradually drooped down, until, at the age of sixty, he had "not a sixpence in the world."*

Yet, on the whole, he led a happy life. "Some may think," he writes, "that I must have worn out a life of misery and wretchedness; but the case has been quite the reverse. I never knew either man or woman who has been so uniformly happy as I have been; which has been partly owing to a good constitution, and partly to the conviction that a heavenly gift, conferring the powers of immortal song, was inherent in my soul. Indeed, so uniformly smooth and happy has my married life been, that, on a retrospect, I cannot distinguish one part from another, save by some remarkably good days of fishing, shooting, and curling on the ice."

I have great pleasure in again transcribing a few passages from one of his Lay Sermons:—

"I am an old man, and, of course, my sentiments are those of an old man; but I am not like one of those crabbed philosophers who rail at the state which they cannot reach, for, in sincerity of heart, I believe that hitherto no man has enjoyed a greater share of felicity than I have. It is well known in what a labyrinth of poverty and toil my life has been spent, but I never repined, for when subjected to the greatest and most humiliating disdain and reproaches, I always rejoiced in the consciousness that I did not deserve them. I have rejoiced in the prosperity of my friends, and have never envied any man's happiness. I have never intentionally done evil to any living soul; and knowing how little power I had to do good to others, I never missed an opportunity that came within the reach of my capacity to do it. I have not only been satisfied, but most thankful to the Giver of all good, for my sublunary blessings, the highest of all for a grateful heart that enjoys them; and I have always accustomed myself to think more on what I have than on what I want. I have seen but little of life, but I have looked minutely into that little, and I assure you, on the faith of a poet and a philosopher, that I have been able to trace the miseries and misfortunes of many of my friends solely to the situation in which they were placed, and which other men envied; and I never knew a man happy with a great fortune, who would not have been much happier without it. Nor did I ever know a vicious person, nor *one who scoffed at religion*, happy."

We have other testimony beside his own that the goodness of his nature made the happiness of his life.

The Rev. James Russell, of Yarrow, at a festival in honour of the poet, when the statue was inaugurated, thus touchingly referred to the social and domestic habits and feelings of the poet he had long known and loved:—

"Much it testified for his home affections that, while spending a season in London, where he was fêted and flattered by all parties, he sent down 'a New Year's Gift for his children,' in the form of a few simple prayers and hymns, written expressly for their use. I cannot forget him as a kind master of a household, indulgent perhaps to a fault, nor how he was wont, as the Sabbath evening came round, to take down 'the big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride,' for the worship of God, and to exercise his domestics in the Shorter Catechism. I cannot forget the attractions of his social companionship, his lively fancy, nor his flashes of merriment that set the table in a roar. I cannot forget his intense sympathy with the joys and sorrows of cottage-life, nor his generous aid in bringing the means of education (all the more valued from his own early disadvantages) within the reach of the shepherds and peasantry around him."

Perhaps the name of the Ettrick Shepherd was made more widely known in England by the lavish and sometimes inconsiderate use of it in *Blackwood's*

* "A pardonable vanity," writes Lockhart, "made him convert his cottage into an unpaid hostelry for the reception of endless troops of thoughtless admirers;" the natural consequence was a mesh of pecuniary difficulties from which he was never disentangled.

Magazine than by all his many poems and tales in prose and verse. Few read nowadays his "Mountain Bard," or his "Queen's Wake;" and "Bonny Kilmeny" is known chiefly by its pleasant sound, while the "Brownie of Bodsbeck" and his "Tales of the Covenanters" were long ago laid on the shelf.* The Shepherd is, however, immortalised in the "Noctes." It is understood that Hogg protested against the "too much familiarity that breeds contempt," and it is certain that he was often "shown up" in a way that could not have been agreeable; but of a surety it gave him notoriety, if it did not bring him fame; and it is not improbable that he preferred thus to be talked about to the not being talked about at all. That his friend Wilson meant him no serious wrong is certain, for Wilson was of those who most esteemed and regarded him. In one of his letters to Hogg, Wilson promises to abstain from introducing him into the "Noctes;" "*if, indeed, that be disagreeable to you.*" "But," he adds, "all the idiots in existence shall never persuade me that in those dialogues you are not respected and honoured, and that they have not spread the fame of your genius and your virtues all over Europe, America, Asia, and Africa."

Like Wordsworth's pedlar, he was

"a man
Whom no one could have passed without remark;
Active and nervous in his gait; his limbs
And his whole figure breathe intelligence."

He is ably described by one who loved him much, and whose name might have been associated with the foremost worthies of his country, had not an "evil destiny" placed him, while yet young, in a position of independence—to whom "letters" have, therefore, ever since been a relaxation, and not a pursuit, but who sometimes supplies proof that Scotland, in obtaining a valuable sheriff, lost a rare poet: I refer to Henry Glasford Bell, who, on the occasion of inaugurating the statue of Hogg, thus pictured his friend:—"We remember his sturdy form, and shrewd, familiar face; his kindly greetings and his social cheer, his summer angling and his winter curling, his welcome presence at kirk and market, and Border game; and, above all, how his grey eye sparkled as he sang, in his own simple and unadorned fashion, those rustic ditties in which a manly vigour of sentiment was combined with unexpected grace, sweetness, and tenderness."

This is Lockhart's portrait ("Peter's Letters") :—"His hair is of the true Sicambrian yellow; his eyes are of the lightest, and at the same time of the clearest, blue; his forehead is finely, but strangely, shaped, the regions of pure fancy and of pure wit being largely developed; his countenance is eloquent, both in its gravity and levity;" and he adds, "He could have undergone very little change since he was a herd on Yarrow."

The Rev. Mr. Thomson, his biographer, thus pictures him :—"In height he was five feet ten inches and a half; his broad chest and square shoulders indicated health and strength; while a well-rounded leg, and small ankle and foot,

* A very beautiful edition of Hogg's works, poetry and prose, was published in 1865, in two large volumes, by Messrs. Blackie, of Glasgow. It is a worthy monument to his memory—more enduring than the statue that stands by St. Mary's Loch. The illustrations, of which there are many, are from the admirable pencil of D. O. Hill: the landscapes, that is to say; for there are several capital figure-prints by an artist of rare merit, K. Halswelle. The biography is by the Rev. Thomas Thomson; it is charmingly written, with a genuine love of the subject, a thorough appreciation of the man, and an earnest desire to do him justice. Altogether, no writer of our time has been more satisfactorily dealt with, as regards editor, artists, and publisher.

showed the active shepherd who could outstrip the runaway sheep." His hair in his younger days was auburn, slightly inclining to yellow, which afterwards became dark brown, mixed with grey; his eyes, which were dark blue, were bright and intelligent. His features were irregular, while his eye and ample forehead redeemed the countenance from every charge of common-place homeliness. And Lockhart thus, with unusual generosity, gives an insight into his character:—"The great beauty of this man's deportment, to my mind, lies in the unaffected simplicity with which he retains, in many respects, the external manners and appearance of his original station, blending all, however, with a softness and manly courtesy, derived, perhaps, in the main, rather from the natural delicacy of his mind and temperament than from the influence of anything he has learned by mixing more largely in the world."

The following tribute to the memory of Hogg I take from the speech of Professor Aytoun, delivered at the Burns Festival in 1844—a scene I have described in my *Memory of Professor Wilson* :—

"Who is there that has not heard of the Ettrick Shepherd—of him whose inspiration descended as lightly as the breeze that blows along the mountain sides—who saw, amongst the lonely and sequestered glens of the south, from eyelids touched with fairy ointment, such visions as are vouchsafed to the minstrel alone—the dream of sweet Kilmeny, too spiritual for the taint of earth? I shall not attempt any comparison—for I am not here to criticise—between his genius and that of other men on whom God, in His bounty, has bestowed the great and the marvellous gift. The songs and the poetry of the Shepherd are now the nation's own, as indeed they long have been, and amidst the minstrelsy of the choir who have made the name of Scotland and her peasantry familiar throughout the wide reach of the habitable world, the clear, wild notes of the forest will for ever be heard to ring. I have seen him many times by the banks of his own romantic Yarrow; I have sat with him in the calm and sunny weather by the margin of St. Mary's Lake; I have seen his eyes sparkle and his cheeks flush as he spoke out some old heroic ballad of the days of the Douglas and the Graeme; and I have felt, as I listened to the accents of his manly voice, that while Scotland could produce amongst her children such men as him beside me, her ancient spirit had not departed from her, nor the star of her glory grown pale. For he was a man, indeed, cast in Nature's happiest mould. True-hearted, and brave, and generous, and sincere; alive to every kindly impulse, and fresh at the core to the last, he lived among his native hills the blameless life of the shepherd and the poet; and, on the day when he was laid beneath the sod in the lonely kirkyard of Ettrick, there was not one dry eye amongst the hundreds that lingered round his grave."

I quote the testimony of Professor Wilson in respect to the peculiar character of his poetic power :—

"Whenever he treats of fairy-land, his language insensibly becomes, as it were, soft, mild, and aerial—we could almost think that we heard the voice of one of the fairy folk—still and serene images seem to rise up with the wild music of the inspiration, and the poet deludes us for the time into an unquestioning and satisfied belief in the existence of those 'green realms of bliss' of which he himself seems to be a native minstrel. In this department of pure poetry the Ettrick Shepherd has, among his own countrymen at least, no competitor. He is the poet-laureate of the Court of Faëry. The pastoral valleys of the south of Scotland look to him as their best-beloved poet—all their wild and gentle superstitions have blended with his being."

Of all his many original and very beautiful compositions there are some that take their places among the more perfect poems of the age. That from which I quote this verse is surely of them :—

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,

Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place,
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee !
 Wild is thy lay, and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth :
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying ?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth !"

Southey—ever a safe guide—writes of James Hogg as "a worthy fellow, and a man of very extraordinary powers;" and Wordsworth pays a graceful and grateful compliment to one who was his "guide" when first he saw "the stream of Yarrow." The poet also wrote some memorable lines when he learned the death of one he esteemed and valued—when "Ettrick mourned her Shepherd dead."

Mrs. Hall describes an evening party at our house, in which, among the guests, were James Hogg, Maria Edgeworth, Allan Cunningham, Colonel James Glencairn Burns, Lætitia Landon, Procter, Miss M. J. Jewsbury, Emma Roberts, William Jerdan, Mrs. Hofland, Laman Blanchard, Richard Lalor Shiel, and Sir David Wilkie. Others, no doubt, might be called to mind who there met on that evening. They have all (excepting Procter) passed from earth. This is the portrait she then drew of Hogg:—"I can recall James Hogg sitting on the sofa—his countenance flushed with the excitement and the 'toddy'—(he had come to us from a dinner with Sir George Warrender, whom some wag spoke of as Sir George Provender)—expressing wild earnestness, not, I thought, unmixed with irascibility. He was then, certainly, more like a buoyant Irishman than a steady son of the soil of the thistle, as he shouted forth, in an untunable voice, songs that were his own especial favourites, giving us some account of the origin of each at its conclusion. One I particularly remember—'The Women Folk.' 'Ha, ha!' he exclaimed, echoing our applause with his own broad hands—'that song, which I am often forced to sing to the *leddies*, sometimes against my will, that song never will be sung so well again by any one after I be done wi' it.' I remember Cunningham's comment, 'That's because you have the *nature* in you!'"

Hogg's birthplace and his grave are but a few hundred yards asunder. Ettrick Kirk is modern; but the kirkyard is so old that the rude forefathers of Ettrick have been laid there for many centuries. A plain headstone marks the poet's grave. It contains this inscription:—

"James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who was born at Ettrick Hall in 1770, and died at Altrive Lake the 21st day of November, 1835."

The place of his death was some miles distant from that of his birth and burial; but there his people lay; there he desired to lie, and to that kirkyard his widow rightly conveyed him; his widow—for in 1820 he had married Miss Margaret Phillips, a young lady of respectable family; "and," writes his biographer, "no choice he ever made was so wise, and at the same time so fortunate."* She survived him, and so did one son and three daughters.

* Margaret, the widow of James Hogg, received in January, 1854, one of the Crown pensions, £50 a year, "in consideration of her husband's poetical talent," and in February, 1858, an annual sum from the same source was awarded to Jessie P. Hogg, "in consideration of the literary merits of her father."

When he was interred in Ettrick Kirkyard, a thoughtful and loving friend, a peasant, as he himself had been, brought some clumps of daisies from one of the far-off nooks he loved, to plant upon his grave ; and by its side stood Professor Wilson. As one of Hogg's friends writes, "It was a sight to see that grand old man, head uncovered, his long hair waving in the wind, the tears streaming down his cheeks !"

Thus the Shepherd sleeps among his kindred, his friends, his companions—



THE GRAVE OF JAMES HOGG.

associates from youth to age—in the bosom of Ettrick Dale, so often the subject of his fervid song. The debt he asked for has been paid ; the green turf of his native valley covers the clay that enclosed the lofty, genial, and generous spirit of a truly great man.

"Thee I'll sing, and when I dee,
Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me.
Pausing swains will say, and weep,
'Here our Shepherd lies asleep.'"

But the grave-stone at Ettrick is not the only monument to James Hogg. "Auld Scotland," after pausing, perhaps, too long, made a move; and a statue of the Ettrick Shepherd was erected in Ettrick Dale.

That monument is the work of Mr. Andrew Currie, R.S.A., and was erected



THE MONUMENT AT ST. MARY'S LOCH.

in 1860 by subscription, mainly owing to the efforts of the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D. The Bard of Ettrick is seated on "an oak-root—an appropriate relic of the forest." The poet's well-knit, muscular form is partly enveloped in his plaid, which crosses one shoulder, and falls gracefully upon his finely-moulded limbs. His coat is closely buttoned; he plants his sturdy staff firmly on the ground with his right hand, and holds in his left a scroll, inscribed with the last line of "The Queen's Wake"—

"Hath taught the wandering winds to sing."

"Hector," the poet's favourite dog, rests lovingly at his feet, with head erect, surveying the hills behind, as if conscious of his duties in tending the flocks during the poetic reverie of his master.

The panels of the pedestal contain appropriate inscriptions from "The Queen's Wake."

The statue stands on an elevation midway between two lakes—St. Mary's Loch and the Lowes Loch. They are in the centre of a district renowned in picture and in song, rich in traditional lore, and consecrated by heroic deeds in the olden time. Legendary Yarrow pours its waters into St. Mary's Lake. It was "lone St. Mary's silent lake" that especially delighted the poet Wordsworth, visiting Yarrow, suggesting the often-quoted lines :—

"The swan on still St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."

It was the lake that moved the muse of Scott :—

"Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink,
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land."

The poet, while he lived, must have often looked from that very spot over the grand view, thence obtained, of fertile land and clear water; and here, no doubt, if his spirit is permitted to revisit earth, he often wanders, about the scenes he has commemorated in prose and in verse.

These are the eloquent words of Sheriff Bell at the festival when the statue was inaugurated :—

"And now that monument is there before you, adding a new feature to this romantic land; announcing to all comers that Scotland never forgets her native poets; teaching the lowliest labourer that genius and the rewards of genius are limited to no rank or condition; upholding, in its Doric and manly simplicity, the dignity of humble worth; and bidding the Tweed and the Yarrow, the Ettrick, the Teviot, and the Gala, sparkle more brightly as they 'roll on their way;' for the Shepherd who murmured by their banks a music sweeter than their own is to be seen once more by the side of his own Loch Mary. There let it remain in the summer winds and the winter showers, never destined to be passed carelessly by, as similar testimonials too often are in the crowded thoroughfares of cities, but gladdening the heart of many an admiring pilgrim, who will feel at this shrine that the *donum naturæ*, the great gift of song, can only come from on high, and who, as he wends on his way, will waken the mountain echoes with the Shepherd's glowing strains, wedded to some grand old melody of Scotland, one of those many melodies which have given energy to the swords of her heroes, and inspiration to the lyres of her poets!"*

Hogg survived but a short time his sympathising and generous friend, Sir Walter Scott. Lockhart says, "It had been better for Hogg's fame had his end been of earlier date; for he did not follow his best benefactor until he had insulted his dust." But that blot upon his memory is not justified by evidence. Lockhart's indignation was excited by Hogg's publication, "The Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott," published after Scott's death. I

* Professor Wilson, writing as Christopher North, in 1824 ("Noctes Ambrosianæ"), thus prophesied the after-destiny of Hogg :—"My beloved Shepherd, some half-century hence, your effigy will be seen on some bonny green knoe in the forest, with its honest face looking across St. Mary's Loch and up towards the Grey Mare's Tail, while by moonlight all your own fairies will dance round its pedestal."

have not seen it, and it is not reprinted in Blackie's edition of his works ; but I willingly accept the statement of his biographer, that "notwithstanding the little vanity that occasionally peeps out," it is amply redeemed by "high and just appreciation of his illustrious mentor, and the affectionate enthusiasm of his details." Neither has there been a reprint of his very singular book, "Lay Sermons on Good Principles and Good Breeding," published by Fraser in 1834, a copy of which he presented to Mrs. Hall. It is full of practical wisdom, contains some striking anecdotes concerning himself and his experience, and bears the strongest and most conclusive evidence of his trust in Divine Providence and his entire faith in Christianity. I must express my regret that this most beautiful and useful volume has been overlooked by the Rev. Mr. Thomson in republishing the works of James Hogg ; and I earnestly counsel Messrs. Blackie to reprint it, not only as an act of justice to the memory of the writer, but as a means of rendering incalculable service to the cause of virtue and religion.

Among the worthies of Scotland, James Hogg holds, and will ever hold, a foremost place. A country so fertile of great men and great women may be, as it is, proud of his genius. Among "uneducated poets" he stands broadly out—beyond them all : generally they were "poets," and nothing more. The prose of Hogg has many claims to merit ; his tales are full of interest, and often manifest great power ; and if he wrote much—far more than others of his "class"—he wrote much that was good, and nothing—at least so far as general readers know—that was bad.*

Although I was but little acquainted with the countrymen and contemporaries of James Hogg who have been famous in literature, I knew some of them during a pleasant visit to Edinburgh in 1840, when I was the guest of one of the noblest and best of them, Robert Chambers, to whom (as I have elsewhere said) Scotland owes a debt of gratitude for services incalculably large. Happily, he lives—retired, however, from active life—at St. Andrew's ; and is, therefore, I rejoice to say, not one of the themes of my "Memories." During our visit he took pains to introduce us to all the Scottish "worthies" within reach. Of some of them I may give "Memories," however slight.

* I have preserved one of his letters to Mrs. Hall ; it is characteristic, and I may be justified in printing it.

"Mount Benger, May 22nd, 1830.

"MY DEAR MRS. HALL,

"It signifies little how much a man admires a woman when he cannot please her. I think it perhaps the most unfortunate thing that can befall him, and of all creatures ever I met with, you are the most capricious and the hardest to please. I wish I had you for a few days to wander with me through the romantic dells of Westmoreland. As this is never likely to happen, so I have no hopes of ever pleasing you. I have received both your flattering letters, and I'll not tell you how much I think of you, for I am very angry with you, and have always been since ever I saw your name first in print, to say nothing of writing, which is far worse ; but if the face and form be as I have painted them mentally, and a true index to the mind, you are a jewel. It will be perhaps as good for us both that my knowledge of you never extend further, as it would be a pity to spoil a dream so delicious.

"I sent you a very good tale, and one of those with which I delight to harrow up the little souls of my own family. I say it is a *very good* tale, and *exactly* fit for children, and nobody else ; and your letter to me occasioned me writing one of the best poems ever dropped from my pen, in ridicule of yours and the modern system of education. Give it to Mr. Hall. As I think shame to put my name to such mere common-place things as you seem to want, I have sent you a letter from an English widow.

"Yours most affectionately,
"JAMES HOGG."

JOHN GALT.

JOHN GALT I knew when he lived in a grotesque cottage, called Barn Cottage, at Old Brompton; and I met him occasionally at the "evenings" of Lady Blessington, with whom he was an especial favourite.

He was a marked illustration of the adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." He sought fortune in a dozen lands, wandering here and there—everywhere; "hob-nobbing" in all out-of-the-way places with out-of-the-way characters; the companion often of very questionable people, and some time the associate of Lord Byron, John Cam Hobhouse, and their "set," but ever failing to find the true road to prosperity and fame, although he might by a better pathway have found both. His footsteps were not more erratic than was his pen; he was at "all in the ring," including biographies and tragedies; but his writings were utter failures until he "hit upon" novels of Scottish life and character. These were "successes," and they still maintain their hold on the public: his "Annals of the Parish" (published in 1821), "Ayrshire Legatees," and "Sir Andrew Wylie," are not yet among the rejected of the libraries. They were not his only novels. During his Canadian sojourn he gathered materials for stories of another order; one of them, "Laurie Todd," being hardly less popular than those the staple of which was furnished by his own country.

Thus Wilson writes of him in the "Noctes":—"Galt is a man of genius, and some of his happiest productions will live in the literature of his country. His humour is rich, rare, and racy, and peculiar withal, entitling him to the character of originality—a charm that never fadeth way; he has great power in the homely pathetic, and he is conversant not only with many modes and manners of life, but with much of its hidden and more mysterious spirit."

The great event of his life was his mission to Canada, and his founding the town of "Guelph," as the agent of "the Canadian Company," which he did in 1827. He was not long there, however. Some two or three years afterwards he was conducting the *Courier* newspaper, and leading a new life, "in which the secondary condition of authorship was made primary."

At length, broken down in constitution, a terrible wreck of manly vigour, he returned to Scotland, and died at Greenock in 1839, in the sixtieth year of his age, having been born at Irvine in 1779.

I ever found him a most pleasant and agreeable gentleman, not only willing, but eager, to give information. Evidently his nature was not only frank and cordial, but confiding: he was one, no doubt, who often furnished his enemies with weapons to use against him. He was very tall and powerful of frame, with a fine intelligent countenance—his features large; he had that peculiar bearing an idea of which is conveyed by the term "soldier-like."

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL died in 1835, at the early age of thirty-eight. In his later years he was editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, but some time before his death he collected his poems, and they may safely be classed among the most touching

and beautiful that Scotland has produced. He is chiefly known and valued, however, as one of the best collectors of remains of ancient Scottish ballads ; to the rich store he added much of value : some of them, no doubt, were touched up by his own pen. He was gentle in look, in manner, and in mind ; one of those who loved to commune with the great spirits gone from earth ; his luxuries were the songs they wrote, and a "scrap" from old tradition was to him a rare delicacy. I had but little intercourse with him, yet enough to appreciate the gentle and lovable nature of the man.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

I RECALL with exceeding pleasure the gracious countenance and cordial manners of MOIR, who obtained much renown, principally in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the signature of "Delta." When I knew him he was practising as a surgeon at Musselburgh. He attended me there during a brief illness, and I remember his pleasantly expressing a hope that I might like his poetry better than his physic.

He was born in 1798, and died in 1851, and is one of the men of whom Scotland is rightly and justly proud.

WILLIAM EDMONSTONE AYTOUN.

OF a high nature was the poet WILLIAM EDMONSTONE AYTOUN, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Letters in the University of Edinburgh, a post in which, in 1845, he succeeded his friend, David Macbeth Moir.

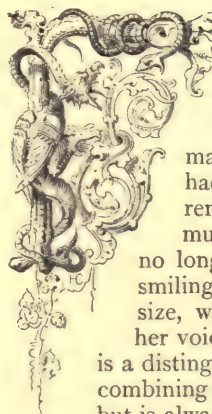
I knew but little of him, yet enough to make me esteem him highly, which, indeed, all did who were either of his friends or acquaintances.

It did not seem probable that death would have called him from life so early : he was tall, robust of form, and apparently destined to a long career of labour. He was born in Edinburgh in 1813, and was but fifty-two when he died. Although, perhaps, south of the Tweed, he is best known by the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," written in conjunction with his learned, excellent, and accomplished friend, Theodore Martin, the ballads of which he was exclusively the author will endure with the "land's language." We have few so graphic, so grand, so fervid. "The Burial March of Dundee" and "The Death of Montrose" will be always classed among the very finest productions of their "order."

There seemed much for him to do when he was "taken ;" but he has left a name that will be honoured among the leading worthies to whom Scotland is indebted for the proud glory achieved for her in the victories of Peace. If his chief themes were those of War ; and the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" commemorate, mainly, the heroes who obtained renown in civil war, Scotland has so much to boast of on both sides, that the one may, and does, take pride in the honours accorded by posterity to the other.



LADY BLESSINGTON.



FROM the year 1830 to the year 1850 few persons had greater prominence in the world of letters than Lady Blessington; yet her abilities were limited; none of her writings are above mediocrity, and her accomplishments (using the term in its ordinary sense) were in no way remarkable. She was, however, very beautiful; and her manners had that rare fascination which, combined with personal charms, renders a woman irresistible in her influence on man. She must have been very lovely in youth; she was so, indeed, when no longer young. Her face was peculiarly Irish—round, soft, and smiling, fresh and fair; her form, rather under than above the middle size, was exquisitely modelled—her hand and arm especially so; * her voice was “low and sweet.” She had that peculiar tact, which is a distinguishing characteristic of her countrywomen of all grades, of combining familiarity with dignity; which never implies condescension, but is always easy, self-sustained, and self-confiding.

To her personal history I shall make little or no reference. I have known of her so many kindly and generous acts, so much considerate sympathy, so ready a will to render timely help, so earnest a mind to assist any suffering artist

* A very dear friend of mine, a sculptor, Henry Behnes Burlowe, who died of cholera at Rome (in 1838, I think), modelled her hand. It was an exquisite example of nature preserved by art.

or struggling professor of letters,* so much of the "charity that covereth a multitude of sins," that I desire to consider her apart from the position which, in a great degree, confined her intercourse in society to persons not of her own sex.



THE EARLY RESIDENCE OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

Yet some brief biography is necessary in order to comprehend that position ; and so much I am free to give.

* Of Lady Blessington's kindness of heart and generous sympathy there were many who could have adduced strong proofs. I will relate one of several that came within my own knowledge. I had felt some interest in a young man who was in depressing penury, with a wife and children, and I wrote to Lady Blessington, to ask her to obtain for him a situation as "a postman" in the Post Office. She wrote me next day, enclosing a letter from Colonel Maberley, the Secretary, to say that all the patronage was in the hands of the Postmaster-General. I sent for the young man, who told me he was not disappointed, for he knew better than I did the difficulties in the way. The very next day, however, the appointment came to him. Lady Blessington had written directly to the Marquis of Clanricarde, and obtained it.

Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, *née* Margaret Power, was the third child and second daughter of Edmund Power, Esq., of Knockbrit, near Clonmel, in the county of Tipperary, where she was born on the 1st of September, 1790.*

Her father appears to have been what in Ireland is termed "a squireen"—that is to say, he had a small hereditary property, on which he lived as best he could. He was evidently one of the worst examples of his "order"—guided by no sort of principle. He was originally a Roman Catholic—it suited his purpose to become a Protestant. Before his death, however, he "relapsed." For some time he published a newspaper. In 1798 he was a hunter-out of rebels, one of whom he shot, and was tried for murder. Certainly he was a "worthless" person, and none can wonder that he sacrificed to the highest bidders his two beautiful daughters—one of whom became the Countess of Blessington, the other the wife of Lord Canterbury—Manners Sutton—so long Speaker of the House of Commons. The bad old man lived to see them both greeted as "my lady;" indeed, his other daughter was a "countess;" and he died in 1837.

* In 1796 the Powers removed to Clonmel, dwelling in a small house, near the bridge, at a place called "Suir Island." In the locality it is pointed out as the birthplace of Lady Blessington. It was not so. Nevertheless, I procured a photograph of it, and have engraved it.

'Tis thine, to mould us to thy will
 And the heart tremble, or be still
 As Ocean, when the storm is o'er
 And waves come dying to the shore,
 July 3rd 1836—Marguerite Blessington

When Margaret was aged between fourteen and fifteen—a graceful and beautiful girl, yet almost a child—she was forced into marriage with Captain Maurice St. Leger Farmer. He was then considered more than half insane,* and Power knew it; but the price was paid, and she was taken to his home “a bride.” She lived with him, however, but a few months, exposed to his brutality and thorough wickedness, obtaining reluctant shelter from her father—only for a time. She quitted his house also, and her ways and means for some years afterwards are “wrapped in obscurity.” In 1817 she was released from the ties that legally restrained her. Her husband, in a drunken fit, fell from a window of a room in the King’s Bench prison; and in 1818 she became the wife of Charles John Gardiner, Earl of Blessington. His lordship had been married previously—leaving by his first wife an only child, Lady Harriet Anne Frances Gardiner, married to the Count D’Orsay (in 1827), and subsequently married (in 1853) to the Hon. Charles Spencer Cowper. There were other children, but they died young; and there were others “of whom no mention is made in the ‘Peerage.’” The Countess died in 1814, and as soon as “Mrs. Farmer” was released from bondage to a bad husband, she became the second wife of Lord Blessington. He died in 1829, and the Countess remained a widow.

That will suffice for her life’s history. It is but a sad one up to the year 1830, and it was not a happy one thenceforward. When I knew her first, she was living in Seamore Place, Mayfair; the Count and Countess D’Orsay then residing with her. Early in 1836 she removed to Gore House, Kensington Gore, and there she dwelt until the 14th of April, 1849.

Her jointure was £2,000 a year, and she made a large sum annually by her writings; but there were many and large demands upon her purse. Though her habits were not extravagant, they were expensive; she “received” liberally; her tastes were costly; she had, probably, no means of “squaring” her income with her expenditure. The failure of a publisher, Charles Heath, led to a temporary embarrassment, which she sought to remove in the usual perilous way. The “potato blight” in Ireland had arrested the anticipated and forestalled remittances from that country. Creditors became clamorous; embarrassments multiplied; she was living in perpetual fear of arrest. None of her property was in reality her own; every device to raise money had been resorted to; and at last all the treasures she had accumulated, the household gods she worshipped, the cherished gifts of friends she loved and honoured, passed under the hands of the auctioneer. She “retired to the Continent;” Gore House was deserted, and not very long afterwards, the cook, Soyer, was its lessee, consigning it to the uses of an English restaurant, to accommodate an influx of expected visitors to the Exhibition of 1851.

It was a melancholy “crash.” Lady Blessington’s biographer, Dr. R. R. Madden, describes the scene. I did not witness it, nor was I ever in the house during its occupancy by Soyer, though often solicited to visit it by the popularity-hunting purveyor of the grand achievements of his art.

Lady Blessington then became a resident in Paris; but the trials to which

* It is but just to add that this statement was contradicted by his brother; but that he was a man ever unguided by honour and integrity there can be no doubt.

she had been subjected had destroyed her constitution. In April, 1849, she arrived in that city, accompanied by her two nieces, and on the 4th of June of that year she, somewhat suddenly, died—"of enlargement of the heart." It was, no doubt, "broken."

Count D'Orsay erected a huge monument over her remains in the burial-ground at Cambourcy. "It stands on a hillside, just above the village cemetery, and overlooks a view of exquisite beauty and immense extent, taking in the Seine winding through the fertile valley, and the forest of St. Germain; its plains, villages, and far-distant hills; and at the back it is sheltered by chestnut-trees of large size and great age. A more picturesque spot it is difficult to imagine."

Count D'Orsay had preceded her to Paris. He, too, was encompassed by debts; he gradually sank, from being "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," into premature old age, and died in 1852 of "decrepitude," when no more than fifty-two years old.

He was universally recognised as a man of rare accomplishments; tall, well made, handsome, graceful, and with manners singularly insinuating. He was considered and described, however, as a "fop." His "appointments" were all of the highest possible order; his dress the perfection of the toilette;* his brougham a rare piece of art. His marriage with Lady Harriet Gardiner was an awful mistake that engendered much misery. They did not live long together; the one had for the other no affection; yet Lady Harriet was a most beautiful woman—one whom, apparently, any man might have loved. A few months before his death, the then President of the French Republic—"the Emperor"—gave him a poor and almost nominal appointment as *Surintendant des Beaux Arts*. It was too late to avert his rapid descent into the grave. It is said, however, that Louis Napoleon owed to Alfred D'Orsay more than he owed to any other person living; and the charge of ingratitude has been advanced against the Emperor.† Certain it is that, when Gore House was in its "glory," the "Prince Napoleon" was seldom absent from its gatherings.

It was in the year 1832 I first knew Lady Blessington. I was then editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and I had called upon her (in Seamore Place) in consequence of her having expressed a wish to write for that journal. She had then done but little with her pen, and that little not calculated to make a sensation. The subjects she suggested were not tempting; but she fell into discourse of Lord Byron, telling me some striking anecdotes concerning him. It was obvious to say what I did say—"If you desire to write for the *New Monthly*, why not put on paper what you have been saying in words?" Out of that thought grew the "Conversations with Lord Byron, by Lady Blessington," which obtained large popularity, and led to her becoming an author by profession.

She may be considered and described as then in "her prime," although past forty. It is only English, and, perhaps more so, Irish women, at that period of life, who are even more lovely in age than in youth. She was inclined to

* "Such a dress! white great-coat, blue satin cravat, hair oiled and curling, hat of the primest curve and purest water, gloves scented with *eau de jasmin*, primrose in tint, skin in tightness."—HAYDON.

† It is but justice to the Emperor, however, to say that if this charge can be sustained, it is the only one of the kind that has been advanced against him. It is notorious that the friends he had made in adversity he remembered in prosperity.

embonpoint; her hair abundant, and of a lightish brown, but she always wore caps fastened under the chin; her complexion fair and healthily tinged, deriving no aid from art; she was too stout to be graceful, but she had a natural grace that regulated all her movements. There was nothing artificial in aught she said or did; nothing hurried or self-distrustful about her; she seemed perfectly conscious of power, but without the slightest assumption or pretence; it was easy to believe in her fascinating influence over all with whom she came in contact; but it was as little difficult to feel assured that such influence would be exercised with generosity, consideration, and sympathy. N. P. Willis, who saw her about that time, thus pictures her:—

“A woman of remarkable beauty, half buried in a *fauteuil* of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; enamel tables, covered with expensive and elegant trifles, in every corner; and a delicate white hand reposed on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings.”

No one more carefully studied how to grow old gracefully than did Lady Blessington; no one knew better that the charms of youth are not the attractions of age. She was ever admirably dressed, but affected none of the adornments that become deformities when out of harmony with Time.

She was conversing with us once on this topic, and told us a story; I cannot say if it were from books or within her own experience. It was of a lady who, when young, had often admired herself in a mirror which graced her boudoir in a *palazzo* at Venice. Some years afterwards, being at home in England, she could find no looking-glass that did justice to her charms; and after various trials and as many complaints, she persuaded her husband to purchase for her the old beloved mirror she remembered so well. It was placed in her English mansion. Full of delight and hope, she ran to it, as of old, to adjust her tresses, but in a very few minutes retired with disappointment amounting to despair. She had discovered that *Time* had rendered necessary a very different mirror from that which reflected her beauties in youth!

It was on that principle Lady Blessington governed her mind, her person, her society, and her home; there was admirable “fitness,” consequently, in all she said and did. She not only received at her house a very large number of the leading celebrities of Europe and America; her correspondence extended over many years with leading men of science, art, and letters. Her “receptions” can never be forgotten by those who were of them. It is true few women were encountered there. I can recall none but her sister, Lady Canterbury; another sister, much younger, married to a French count—the Count de St. Marsault; and her two nieces, one of whom, her namesake, a young lady of many accomplishments and the author of several meritorious books, died recently—in 1868.* I once saw “the Guiccioli” there: she was short and stout; her bust and her head disproportionately large; her hair rather red than auburn; and her complexion *en suite*. She seemed far more animal than intellectual, with nothing romantic about her, and by no means suggestive of the Love of a Poet. I saw her in

* These young ladies were the daughters of Lady Blessington’s brother, Colonel Power. Marguerite, who published both prose and poetry, possessed considerable personal attractions, and was respected and beloved by all who knew her.

Paris, some four years ago, the wife of the Marquis de Bussy. She was not much changed; years had made in her manner and appearance very little of the alteration that years usually bring.

Enter when you would the beautifully-arranged drawing-room of Lady Blessington, with its gorgeous furnishing, resplendent lights, ample mirrors, and all the accessories of value and taste, some one you were sure to meet who was a Memory thenceforward. The list of her guests, taking any one of her "evenings," would comprise nearly all the leading men of the time—Earl Grey, Lord Durham, Lord Brougham, the "Iron Duke" occasionally,* the elder and the younger Disraeli,† Walter Savage Landor, Edwin Landseer, James Smith, John Galt, "Barry Cornwall," Thomas Moore, Campbell, Lord Lytton and Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, Dr. William Beattie, Colley Grattan—a number of names crowd upon my memory as I write—statesmen, lawyers, artists, men of letters, and foreigners of all countries. The Emperor Napoleon was, as I have said, a frequent guest, and here I have met him more than once when there seemed little prospect indeed that the silent, apparently ungenial, and seemingly unintellectual man, who usually occupied a neglected corner, would fill the *premier rôle* on the great stage of the world.

Of her many portraits, that painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence presents her in her full beauty of matured youth; it was one of the happiest of his pictures—the charming subject inspired his pencil.‡

A word I may say here of SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, so long the Court painter. Although born in a very humble station, he was a perfect gentleman, a courtier who seemed in his proper place when the associate of the sovereigns he painted. His personal appearance was greatly in his favour: his head was bald and remarkably fine, the intellectual faculties strongly marked. He reminded me always of another great man—George Canning; but Canning was much taller, evidencing larger capacity and more indomitable will. I think I never saw so grand a head and so manly a form in combination. Perhaps something of the exceeding refinement of Sir Thomas Lawrence may have been derived from intercourse with the upper classes; but grace and persuasive courtesy were natural to him; they spoke in his person and in his manners, no less than in his art. He had the happy and enviable gift of making a plain woman handsome, and a handsome woman beautiful, while preserving a striking accuracy of resemblance. If he was a flatterer, I believe it was his mind that saw the charms he pictured.

Haydon said "his bloom was the bloom of the perfumer." But the querulous artist, who was not his friend, adds that, "as a man, he was amiable, kind, generous, and forgiving; he had smiled so often and so long, that at last his smile had the appearance of being set in enamel!" The annual income of

* Lady Blessington had a marvellous talking crow, which used greatly to amuse the Duke by uttering the words "Up and at 'em!" a sentence the bird had been taught.

† Lady Blessington said to N. P. Willis, "It would have delighted you to see the old man's pride in him, and the son's respect and affection for the father." "The elder," adds Willis, "is courtly, urbane, and impresses you at once with confidence in his goodness." In 1835 Lady Blessington anticipated the future greatness of the leader of the great party in the House of Commons.

‡ The engraving at the head of this Memory is from a drawing by Sir Edwin Landseer, copies of which she gave to her friends.

Lawrence was between £10,000 and £15,000 a year, yet he was always in embarrassed circumstances, realising the adage—

“He who goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing.”

In January, 1830, he died, and was buried in the Cathedral of St. Paul. His pall-bearers were the Earls of Aberdeen, Gower, and Clanwilliam, Lord Dover, Sir Robert Peel, Sir George Murray, John Wilson Croker, and Hart Davis, to each and all of whom his pencil had given immortality.

“Blest be the art that can immortalise!”

I have said that I desire to treat of Lady Blessington with reference only to her literary position. She was for many years continually before the public, ministering in various ways to its enjoyment and to its information, and all her books are based on sound morality and high and upright principles. It is not, however, requisite that I should entirely ignore the circumstances that limited her intercourse to those who were not of her own sex. I believe that man may feel for woman an affection as pure from sensuality as any affection he can feel for man; that pure friendship may exist between man and woman—such as God, “from whom no secrets are hid,” approves, and which the world would sanction if it could see into the heart and mind. But it is not enough for a woman to *be* pure—she must also *seem* to be so; her conscience may be as white as snow, but if she give scope to slander, and weight to calumny, her offence is great; she taints those who are influenced by example, and renders vice excusable in the estimate of those whose disposition is for evil.

It is certain that the earlier years of Lady Blessington's career fixed her position during all her after life. Those who knew her and admired and esteemed her—and there were many such, wise, upright, and good—no doubt lamented that the penalty society exacts was the penalty she had to pay. But may I not say—now that she has been nearly a quarter of a century removed from the judgment of man to that of God—may I not say this? Those who shut the door and refuse admission to such as crave entrance through the strait gate and into the narrow way, incur the guilt of compelling continuance in wrong. It is atonement when there is earnest and devout desire to be led back into the fold—the sighing of a contrite heart. The “joy in the presence of the angels of God” is not for the “just persons who need no repentance.”

No doubt the retrospect of a Past perpetually haunted her; it was the draught in which the poison-drop was ever infused, though the bowl was so often wreathed with flowers. There are other Valleys of the Shadow of Death besides that which leads to the grave.

I may adopt the sentiment expressed by Mrs. Hall in a letter written by her in 1854 to the biographer of Lady Blessington, Dr. Madden :—

“I have no means of knowing whether what the world said of Lady Blessington was true or false; but of this I am sure—that God intended her to be good, and that there was a deep-seated good intent in whatever she did, or wrote, that came under my observation.”

SYDNEY SMITH.



T is a pleasant task to write of one whose history is as a sound of trumpets mingled with the music of joy-bells—the Rev. Sydney Smith, whose profound learning and brilliant wit made him the delight of so many circles—the highest in rank and the loftiest in mind.

I have been often cheered by what Talfourd calls his “cordial and triumphant laugh;” and I have heard him preach one of those marvellous sermons which, manifesting a power infinitely higher than mere eloquence, convinced the understanding, informed the mind, and purified the heart.

I have known other witty clergymen, men who, perhaps, ornamented the Church rather as gargoyles than pillars by which it is at once sustained and decorated; but no such idea ever associated itself in my mind with Sydney Smith, either in private or in public, although his talk may have been in the one case—as some one has said of him—“a torrent of wit, fun, nonsense, pointed remark, just observation, and happy illustration,” and in the other a collection of quaint comparisons, strange similes, and sparkling epigrams, which sometimes startled a congregation accustomed to the ordinary routine of declamation or dulness.

Sydney Smith was of portly figure, stout, indeed clumsy, with a healthy look and a self-enjoying aspect. He was rapid in movements as well as in words, and evidently studied ease more than dignity. In his youth a college friend used to say to him, “Sydney, your sense, wit, and clumsiness always give me the idea of an Athenian carter;” and certainly in his age those who saw or conversed with him as a stranger would have little thought that he was a dignity of the Church and a Canon of St. Paul’s.

As he was one of the wittiest so was he one of the soundest, as he was one of the wisest so was he one of the best, of men. His censure was always generous, his sentences ever just. Prudent, considerate, charitable, and humane, he was the very opposite of those professional wits who seldom speak except to stab; of those political reformers who have no toleration for virtue—in adversaries; of those social ameliorators who are good Samaritans in *words*, omitting only the penny and the oil at the inn and by the wayside.

Society is full of anecdotes of his brilliant wit, and there are none of his friends, or even acquaintances, who did not possess a gem or two that had fallen from his lips. One of his ready replies may serve as a sample. It is said that Landseer proposed to him to sit for his portrait. The proposal was met by the memorable answer of King Hazael to the prophet Elisha,—“Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?” *

* The anecdote is apocryphal. It is so like what Sydney Smith would have said, that it may be attributed to him without impropriety.

It will be easy to imagine that by common-place people he was much misunderstood. The buoyancy of his great heart was mistaken for levity, and the odd manner in which he sometimes put things for irreverence. As illustrations I may quote the words which it is said gave offence to a "serious" and venerable lady one fine summer morning—"Open the shutters, and let us *glorify* the room;" the sudden shock sustained by a sensitive woman of uncertain age, when the month of June made the noonday sultry—"Let us take off our flesh and sit in our bones;" the terror of another lady when he told her he chained up his big Newfoundland dog because he had a passion for breakfasting on parish-boys. Reading memories of him, one almost ceases to wonder at the alarm expressed in the features of the simple gentleman who actually heard from Mr. Smith himself that he had an intense desire to "roast a Quaker," and may fancy the terror of juvenile delinquents brought before him when he exclaimed, "John, bring me my private gallows!" His joke has been told in many ways—of the advice he sent to the Bishop of New Zealand not to object to the cold curate and roasted rector on the sideboard, hoping he would disagree with the man who ate himself." It is not difficult to picture his face of broad humour lit by an internal laugh when the man who was compounding a history of Somersetshire families applied to him for information concerning the Smith coat of arms, and received this answer,—“I regret, sir, I cannot contribute to so valuable a work, but the Smiths never had any arms, and invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs.”

I shall not tire my readers if I relate one of his practical jokes. It is but one of many such. The story is told by his daughter, in her *Memoirs* of her father—one of the best monuments ever placed by child over a parent's grave.* I heard it long before it was written. The Vicar of Edmonton was dead; his son had been his curate; and the family were preparing to leave the house that was endeared to them by holy memories and happy associations. It is a melancholy fate to which the families of most clergymen are subjected; for it is rarely indeed that out of a narrow income, with numerous responsibilities, money has been saved to obtain another. While they were grieving—hopelessly and fruitlessly as it seemed—enters the Canon of St. Paul's; present, the son and three delicate daughters. The widow was ill—ill of sorrow gone and sorrow to come. Mr. Smith began by asking the character of a servant who was leaving them, making that appear as a motive for his visit. After awhile he said,—“It is my duty to tell you that I have given away the living of Edmonton, and I am sure the new vicar will appoint his own curate.” There was a mournful look, but the blow was expected. “Oddly enough,” Mr. Smith continued, “his name is the same as yours: “have you any relations of that name?” There was a melancholy answer—“No!” “By a still more singular coincidence his Christian name is the same—Thomas Tate:” hope passed into the group. “In fact,” said he, “there is no use in mincing the matter—you are the Thomas Tate and Vicar of Edmonton.” They burst into tears, cried from excess of joy, and the burly Canon of St. Paul's wept with them—happy tears, mingled with merry laughter!

My knowledge of Sydney Smith was limited; I met him only in society. I

* That excellent lady—Lady Holland—died in Italy towards the close of the year 1866. She was the wife of the eminent physician, Dr. Henry Holland, to whom she was married in 1834.

recall with exceeding pleasure one especial evening at the house of Mrs. Wilson, the sister of Maria Edgeworth, when Maria was one of the guests; and among them, prominent no less by grandeur of form than by lofty repute, was "classic Hallam," who honoured the profession of letters not alone by genius ever usefully employed, but by the rectitude that characterised his whole life. On that evening Sydney Smith was in high health and spirits; his laugh was heard, yet not obtrusively, in all parts of the room, and was continually echoed by the crowd always about him. He certainly illustrated, on that occasion, a passage I find in his Memoirs,—“He was sometimes mad with spirits, and must talk, laugh—or burst.”

Sydney Smith was born at Woodford, Essex, on the 3rd of June, 1771, and inherited talent as well as “great animal spirits” from his father; it may be added eccentricities also, for Mr. Robert Smith was not only “a man of singular natural gifts,” but “odd by nature, and still more odd by design.”* The mother of Sydney was the daughter of a French emigrant, and to this “infusion of French blood” he “used to attribute a little of his constitutional gaiety.”

He received his early education at a school in Southampton, was sent thence to Winchester, and thence to New College, Oxford. He entered the Church against his inclination, but in deference to the wishes of his father, and in 1794 became curate in “a small village called Netherhaven, in the midst of Salisbury Plain.” Here he was, according to the description he afterwards gave of a country curate, “the poor working man of God—a learned man in a hovel, good and patient—the first and poorest pauper of the hamlet, yet showing that in the midst of worldly misery he has the heart of a gentleman, the spirit of a Christian, and the kindness of a pastor.”

It was in 1802 he projected with Brougham and Jeffrey the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he says he was the first editor—that, in fact, he was, although the editing amounted to little more than looking with his colleagues through the few MSS. proffered by “strangers.” Smith was then in the thirty-first year of his age, and in straitened circumstances, having lived chiefly by an income derived from the care of pupils.†

After removing from Edinburgh in 1803, he settled in Doughty Street, London, and received from the Lord Chancellor Erskine the small living of Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire,‡ where “there had not been a resident clergyman for one hundred and fifty years.” Troubles of a different nature here began. He was, as he says, “without knowing a turnip from a carrot, compelled to farm three hundred acres, and, without capital, to build a parsonage-house.” The good-humour and true Christian philosophy with which he set about his task among a rude people supply beautiful evidences of the soundness of his nature; and well may his daughter say that in their half-finished and half-furnished house, when they took possession of it, they were “the happiest, merriest, and busiest family in Christendom.”

* Mr. Smith writes of his “father, whose neckcloth always looked like a pudding-cloth, tied round his neck, and the arrangement of whose garments seemed more the result of accident than design.”

† When he removed his family to his living in Yorkshire, he was enabled to do so by the proceeds arising from the sale of two volumes of sermons.

‡ On Smith’s thanking Lord Erskine for this poor patronage, the Chancellor said he had nothing to thank him for: he had given it to oblige Lady Holland, and if she had asked it for the devil, the devil must have had it.

The Whigs, of whom he had so long been the oracle and champion, did nothing for him until, in 1831, Lord Grey gave him a prebend's stall in St. Paul's. They had talked of making him a bishop, and it is said that Lord Melbourne, when out of office, regretted the neglect to which Smith had been subjected. To the Tory Chancellor Lyndhurst he had been indebted for the better living of Combe Florey, near Taunton, to which he removed in 1828, making it "one of the most comfortable and delightful of parsonages," and by that noble and learned lord he was promoted to a prebend's stall at Bristol.

He died on the 22nd of February, 1845, and was buried in the cemetery at Kensal Green. There were many who might have written, as wrote the stern critic, Jeffrey, on hearing of his death—"The real presence of my beloved and incomparable friend was so brought before me, in all his brilliancy, benevolence, and flashing decision, that I seemed again to hear his voice, and burst into an agony of crying." He had many other friends who dearly loved him, and he was the idol of his own household.

The good man "met death with the calmness which the memory of a well-spent life, and trust in the mercy of God, can alone give," "at peace with himself and with all the world;" and his epitaph records "his unostentatious benevolence, his fearless love of truth, and his labours to promote the happiness of mankind by religious toleration, and by rational freedom."

I have described the personal appearance of Sydney Smith. It was certainly not dignified; it was, in a word, "jolly." There was a roll in his gait when in the pulpit, which an unfriendly observer might have described as "rollicking," and in general society his chief object seemed to be "fun." But always a listening throng kept pace with his movements about the room. There was wit, but there was a smack of philosophy in every sentence he uttered: while in the pulpit one forgot a certain ungainly awkwardness of manner, not alone because of the homage paid to acknowledged genius, but because of the sound, practical, and yet solemn view he took of the cause of which he was the advocate, and perhaps his exhortations and denunciations received augmented weight from the conviction that you heard a man of profound learning defending and propagating the truths of the Gospel, in which he himself had full and entire faith.

Though, at times, "the exuberance of his fancy showed itself in the most fantastic images and most ingenious absurdities, till his hearers became as fatigued as himself with the merriment they excited," there was never either word or look of vulgarity. "Ludicrous" he may have been often, but coarse never; good-humoured even in his severest moods, generous and sympathising always.

Macaulay pronounced him the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared since the days of Swift; but he no more resembled the witty Dean than he did the Archbishop of Cambray. The ridicule of Swift was slime and filth. In the writings of Smith "there is not a single line that might not be placed before the purity of youth, or that is unfit for the eye of a woman." "Never," writes Mrs. Austin, "was wit so little addressed to the malignant, base, or impure passions of mankind." That accomplished lady, who edited his "Letters," and knew him intimately, testifies also to "his noble qualities, his courage and magnanimity, his large humanity, his scorn of all meanness and all imposture, his rigid obedience to duty." . . . "He regarded Christianity as a religion of

peace, and joy, and comfort"—believing it to be "the highest duty of a clergyman to subdue religious hatreds and spread religious peace and toleration;" dreading, as the greatest of all evils, that the "golden chain," which he describes as "reaching from earth to heaven, should be injured either by fanaticism or scepticism."* His "Toleration" is conveyed not only by his famous "Essay," but by one of his sermons, when he borrowed that beautiful apologue from Jeremy Taylor, illustrating charity and toleration, where Abraham, rising in wrath to put the wayfaring man forth for refusing to worship the Lord his God, the voice of the Lord was heard in the tent, saying, "Abraham, Abraham! have I borne with this man for threescore years and ten, and canst thou not bear with him for one hour?"

Mr. Hayward, who reviewed his "Life" in the *Edinburgh Review*, claims for him high rank as a public benefactor, and speaks of his "*incidental and subordinate* character of wit." He was undoubtedly a great "moral, social, and political reformer," and led the age in which he lived. He "encouraged social pleasure and a rational taste for social enjoyment;" he was "free of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness;" the intrepid enemy of cant, and the fervid advocate of charity, by precept and by example. Whether he fought for truth alone or in a crowd was to him indifferent; but his weapons were such as he might have received from an archangel, and the wounds he gave were never envenomed by personality or vituperation. In a word, it may be said of him that, gifted with "a giant's strength," like a giant he never used it. In person, in tongue, and in pen he realises the best idea of a character thoroughly *English*.

THE REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

ALTHOUGH perhaps no two were more opposite than the Clergyman I have just described and the Priest to whose memory I tender affectionate homage, I associate them without scruple; for both did their Master's work on earth, and both were essentially good men.

"FATHER MATHEW" is an exceptional case in this book; he was neither author nor artist; but he was one of the mightiest of the social ameliorators of the age—one who laid the foundation of a reform in Ireland second only to that accomplished by Christianity. For I strongly deny that his work has produced no permanent effect in that country, although I admit that very much of his influence has evaporated, and that the curse of drink is still paramount in that most unhappy island. It has done this at least—that which was formerly a glory is now a degradation. The sin of drunkenness was rather an honour than a shame before the Crusade of the Capuchin friar was commenced in Cork, in 1838; it has become a shame and a reproach, not alone among the peasantry and the lower classes of the towns, but among the gentry—the high born and bred and the "squireens."

* Some idea of his practical Christianity may be conveyed by one of his "calculations:"—"When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make some one person happy during the day. Look at the result! That is 365 in the course of the year. Suppose you live forty years after you commence, that is 14,600 human beings made happy by you."

Those who knew Ireland—as I did—between fifty and sixty years ago—for I was there when very young—will have no difficulty in contrasting its condition then with its condition now, and receiving thence many causes for thankfulness. Although but one topic may be freely associated with this Memory, I cannot forbear stating that, in 1820, Ireland was depressed and oppressed by Protestant ascendancy; it was then the tyrant it had long ceased to be ere the Church of England in Ireland was “relieved” of connection with the State; and if England had for centuries treated Ireland as a conquered country, the English had been convinced of the impolicy and impiety of such a course, and had resolutely set themselves the task of atoning for the past by a system of equity for the future. How far that system has “answered” it is no part of my business here to inquire; but of a surety the present generation is only responsible for the wisdom that dictated justice.

Drunkenness was (and I fear is) the bane of Ireland. The Rev. Theobald Mathew did not originate the Temperance Pledge; it had been taken and administered, some time previous to his adoption of it, by a few benevolent persons who were Protestants. Leaders among them were the Rev. George Carr (a near connection of Mrs. Hall), of New Ross, and a Quaker named Martin. They made some, though but little, way, when Mr. Mathew took the cause in hand; and God prospered it.

I recall him to memory as he was then; but I cannot do better than copy the portrait I drew of him at that time, when he was in the zenith of health and power,* and when the result of his work was, in pure truth, a miracle; for the number of his converts was counted not by hundreds, but by millions:—

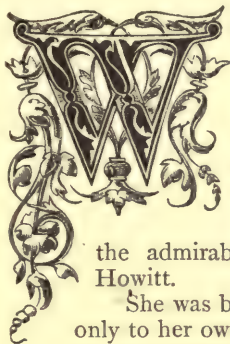
“The expression of his countenance is peculiarly mild and gracious, his manner is persuasive, simple, and easy, without a shadow of affectation, and his voice is low and musical—‘such as moves men.’ A man more naturally fitted to obtain influence over a people easily led and proverbially swayed by the affections we have never encountered. No man has borne his honours more meekly, encountered opposition with greater gentleness and forbearance, or disarmed hostility by weapons better suited to a Christian. His age is about fifty, but he looks younger; his frame is strong, evidently calculated to endure great fatigue; and his aspect is that of established health—a serviceable illustration of the practical value of his system. He is somewhat above the middle size; his features are handsome as well as expressive.”

When I wrote that, I was not personally acquainted with the estimable Roman Catholic priest, nor had I many opportunities afterwards of intimacy with him: although I made frequent visits subsequently to Ireland, he was generally engaged in some mission, and I rarely saw him. The impression he left on my mind, however, endured to the close of his life, and few men have lived whom I more entirely honour, reverence, and love.

He was born at Thomastown, on the 10th of October, 1790, and died at Queenstown, Cork, on the 8th of December, 1856—“the Martyr as well as the Apostle of Temperance.”

* “Ireland; its Scenery and Character.” By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. 1841.

FREDERIKA BREMER.



E enjoyed not only the acquaintance but the friendship of this most estimable lady, and saw much of her during her residence in London, when she was for some time our guest. Alas! it was not long before she left earth; but she had done much good; was always earnest, ardent, and faithful in the cause of God and Man; thoroughly pious and entirely benevolent; and her books will long live and be valued, not only in Sweden, but in England, where they are well known and appreciated, chiefly through the admirable translations of her friend and fellow-labourer, Mary Howitt.

She was born in 1801, and died in 1865. Her death was a loss not only to her own country, but to all mankind. She was of delicate frame, yet she travelled much and wrote much; leading a very active and energetic, as well as useful, life, from an early period to its close.

Not long after her death Mrs. Hall wrote a Memory of her in the *Art-Journal*, and that Memory I adopt.

Another golden bowl broken! another of the world's literary workers gone home! It is a loss to earth for which we may really grieve. Frederika Bremer was no common labourer; her mission was to do good; and her task here is finished. Her energy and perseverance; her knowledge, acquired rather from observation than from books; her extensive sympathy, not so much with her class and country as with humanity; her close association with genuine progress—all rendered her of vast importance, not only as an author, but as a leader among women. She was not, according to the vulgar idea, "a rights-of-woman woman," but she was deeply anxious for the emancipation of her sex, in her own land, from the heavy thralldom, the absolute hard bodily labour, to which they have been doomed so long; and to know that they enjoyed the privileges of occasional rest and ease, with opportunities for cultivating their minds so as to render them less the slaves and more the companions of their husbands, the early teachers as well as the mothers of Swedish men—to know this, and to believe that by her aid the "great glory" had been helped on, would have gilded the evening of her days with intense happiness—did so, no doubt.

Our valued and excellent friend Mary Howitt introduced Miss Bremer to the British public by her translation of "The Neighbours;" a translation which Miss Bremer herself told me was "faultless." Almost suddenly she entered into our hearts and homes, as a sister who, though brought up in a distant land, with habits and thoughts not ours, was our "little sister" still—a darling, with open heart and beaming eyes, and lips dropping sweetness—the sweetness of innocence and content; her hands loving work; her head wise with womanly wisdom; and altogether laden with a freight of fresh air and healthfulness of which I delight to think. Miss Bremer continued to write, and Mrs. Howitt to translate, various

tales and sketches of Swedish life of more or less importance, but all fresh and new to us; and we looked for her latest book as anxiously as if she were one of our own native story-tellers.

Her first visit to England was brief and rapid. She had determined to travel, alone or not, as it might be, and took England only *en route*; she panted for knowledge; and resolved to see and judge for herself of the habits and institutions of many lands. It was after her extensive wandering, and during her second visit to England, that we had the happiness to receive her as our guest at our country-house. We never had a more interesting or amusing visitor; she stipulated that she was to breakfast in her own room—chiefly on potatoes—and not to be disturbed until two o'clock. During that time, from early morning until the appointed hour, she wrote, and then came down to lunch, full of the life and spirit which the consciousness of a task accomplished is sure to give.

She was very small and delicately proportioned—not unlike Maria Edgeworth in form, and somewhat like her in manner, especially when speaking to children, of whom she was very fond; she could hardly pass a child without a word or a caress. She could never have been even pretty, in the usual acceptance of the word; yet her pleasing and even playful manners, her freedom from affectation, the warm interest she took in everything around her, certain quaint, half Swedish, half English expressions, the amusing stores of an excellent memory, imparted a piquancy and variety to her conversation that were especially delightful in a country-house. She was undoubtedly restless and inquisitive; investigating all the domestic departments with inquiries which half annoyed, half amused, the servants, but giving quite as much information as she received. I found she liked to go by herself into the cottages of our village, and I generally left her to do as she pleased. After paying two or three visits she would hurry back to me that I might explain to her what she did not understand; nothing, however trivial, escaped her observation; and as it was the first opportunity she had enjoyed of investigating the “ways” of a purely English agricultural district, she felt and manifested deep interest in all she saw.

One of our poor neighbours, who inhabited a two-roomed cottage, to which was attached a strip of garden, kept in neat order by the woman's husband when his day's work was done, was not remarkable for internal neatness of arrangement; but what would you have? The woman had twins twice in one year. Miss Bremer, attracted by the four baby faces sleeping at the door in the sunshine, had crept into the cottage of the “twin woman,” as she called her, but would not believe that the infants were all her own. She seized on the two youngest, placing one on each arm, and brought them rapidly to me to ascertain the truth of the story, closely followed by the mother, who feared the good little lady was slightly crazed, and could not see what there was to wonder at. It sorely troubled Miss Bremer how that cottage-full of rosy children could be brought up on such small means. There was no end to her inquiries if it was the custom in English villages for mothers to have “multitudes of little babies all at once;” and the “Addlestone twins” had a corner in her well-stored memory for a long time; she alludes to the subject in more than one of her letters to me.

Our residence was within an easy drive of Virginia Water, and Windsor afforded much pleasure to our Swedish visitor. Virginia Water, all lovely as it

is, seemed to her more like a water-toy than a real lake. Her taste for lake scenery had been born among the mountains and tors of northern lands. She readily and gracefully yielded to us the meed of beauty in cultivation, but evidently considered us a people who possessed neither mountain nor lake.

An earnest desire of her heart and mind was to see the Queen—knowing well how dearly her subjects loved her. So we drove off early one day, determined, if possible, to waylay her Majesty when leaving the Castle for her morning drive. We took our stand with determined patience as near the great gates as propriety permitted, and very soon, in the well-known phaeton, came forth the royal lady, seated beside him whose loss was a mournful loss to millions. Miss Bremer was all quicksilver; I could not keep her on the seat—she would lean out of the brougham window and bow; and thus the small woman—insignificant as far as appearance went (the Queen little knew who it was that rendered to her fervent, but perhaps obtrusive, homage)—attracted her Majesty's attention, who bowed and smiled with more than her usual graciousness, even slightly turning her head to look at the enthusiastic lady. As she did so, the brougham door flew open, and it was with difficulty I prevented my companion from falling out; but her favourite umbrella (a venerable companion in many lands, and of a colour that once was red) was not so fortunate. It rolled on the grass; the Queen's quick eye saw the danger and the escape, and moreover her Majesty saw the umbrella. The royal carriage drew up for a moment, the Prince spoke, or perhaps only signed to an attendant groom, who turned back, picked up the umbrella, and returned it to my fluttering friend.

It is impossible to describe her delight—she cried with pleasure; the courtesy was so marked, so graciously rendered; but Miss Bremer was as full of loyalty almost as I am. We were bowling homeward along the banks of our beautiful Thames before her enthusiasm subsided. When we got out to visit Magna Charta Island it took another turn, and burst forth in admiration of the sturdy English barons who obliged the tardy king to sign the record of our rights on the stone, which she kissed in the spirit of reverential liberty. I look back on the ten or dozen days this indefatigable worker and bright-hearted woman spent with us with intense gratitude and unmingled pleasure.

During our residence in this country-house at Addlestone, it was our custom, whenever a distinguished guest visited us, to induce him or her to plant a tree on or adjacent to the lawn. Frederika Bremer of course planted one, and I well remember her burst of joy, that seemed like the sweet song of a robin in September, as she placed it in the ground, and the energy with which she heaped the mould over the roots and gave it a fresh draught of water in its new dwelling-place. Ah! that day is a pleasant memory to recall.*

If a thing of physical beauty is "a joy for ever"—which I feel and gratefully acknowledge it is—how much more joyful is the memory of hours and days spent with the good and the gifted, an everlasting well-spring of happiness! Her views of books, and places, and people—of religion and politics—were frequently very

* There were other trees planted by other friends, some of whom have passed away, though many happily remain: I recall some of them:—Lady Morgan, William Macready, "Jenny Lind," "Helen Faucit," Samuel Lover, Catherine Hayes, William and Mary Howitt, Hawthorne, Charles Swain, Sir Emerson Tennent, the artists Maclise, Ward, Goodall, Durham, and others whose names I forget, yet ought not to have forgotten.

different from mine. Hers were broader, mine more conventional, it may be: perhaps more narrow. She said we did each other good, and now especially, when I feel we shall never meet again in this world, I am glad to believe it was so. Her nature was brave and independent, and her affections warm and true. Her published letters to her sister are wonderful records of tenderness and love. I knew how she loved that sister, and how she was looking forward to meeting her, as her great reward for all the fatigue and discomfort she had endured during her travels. In the happy evenings we spent together she was the life of our little circle, teaching us Swedish games and singing us Swedish songs, and every now and then something about her sister would "crop up," as if she were the living motive of her thoughts and actions. Alas! at that very time when we looked into the beautiful valley, with its silver streams, from the brow of St. George's Hill, and saw the towers of Royal Windsor from its height, at that very time her beloved sister was dead—dead—at Stockholm. Pleasant were their lives, and now they are not divided. Death brought them again together, I dearly love and cherish the memory of Frederika Bremer, one of the sweetest, kindest, and truest women I have ever known.

I add to this Memory a few passages from some of the many letters Mrs. Hall received from Frederika Bremer: she wrote in English:—

"Stockholm, 29th September, 1848.

"May the tears of heartfelt pleasure and delight that more than once have filled my eyes while reading the pages of 'The Old Governess' speak for my sentiments about this noble-minded and most charming production, the only one of those sent me by Mrs. Hall I in this moment have had time to read! God bless her for it! It is the wish of my heart. God bless her also for the kindness which has made her gladden the far-off stranger with her beautiful gifts! Dearest lady! I am on the end of a voyage, and cannot write many words. Yet accept these as tokens of my grateful admiration of your talent, joy at your aims, and gratitude of your goodness to me, your charmed

"FREDERIKA BREMER."

"Stockholm, 13th December, 1851.

"I came from you very warm, warm with thanks for the past, warm with hopes for the future; came so to my native land. But there, on the very shore, I was seized with an iron grasp. It was the hand of death. I was on my native shore, within two hours from my home, expecting to be there in two hours, with my dear old mother, and my bright and beloved youngest sister, the only friend still left me among many to whom I could say all things, to whom my joy and my sorrow were as to myself. I had long lived in anticipation of our meeting, our conversations, our future life together. I thought more of her than of anybody, anything, else on my return, and now I was near her, near my home, when I was met by the words, 'She is not there. She is arisen. You will never see her more on earth.'

"In my desolate home my poor lonely mother received me with tears. The sun and song of our house, of her heart, were gone for ever. All was dark and silent. The snow fell slowly and silently around us, covering the great fields, about which the dark fir woods stood in silence also. All seemed to me like a tomb—the tomb of my best beloved one that was laid in cold earth, in yonder churchyard, whose church spire rose out of dark woodland by the horizon. So days and weeks passed, and I felt as if shrouded and buried in her grave. I said, 'It is well, and she is well; she has no winter more to meet.' I said, 'All is for the best. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the Lord."' But—I did not *feel* so; could not for a long while remove the weight of the tombstone from my breast. It is better now; it will be still better, I know, soon, when angelic communion with my good angel will have taken the place of the earthly communion, the daily conversations I fondly hoped for and miss so much!"

"Stockholm, November, 1852.

"Year after year friends are taken from me by death, year after year I am becoming more lonely and solitary, and soon for affection and sympathy I shall have solely to look up to heaven. Still death is less cold, less bereaving than some things in this life. The warm hearts that were ours, the kind eyes that beamed on us, they live still warm and bright for us, and we can warm to them in love, though they are taken away to another region of existence. But when hearts and eyes still on earth look cold and distant—ah me! that is worse than death."

"Stockholm, 1st January, 1852.

"You know already now, by my letter to Mr. Hall, how unawares and dreadful the blow came to me; what you can never know, for I cannot tell it, was all that made the blow so painfully rankling to my heart, so difficult to bear well. Resignation was not the difficulty. Not for all the world would I call back that delicate and suffering being to a world where she had so long winter to endure, and so little of sun to cheer her. No, I say, and think. It is well that she is gone to more sunny regions—to painless realms of youth and love. Oh, how well—how good to think of it!"

"Stockholm, 14th February, 1853.

"I write to you by the sick bed of my kind old mother, stricken since about eight days by a paralytic attack, that has taken from her the use of her legs. She cannot either stand or even raise herself in the bed. For some days she has suffered from fever and slight delirium; from that she is well again, and sleep, appetite, and strength are returning; but—will she ever be able again to stand and walk? Alas! alas! it is a sorrowful thing to die by inches slowly and heavily. God's will be done; and thank Him that every comfort, every care and soothing thing, can be procured for her, who never spared care or anything to soothe the sick beds of those near to her. God bless her!"

"I still manage to spend two or three hours of the forenoon at my writing-desk, and there I forget sorrow, and the winter wrapping its heavy snow mantle about our houses and homes. I am in Cuba, I bask in the breezes of the tropics, I walk under palms, I look on the African negro dances and make sugar from the sugar-cane, I see vistas of hell and of paradise; the former in the sugar-mills, in the Boheas where the negroes work and live; the latter in that sweet and glorious nature that God has made in the tropics to reveal His still hidden treasures of beauty and delight, to make us anticipate what life—what the feeling of existence will be when a new heaven will embrace a new and glorified earth. North America made me better understand the real earth, but Cuba made me better understand heaven.

"While my memories, my impressions, of my life in the western world still are fresh, I wrap myself in them, and live in them, the better to give them again in words and images, and try to hold all things else afar. Still I long to have done, to be able to go to works of imagination, and to feed little birds wanting to creep out of their nests, and take wing. I am glad to see the end of my voyage draws near. When the snow melts in March, then I will be at home."

"Gottland, 1st August, 1855.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I am an optimist; I look always out for the sunny side of things; I cannot help it, and I would not. Thus I am so since my eye fell upon, and fully saw the Redeemer and His glory. Since I have known Him that you love and adore as well as I (and every true Christian), there is to me no total darkness in the world, and even the night of hell has a ray of light and hope.

"The last one of my dear relatives that I have truly and dearly loved, my mother, is now with her children in heaven; their good, aspiring, and loving spirits must meet, I know it, for Jesus has said, 'Blessed are those that hunger and thirst after righteousness, then they shall be satisfied.'

"Thank God, the death of my dear, kind mother was a peaceful and almost painless one, the most sweet form of death that I yet have seen. It was good for her to die; then she was very lame, and growing more and more so. I am now my own mistress, and for the first time in my life. I shall take lodgings, and set up for myself. It will be in a very modest way, in accordance with my modest fortune; yet, thank God, I am above want, and I can live wholly for those interests which are most dear to my heart."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

I PRINTED, in a new edition of "The Book of Gems," a Memory (which I here adopt) of this most estimable lady. She was the daughter of the poet Bryan Walter Procter—"Barry Cornwall;" was born on the 30th of October, 1825; and died on the 2nd of February, 1864.

Her friend, and her father's friend—Charles Dickens—has related the history of her life, and published it as the introduction to a volume of her poems, collected after her death. There were few facts to tell: her days were passed in the bosom of a beloved family; she had none of the cares and anxieties that usually beset, perplex, and worry the heart and mind of the poet. Her career was one of triumph in her high calling.

Hers is, therefore, by no means a life to mourn over, although it would be easy to speculate on what she might have done had it been prolonged to the term ordinarily accorded by Providence to those who have work to do. That which she has done is amply sufficient to place her name high among the poets of the century. Her poems are full of refined beauty; and though for the most part of a mournful, they are never of a repining, character. It would seem as though she anticipated removal in early life. That feeling may have been shared by her friends, for her health was always delicate; and, though not handsome in the ordinary sense of the term, the expression of her countenance was singularly up-looking—as if during her earthly pilgrimage she communed with the angels she was soon to join. It was not sad, and certainly not sorrowful; yet it conveyed conviction that it was her destiny to die comparatively young. I knew her when a child, and also when the world had accorded homage to her genius; and to me there was always in her presence a strong impression that her work on earth was "not for long."

The honoured name she inherited might have been a password for admission to any publication when she sought to publish verses; she, therefore, for a time ignored it; and under one that was assumed—that of "Mary Berwick"—obtained renown. Her early friend, Mr. Dickens, tells us that, as the editor of *Household Words*, he received a contribution thus signed, and guided solely by its merit, inserted it. It is to his credit as a critic that he so determined. She owed nothing to the proud name she bore, but made her way to popularity by her own unaided strength, among a crowd of eager competitors for honours. The accident that made Mr. Dickens acquainted with the fact that his valued correspondent was the daughter of "Barry Cornwall," is told so graphically that I quote it:—"Happening, one day, to dine with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as 'Barry Cornwall,' I took with me an early proof of the Christmas number (of *Household Words*), entitled 'The Seven Poor Travellers,' and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Berwick. Next day brought me a disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick; and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter."



ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.



ALLAN CUNNINGHAM was born at Blackwood, near Dumfries, on the 7th of December, 1784, and died in London on the 29th of October, 1842. He was, therefore, not aged when called from earth ; yet his was a giant frame, and a constitution singularly robust ; all his habits were healthy ; he had, during the later years of his life, perfect tranquillity of mind, without any dread of the future ; he derived much comfort from the prospects of his children ; and his home had been a happy home from the first day that his admirable wife came from her Scottish dwelling to share it—to share also in the honourable fame he

obtained, “all his own,” to be the friend of the many friends he had acquired by the exercise of high and wholesome intellect, and by social qualities, without any drawback, that made his society a perpetual charm. Miss Landon once gave me his character in a sentence—“A few words of Allan Cunningham strengthen me like a dose of Peruvian bark !”

In his youthhood he followed the comparatively humble calling of a stonemason ; not, however, without a thought that he might become a builder ; and he was sorely tempted that way when, embarking for England at the port of

Leith, an acquaintance sought to seduce him from his allegiance to the Muses by offering to become his partner in a scheme which might have led to fortune.

His forefathers were stout Scottish men of the Border, and of good blood, one of them having fought as an officer under the banner of the great Montrose at Kilsyth and Philiphaugh. His elder brother was a mason before him, and so a mason Allan became. Of another brother—Thomas—Hogg tells us he “had great poetical power, which he hid under lock and key.” But the heart of Allan was not in “manual” labour, although he rapidly became a skilful workman; he loved better to pore over old books, listen to old songs and tales, and roam among his native hills and glens, for neighbouring Nithside was a place of much natural beauty. Hogg describes Allan, when young, as “a dark, ungainly youth, with a buirdly frame, and strongly-marked, manly features—the very model of Burns, and exactly such a man.” He adds, “He is all heart together, without reserve either of expression or manner. You at once see the unaffected benevolence, warmth of feeling, and firm independence of a man conscious of his own rectitude and mental energies.” A thirst for knowledge came early; but a love of writing, as I have heard him say, came late. He had gathered much before he gave out any; some of his lyrics, however, having made their way into print, he found it comparatively easy to climb the steep where

“Fame’s proud temple shines afar.”

He had his struggles certainly, but they were neither heavy nor prolonged; and although, for a time, a wanderer in London, trusting to the precarious chances of gain as a contributor to the public press, a fortunate circumstance placed him in a position where all peril of want was happily averted.

So early as 1809, Cromeck, the engraver, accompanied by the artist Stothard, had visited Dumfries, to collect materials for an illustrated edition of the poems of Robert Burns. They were introduced to Allan Cunningham, who read to them some of his verses; these were pooh-poohed by Cromeck, but when Allan repeated some snatches of old ballads, the idea occurred to the speculative publisher that to gather and print them, in the manner of Percy’s “Reliques,” would be a good scheme. The hint suggested itself to Allan that he might palm off upon the publisher some imitations as genuine: the bait took. Cromeck, who had no relish for Allan’s original compositions, was delighted with the “imitations.” It is understood that Cromeck never guessed the fraud to be one until after the publication of the “Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.”

In order to see this book through the press, Allan accepted the invitation of Cromeck to visit London; and in London he arrived on the 9th of April, 1810—a memorable day, for it was the day on which Sir Francis Burdett was sent to the Tower.*

* From a slight autobiography which Allan left in MS., I am permitted to make a few interesting extracts. The poet records his departure from Scotland, and his advent in London:—“The hour of fame and distinction seemed, in my sight, at hand. I turned my eyes on London, and closed them on all places else. In vain my friends urged me to study architecture, and apply the talent, &c. &c.”

“On my way to the pier of Leith I met one of my old Edinburgh comrades, Charlie Stevenson by name, who was rejoiced to see me, and tried, over ‘a pint of the best o’t,’ to persuade me to become his partner in the erection of two houses in the New Town, by which he showed me we should clear, by the end of the season, a hundred pounds each. I declined his kind offer. ‘If,’ I said, ‘undertakings of that nature could have

The "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song" became popular; it was regarded as a veritable collection of old fragments; "no one suspected a cheat;" none of the mere public, that is to say: for Bishop Percy at once pronounced them too good to be old, and Sir Walter Scott, James Hogg, and Professor Wilson did not for a moment hesitate as to the true authorship. They, as Hogg says, "laid the saddle on the right horse;" and although there may have been, as there ought to have been, doubts as to the morality of the transaction, the book gave Allan fame—nothing else; for Cromek presented to him a bound copy, alleging that it had been a costly work to produce, but promising "something handsome" when it reached a second edition.

After he had been two months in London, and had found that Cromek was unable to procure him the "situation" he expected, he engaged himself for twenty-five shillings (subsequently increased to thirty-two) a week "to an indifferent sculptor of the name of Bubb, in Carmarthen Street," where he found he

*Go sing it in song
And go tell it in story—
He went in his strength
And returned in his glory.*

Allan Cunningham

had much spare evening time on his hands; and he goes on to say, in the autobiography to which I have referred,—

"I now thought of Eugenius Roche and the 'Literary Recreations,' a work which I never could persuade myself died of want of the breath of genius. I found him in Carey Street, a husband and a father, and as warm-hearted and kind as his correspondence had led me to imagine. He was well acquainted with foreign, as well as with English literature; wrote prose with fluency, and verse with ease and elegance; and was in looks and manners, and in all things, a gentleman—tall, too, spoke with a slight lisp, and was of a fair complexion. He had in other days expressed a desire to serve me, and pointed out the newspapers as a source of emolument to an able and ready writer. As he was now the conductor of a paper called the *Day*, he told me he would give me a permanent situation upon it as a reporter as soon as the Parliamentary

influenced me, I need not have left Dumfries, where, with certainty of success, I might either have begun business for myself, or been admitted into partnership with my masters, who would have been glad both of my skill and my connection." So I parted with worthy Charlie Stevenson, and committed myself to the waves in one of the Leith smacks bound for London. Several of my comrades from the Vale of Nith, then at the University, waved me from the pier, and away I went, with groves of laurels rustling green before me, and fame and independence, I nothing doubted, ready to welcome me to that great city which annually swallows up so many high hopes and enthusiastic spirits."

sessions began, and in the meantime he would allow me a guinea per week for any little poetic contributions which I liked to make. What the duties required of me were, I could form no opinion, but as I concluded that Roche must know I was fit to fulfil them, I was easy on that point. I was now well off as to money matters, and in a position to indulge a wish dear to my heart, namely, to bring my lass of Preston Mill to London, and let her try her skill as a wife and a housekeeper." *

In 1814, Allan, bearing in mind the saying of his great countryman, that literature, though a good staff, is a bad crutch, entered the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey, as the general superintendent of his works; and there he remained, until his death, residing in a house adjacent—No. 27, Lower Belgrave Place, Pimlico.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

That, like all men who are the architects of their own fortunes, he had to wrestle for his, is very certain. In a letter to Professor Wilson, dated September,

* Allan had contributed from Dumfries two or three poems to the *Literary Recreations*—a work edited by Eugenius Roche—in 1807; they were signed "Hidallan." In one of the monthly parts I find this passage among the notices to correspondents:—"We really feel proud in having the pleasure of ushering to public notice, through the medium of our publication, the effusions of such a self-taught genius as Hidallan." I knew Eugenius Roche somewhat intimately in 1825. He was an Irish gentleman, of a very kindly and genial nature. At that time he was editor of the *Morning Post*, and had, all his life, been a labourer for the press. He was proud of the small share he had in advancing the fortunes of Cunningham; and, long before I became acquainted with Allan, described to me the surprise he had felt on the discovery that so young and so apparently rough a specimen of the "north countrie" was the writer of the poems he had read with so much delight. Roche still lived in Carey Street—or rather in Shire Lane, close to the corner of Carey Street—when I knew him, and there, I believe, he died about the year 1830. He is worthy of a better tribute than my limited information enables me to give: few men more amiable and excellent have existed in my time.

1828, he says, "My life has been one continued struggle to maintain my independence, and support wife and children; and I have, when the labour of the day is closed, endeavoured to use the little talent which my country allows me to possess as easily and as profitably as I can. The pen thus adds a little to the profit of the chisel, and I keep my head above water, and on occasion take the middle of the causeway with an independent step."

It was while living upon chances, so to speak, and while yet in early youth, that he ventured on the bold step of marriage. From the lassie to whom he had pledged his troth, in his native village, his heart had never wandered; neither the lures of the metropolis, nor his dreams of distinction—that had been dreary as well as dim—had wiled his affection from his first and only love.

On this subject I borrow a passage from Allan's autobiography:—

"In the summer of 1812 I was a husband and a father. I was married on the 1st of July, 1811, in the Church of St. Saviour, Southwark, and did not fail, even in that hour of joy, to remark that James I., the poet-king of Scotland, had been married there also, and that we joined hands nigh the monument of Gower, and not far from the grave of Massinger. I had persuaded my lass of Preston Mill to come to London, nor did she reach me without finding good friends by the way. In the house of Gray, master of the High School of Edinburgh, she met the attention due to a daughter, was introduced to Dr. Anderson, and had the pleasure of hearing a letter read from Bishop Percy, in which he spoke well of the talents of her future husband. In James Hogg, also, and his comrade, Grieve, she met with attentive friends, who showed her the beauties of Edinburgh, conveyed her to the pier of Leith, and saw her safely embarked on the waves. Of her and my sister Jean, who accompanied her, Hogg thus wrote to my eldest brother James:—'I had the pleasure of waiting on your two sisters for a few days, and I am sure there never was a brother took the charge of sisters more pleasantly than I did. But one of them, at least, needs nobody to take care of her—I mean the beauteous mermaid of Galloway, who is certainly a most extraordinary young woman. I introduced her to some gentlemen and ladies of my acquaintance, who were not only delighted, but astonished at her.' Jean Walker was then twenty years of age; her complexion was fine, and her eyes bright; and her prudence equalled her looks."

Mrs. Cunningham survived Allan many years, dying in September, 1864. She was a charming woman in her prime, and must have been very lovely as a girl. I have never known a better example of what natural grace and purity can do to produce refinement. Though peasant-born, she was, in society, a lady—thoroughly so. There was not only no shadow of vulgarity in her manners; there was not even rusticity; while there was a total absence of assumption and pretence; and she was entirely at ease in the "grand" society—men and women of rank as well as those eminent in Art, in Science, and in Letters—I have met as guests at her home.

Not long after he entered the studio of Chantrey, Cunningham published a dramatic poem, "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," commemorating one of the heroes of his native district. It was praised by the critics, and Sir Walter Scott generously

"Handed the rustic stranger up to Fame,"

by a few laudatory words in the introductory epistle which prefaces the "Fortunes of Nigel."*

* "There is my friend Allan has written just such a play as I might write myself on a very sunny day, and with one of Bramah's extra patent pens. . . . So much animation in particular passages, and such a vein of poetry through the whole. . . . Honest Allan, you are a credit to Caledonia. . . . There are some lyrical effusions of his, too, which you would do well to read. 'It's Hame and it's Hame,' is equal to Burns."

Thenceforward his career in literature was easy and prosperous; his collection of the "Songs of Scotland" is a text-book for all after writers; and his novels, although pushed aside by more "sensational" works, retain an ample share of popularity. His poems are not numerous: his last poetical production of any length—the "Maid of Elvar"—is, perhaps, his best. The scene of this little rustic epic, as he correctly styles it, is laid in his native vale; and many of the delicious pictures it contains, with a true vein of poetry throughout, are drawn from rural life. It is, however, written in a measure ill calculated to become extensively popular. The poetical reputation of Allan Cunningham has been made, and is sustained, by his ballads and lyrical pieces. They are exquisite in feeling, chaste and elegant in style, graceful in expression, and natural in conception; they seem, indeed, the mere unstudied outpourings of the heart; yet will bear the strictest and most critical inspection of those who consider elaborate finish to be at least the second requisite of writers of song. His own country has supplied him with his principal themes; and the peculiar dialect of Scotland—in which he frequently wrote—his good taste prevents him from ever rendering harsh, or even inharmonious, to Southern ears.

The work, however, by which he did most good is the six volumes of "Lives of British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects." It has been objected to as less enthusiastic than the subject demanded; but the memoirs are earnest and true; they manifest sufficient research, and bear strong evidence of thorough knowledge; while they are the productions of a graceful pen, discharging a pleasant task with critical nicety and sound discretion. Southey wrote to him, "Your 'British Painters' will live as long as any records of British Art remain. It is the best book of its kind that has ever fallen in my way." And Leslie, who was to follow him as a biographer of Reynolds, in thanking him for one of the volumes, says,—“I cannot but set a high value on a compliment from one with whose published opinions on the characters of our deceased artists, if on a very few points I differ, in the main I entirely agree.”*

Few men have received finer compliments from their contemporaries; that of Southey is well-known:—

"Allan, true child of Scotland; thou who art
So oft in spirit on thy native hills
And yonder Solway shore, a poet thou!"

Those of Scott, of Hogg, and of Wilson I have quoted. "Stalwart of form and stout of heart and verse—a ruder Burns," writes Talfourd. When he edited the *Anniversary*, one of the *Annals*, he obtained the aid of Wilson and many other writers, tempted by friendship, whom no money could have tempted. It was at his house—honoured guests, receiving honour—I met some of the greatest men of the age—among them Scott and Southey; and there was no man of any rank in England or in Scotland who would not have considered it a privilege to be classed among his friends.

It is our happiness so to class ourselves; and I am tempted to print one of his letters to Mrs. Hall among the few of his I have preserved:—

* Cunningham wrote for the *Art-Journal* a series of papers on "Our Public Statues," which were published in that work in 1840-41.

"MY DEAR MRS. HALL,

"I will do anything for you, but my Muse, poor lassie, has lost much of her early readiness and spirit, and finds more difficulty in making words clink and lines keep time; but she will work for you, and as she loves you, who knows but some of her earlier inspiration may come to her again? for you must know I think her strains have lost much of their free wild nature since we came from the land of the yellow broom and the blossomed heather.

"Yours ever and ever,

"ALLAN CUNNINGHAM."

I shall, I hope, be pardoned for extracting a passage from a letter I received from him soon after the issue of the first volume of my "Book of Gems:"—

"Your 'Book of Gems' was welcome for your sake, painting's sake, poetry's sake, and my own sake. I have done nothing but look at it since it came, and admire the good taste of the selections, and the happy language—clear too, and discriminating—of the biographies. It will do good both to the living and the dead—directing and animating the former, and giving a fresh lustre to the latter. If it obtains but half the success which it deserves, both your publisher and yourself ought to be satisfied. I have made the characters of our poets my study—studied them both as men and as bards, looking at them through the eyes of nature, and I am fully warranted in saying that our notions very seldom differ, and that you come nearer my feelings on the whole than any other person, save one, whom I have ever met. You will see this when my 'Lives of the Poets' are published, and that will be soon, for the first volume is all but ready."

An interesting anecdote is recorded by Lockhart in his *Life of Scott* :—

"Breakfasting one morning with Allan Cunningham, and commending one of his publications, Scott looked round the table, and said, 'What are you going to make of all these boys, Allan?' 'I ask that question often at my own heart,' said Allan, 'and I cannot answer it.' 'What does the eldest point to?' 'The callant would fain be a soldier, Sir Walter, and I have a half-promise of a commission in the king's army for him, but I wish rather he could go to India, for there the pay is a maintenance, and one does not need interest at every step to get on.' Scott dropped the subject, but went an hour afterwards to Lord Melville (who was then President of the Board of Control), and begged a cadetship for young Cunningham. Lord Melville promised to inquire if he had one at his disposal, in which case he would gladly serve the son of honest Allan; but the point being thus left doubtful, Scott, meeting Mr. John Loch, one of the East India Directors, at dinner the same evening at Lord Stafford's, applied to him, and received an immediate assent. On reaching home at night, he found a note from Lord Melville intimating that he had inquired, and was happy in complying with his request. Next morning Sir Walter appeared at Sir Francis Chantrey's breakfast table, and greeted the sculptor (who is a brother of the angle) with, 'I suppose it has sometimes happened to you to catch one trout (which was all you thought of) with the fly and another with the bobber. I have done so, and I think I shall land them both. Don't you think Cunningham would like very well to have cadetships for two of those fine lads?' 'To be sure he would,' said Chantrey, 'and if you'll secure the commissions, I'll make the outfit easy.' Great was the joy in Allan's household on this double good news, but I should add that, before the thing was done, he had to thank another benefactor. Lord Melville, after all, went out of the Board of Control before he had been able to fulfil his promise. But his successor, Lord Ellenborough, on hearing the circumstances of the case, desired Cunningham to set his mind at rest, and both his young men are now prospering in the Indian service."*

* The elder of these two sons, named Joseph Davy, after one of his father's old comrades of the *Day newspaper*, rose high in the Indian political service, and was the author of a very able work, the "*History of the Sikhs*." He died in 1851. The other, Alexander, has retired from the service as a general officer, having resigned the appointment of Archaeological Investigator to the Government of India. He has published several works on antiquarian subjects. The third son, Peter, established a high position in literature, and died at St. Alban's in 1869. The fourth and youngest son, Francis Chantrey, also entered the army, and after being, for many years, First Assistant and Secretary to the Commission for the Government of Mysore, has now retired with the rank of a General. His son was lately married to a niece of the painter, Hannah.

In one of her earlier sketches Mrs. Hall thus pictures Allan Cunningham :—
 “ I can clearly recall the first interview I had with him ; it was before I had been much in literary society, and when I was but little acquainted with those whose works had found places in my heart. I remember how my cheek flushed, and how pleased and proud I was of the few words of praise he gave to one of the first efforts of my pen. He was then a stout man, somewhat high-shouldered, broad-chested, and altogether strongly proportioned ; his head was firm and erect, his mouth close, yet full, the lips large, his nose thick and broad, his eyes of intense darkness (I could never define their colour), beneath shaggy and flexible eyebrows, and were, I think, as powerful, yet as soft and winning, as any



THE GRAVE OF ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

eyes I ever saw. His brow was expansive, indicating by its breadth not only imagination and observation, but, by its height, the veneration and benevolence so conspicuous in his character. His accent was strongly Scotch, and when warmed into a subject, he expressed himself with eloquence and feeling ; but generally his manner was quiet and reserved ; quiet more from a habit of observing than from a dislike to conversation. In after years, when it was my privilege to meet him frequently, it was a pleasure to note the respect he commanded from all who were distinguished in Art and in Letters. He had a sovereign contempt for anything that approached affectation—literary affectation especially ; and certainly lashed it, even in society, by words and looks of con-

tempt that could not be easily forgotten. 'Wherever,' I have heard him say, 'there is nature, wherever a person is not ashamed to show a heart, there is the germ of excellence. I love nature!' His dark eyes would often glisten over a child or a flower; and a ballad, one of the songs of his native land, would move him to tears (I have seen it do so more than once), that is to say, if it were sung 'according to nature,' with no extra 'flourish,' no encumbering drapery of form to disturb the 'natural' melody."

Allan, as I have said, was a man of stalwart form; it was well knit, and, apparently, the health that had been garnered in childhood and in youth was his blessing when in manhood. Certainly, to all outward seeming, he had ample security for a long life; his brow was large and lofty; his face of the Scottish type—high cheek-bones and well rounded; his mouth flexible and expressive, yet indicative of strong resolution; his eyes were likened, by those who knew both persons, to those of Burns, and no doubt they were so; they were deeply seated, and almost black, surrounded by a dark rim, and shadowed by somewhat heavy, dark eyebrows. His manners conveyed conviction of sincerity; they were not refined, neither were they rugged, and the very opposite of coarse. It was plain that, for all his advantages, he was indebted to Nature; for although he mixed much in what is called "polite society," and was a gentleman whose companionship was courted by the highest—statesmen and peers—up to the last he had "a smack of the heather."

Nothing seemed to irritate him so much as affectation, either with the pen or pencil, or in word, or look, or manner. I have seen him exasperated by a lisp in a woman, and by a mincing gait in a man; any pretence to be what was not, made him, so to say, furious. I would close this Memory—so as I think may best convey an idea of his peculiar character and worth—by quoting a favourite phrase of his own—

"Love him, for he loved Nature."

Allan is buried at Kensal Green, under a monument of granite, and his admirable wife now rests by his side.

I have wished they were sleeping in some green graveyard in Nithsdale.*

* I have heard it said that when Chantrey was building a mansoleum to receive his remains, and offered to leave space for his friend and associate, he received from Allan this answer, "No! I would far rather rest where the daisies will grow over my grave." I quote in application to Allan some lines from the grand and touching poem of Theodore Martin on the burial of Thomas Campbell:—

"Thou, like me, hast seen another grave would suit our Poet well,
Greenly banded by the breckan in a lonely Highland dell,
Looking on the solemn waters of a mighty inland sea,
In the shadow of a mountain, where the lonely eagles be;
Thou hast seen the kindly heather blown around his simple bed;
Heard the loch and torrent mingle dirges for the poet dead;
Brother, thou hast seen him lying, as it is thy hope to lie,
Looking from the soil of Scotland up into a Scottish sky:
It may be such grave were better, better rain and dew should fall,
Tears of hopeful love to freshen Nature's ever-verdant pall.
* * * * *

Better after-times should find him—to his rest in homage bound—
Lying in the land that bore him, with its glories piled around."

THOMAS KEBBLE HERVEY.

ANOTHER poet of the second class, who achieved a fair amount of popularity, was T. K. HERVEY. His poem of the "Convict Ship" was a production of considerable merit; and among his lyrics, there are many of much sweetness and beauty. He was for several years editor of the *Athenæum*, a post in which he was succeeded by Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Nature had not been to the poet lavish of personal gifts. A "plainer" man was never inspired by the Muse. There is not much to say of him that it would be agreeable to say. His widow is an excellent writer of poems, some of which merit high places. Moreover, she is a very admirable lady, estimable in all the relations of life.

He died in February, 1859. Of late he wrote much for the *Art-Journal*, and all my transactions with him were entirely satisfactory. His mind was largely stored; he wrote with much graceful facility; and, as a critic, his judgment was generally sound and just.

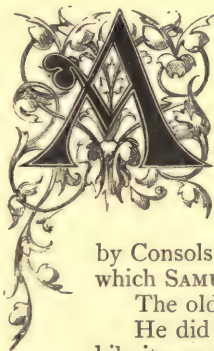
If I must place him below the great "makers," whose names precede his in this volume, I must class him above the host of minor poets, of whom our age has been so amazingly fertile. Some of his productions, indeed, verge upon the higher standard; and none of them are much beneath it.

His imagination was rich and vigorous; and his versification exceedingly easy and graceful. He avoided the error into which so many of his contemporaries have fallen—the effort to be effective by the sacrifice of nature, under the idea that the artificialities and affectations of the old poets were the secrets of their success, forgetting that imitation is always perilous, and that it is far less easy to copy perfections than defects.

He was the editor of a work that did much good—"Illustrations of Modern Sculpture," each subject being introduced by a poem from his pen. It was one of the earlier "helps" to render British sculpture popular. He lived to see that art, so long depressed in England, attain a degree of prosperity which he hoped for, rather than expected.



SAMUEL ROGERS.



ALL who were denizens of London during the twenty years that preceded the last twelve years—no longer ago—met frequently in the aristocratic neighbourhood of St. James's a man evidently aged, yet remarkably active, though with a slight stoop and grizzled hair; not, to my thinking, with a pleasant countenance; certainly not with the frank and free expression of a poet who loved and lived with Nature; but rather that of one whose ever-open book was a ledger, and who counted the day, not by sunrise and sunset, but by Consols and Exchequer bills—things inconceivable to the Order to which SAMUEL ROGERS undoubtedly belonged.

The old man moved rapidly, as if pursuing a vain shadow, always.

He did not often smile, and seldom laughed: anything approaching hilarity, aught akin to enthusiasm, to a genuine flow of heart and soul, was foreign to his nature—or, at all events, seemed to be so. Yet, of a surety, he was a keen observer; he looked "quite through the deeds of men;" and his natural talent had been matured and polished by long and familiar intercourse

with all the finer spirits of his age. His conversation to his "set" at home was remarkably brilliant, and his wit often pure and original.

It was curious, interesting, and startling to converse—as I did—in the year of our Lord 1855, with a venerable gentleman whose first book of poems was published in 1786—just sixty-nine years; who had worn a cocked hat when a boy, as other boys did—recollected seeing the heads of the "rebels" upon poles at Temple Bar—had seen Garrick act—knocked at Dr. Johnson's door in Bolt Court, and chatted there with Boswell—heard Sir Joshua Reynolds lecture, and Haydn play at a concert in a tie wig with a sword at his side—rowed with a boatman who had rowed Alexander Pope—had seen venerable John Wesley lying on his bier "dressed in full canonicals"—had walked with old General Oglethorpe, who had shot snipes where Conduit Street now stands—was the frequent associate of Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Mackintosh, Horne Tooke, and Madame de Staël—and was a man "in years" when Brougham was called to the Bar, John Kemble first played Coriolanus, Walter Scott had not yet issued "Waverley," Byron was writing "Minor Poems," and Ensign Arthur Wellesley was fighting his way to a dukedom and immortality!

It seems to me, while writing a Memory of this veteran of literature—as it will seem to my readers—that although he was with us but yesterday, he belongs to a remote generation: he had seen and known his co-mates in their youth, when the earliest rays of Fame dawned upon them; many of them he had followed to their graves; and few or none of them survived him.

It is a strange story to tell of any man.

There is no biography of him, if we except that written by his nephew, Mr. Sharpe, as a "Preface" to "Recollections," and another which introduces a volume of "Table Talk." Neither of these extends to more than a dozen pages. They are singularly meagre, as if the writers had done the work grudgingly, had no love for the subject, and were content to let the old man say for himself all he had to say. And that was not much. It is, indeed, a marvel that so little was gathered during so long and so full a life; for in these two volumes of "Remains" it would be difficult to find a score of passages that one would not willingly let die. His frequent companion, the publisher Moxon,—one of his executors, who must have known much about his "ways,"—has told us nothing concerning him; and such anecdotes as throw any light on his character must be gathered from his contemporaries, who here and there, and but rarely, illustrate and explain the guiding principles of his public and private life. Yet it is stated by the editor of "Recollections" (not recollections *of* him, but *by* him), that, "from his first entering into society, he noted down the conversations or remarks of those among his intimate friends in whose company he took the greatest pleasure."

In reference to his Life I received this letter from Mr. Rogers, dated

"St. James's Place, January 30th, 1837.

"Believe me when I say I should be happy to comply with your desire if I had any intention of writing my own life.

"The only authentic account I can refer you to is to be found, such as it is, in a work published some years ago by Cadell, and entitled, I believe, 'Portraits of Illustrious Persons.'

"Most of the circumstances in the Life published by Galignani are utterly without foundation. The 'Pleasures of Memory' (to mention one instance among many) was written in great

seclusion under my father's roof; and so far from consulting the gentleman there mentioned on the subject, I was at that time unacquainted with him. He is there said, I think, to have read it over with me, before it appeared, fifty or sixty times.

"Yours very truly,
"SAMUEL ROGERS."

He was born at Stoke Newington (Newington Green), now a suburb of London, on the 30th of July, 1763. His father was an opulent banker, head of the firm of Rogers, Olding, and Co.* His first publication—an "Ode to Superstition"—was issued in 1786. In 1792 appeared "The Pleasures of Memory," to which he is mainly indebted for his fame.

He died at his residence, St. James's Place, on the 18th of December, 1855.

His countenance was the theme of continual jokes. It was "ugly," if not repulsive. The expression was in no way, nor under any circumstances, good; he had a drooping eye and a thick under lip; his forehead was broad, his head large—out of proportion, indeed, to his form; but it was without the organs of benevolence and veneration, although preponderating in that of ideality. His features were "cadaverous." Lord Dudley once asked him why, now that he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse; and it is said that Sydney Smith gave him mortal offence by recommending him, "when he sat for his portrait, to be drawn saying his prayers, with his face hidden by his hands."

It was affirmed by some of his friends that "his purse was ever open to the distressed," and that he was liberal of aid to struggling and suffering genius. That belief, however, is not sustained by evidence. From him to whom much is given, much is expected; the widow's mite was a larger, as well as a more acceptable, gift to the treasury than the Pharisee's contribution of the tithe of all he possessed. Rogers was rich, had few claimants on his "much," and his personal wants were limited. He seems, indeed, to have had no great relish for the luxuries that money supplies, and which it is a duty to obtain on the part of those to whom wealth is allotted. He saw little company at his own house; giving breakfasts frequently, the cost of which was small, and seldom entertaining at dinner above two or three at a time. Moreover, they were dinners of no very *recherché* character; at all events, none of his guests ever spoke of them as the feasts of a Sybarite. He never, I believe, kept a carriage—certainly, if he did, he seldom used it. On occasions when he attended meetings of the Royal Society, and other assemblages of that kind, at the close, let the night be ever so severe, if rain or snow were falling, he was invariably seen buttoning up his great-coat in preparation for a walk home. On one occasion I ventured to say to him (it was at an Evening at Lord Northampton's, in Connaught Place), "Mr. Rogers, it is a very wet night; I have a fly at the door: may I have the honour to leave you at your house?" but the invitation was declined; the old man faced the weather, from which younger and stronger men would have wisely shrunk.

I cannot find evidence to sustain an impression that he was other than by fits and starts generous; that it was not an impulse, but a whim, that induced him occasionally to give a little of his "much." There are certainly a few records of his liberality—and but a few: none are related in the two volumes of "Table

* The bank, which had become a "joint-stock" concern, failed in one of the recent panics.

Talk" and "Recollections." Moore spoke of him to me, and no doubt to others, as a man with an open purse; but I do not find that he ever did more for the poet than lend him a sum that was repaid with interest.

His charities were certainly often based on calculation. "He did nothing rash," Mr. Hayward states. "I am sure," said one of his friends, "as a baby, he never fell down unless he was pushed; but walked from chair to chair in the drawing-room steadily and quietly, till he reached a place where the sunbeam fell on the carpet." And Byron, writing to Bernard Barton, asks, "To what does Rogers owe his station in society, and his intimacy in the best circles?" Not to his profession as an author, but "to his prudence and respectability."

No; "to do good and to distribute" was not the motto of the banker-poet, although some may have tasted of his bounty.*

No doubt he was often worried by applications for aid; some from fraudulent petitioners, but some from persons to whom timely helps might have been great blessings—probably saved the lives, possibly the souls, of those who asked it.

He writes—"The letters I receive from people of both sexes (people I have never heard of) asking me for money, either as a gift or a loan, are really innumerable;" but it is evident from the context that such "begging epistles" produced no results to the writers. It is recorded that Murphy owed him £200; the poet became "uneasy," and accompanied Murphy to his chambers to be paid. Once there, however, Murphy, instead of paying the existing debt, laboured hard to borrow more—an attempt which the poet successfully resisted. Rogers afterwards took as security an assignment of the whole of Murphy's works (including his "Tacitus"), but found they had been previously disposed of to a bookseller. And in the "Table Talk" there is a note that Shelley called upon Rogers—introducing himself—to request the loan of some money which he wished to present to Leigh Hunt, offering Rogers a bond for it. Rogers says, "Having numerous claims upon me at that time, *I was obliged to refuse the loan.*"

It is reported of him that once he loved; at least, that, when a young man, he sedulously sought the society of the most beautiful girl he thought he had seen. At the end of the London season, at a ball, she said, "To-morrow I go to Worthing: are you coming there?" Some months afterwards, being at Ranelagh, he saw the attention of many drawn towards a lady who was leaning on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his old flame. She merely said, "You never came to Worthing!" Who shall say that the selfish cynic might not have been another man—a better and a far happier man—if he had gone to Worthing?

Moore, one of the few of his friends who really regarded Rogers, thus writes in a letter to Lady Donegal:—"I felt as I always feel with him—that the fear of losing his good opinion almost embitters the possession of it; and that, though in his society one walks upon roses, it is with constant apprehension of the thorns that are among them."

And subsequently Moore thus alludes to Rogers as a critic:—"He only

* Rogers, if we are to credit the "Table Talk," once said, "What a noble-minded person Lord Lonsdale was! I have received from him hundreds of pounds for the relief of literary men."

finds fault with every part in detail ; and this you know is the style of his criticism of characters." And Lady Donegal, in reply, speaks of his "sickly and discontented turn of mind, which makes him dissatisfied with everything, and disappointed in all his views of life ;" alluding, also, to his "unfortunate habit of dwelling upon the faults and follies of his friends."

There is an anecdote recorded by Lady Holland in her *Memoirs* of her father, Sydney Smith, that, perhaps more than any other, illustrates the character of Rogers ; it is this :—"One day Rogers took Moore and my father home in a carriage from a breakfast, and insisted on showing them, by the way, Dryden's house in some obscure street. It was very wet ; the house looked much like other old houses ; and having thin shoes on, they both remonstrated ; but in vain. Rogers got out, and stood expecting them. 'Oh ! you see why Rogers doesn't mind getting out,' exclaimed my father, laughing and leaning out of the carriage ; 'he has got goloshes on !'"

When Turner illustrated his poems, the artist was to have received £50 apiece for the drawings. But Rogers objected to the price, which he had "miscalculated," and Turner agreed to take them all back, receiving £5 each for the use of them. The banker did not foresee a time when the purchase would have been a very good speculation indeed : if he had, there is little doubt that he would have paid for them. He made other bargains that were more remunerative : the famous "Puck" of Sir Joshua Reynolds he purchased for £215 5s.

The house in which he passed so many years of his life—from the year 1803 to its close—in St. James's Place, is still there ; but it is not a shrine that any pilgrim will much care to visit. Few great men of the age have excited so little hero-worship ; those who would have been mourners at his funeral had preceded him to the tomb ; he left none to honour or to cherish his memory. His house had been full of art-luxuries, gathered by judicious expenditure of wealth, and by highly-cultivated taste ; they were scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer after his death, and are the gems of a hundred collections. Yet the house will be always one of the memorable dwellings of London. "It was," I borrow the eloquent words of Mr. Hayward, "here that Erskine told the story of his first brief, and Grattan that of his last duel ; that Wellington described Waterloo as a 'battle of giants ;' that Chantrey, placing his hand on a mahogany pedestal, asked the host he then honoured by his presence—'Do you remember a workman who, at five shillings a day, came in at that door to receive your orders ? I was that workman !' There had assembled Byron, Moore, Scott, Campbell, Wordsworth, Washington Irving, Coleridge, Sydney Smith, Sheridan, and a host of other immortal men, who gave renown to the nineteenth century."

No ; the aged banker-poet who had lived so long, seen so much, been intimate with so many of the great men and women of the epoch, who had all his life held "in trust" a huge amount of wealth, with its weighty responsibilities, has not bequeathed to us a "Memory" that may be either venerated or loved. From no "sort of men" did he gather "golden opinions ;" his heart was in a perpetual solitude ; he seemed continually to quail under the burden of "a discontented and repining spirit," although God had been specially bountiful to him in all the good things of earth. He might have been a vast blessing to

thousands: those who owed him aught that was not repaid may surely be counted by units. In all I have heard and read concerning him I cannot find evidence that he had, at any time, "learned the luxury of doing good."

He himself states that Madame de Staël once said to him, "How very sorry I am for Campbell! His poverty so unsettles his mind that he cannot write." This was the answer of Rogers:—"I replied, 'Why does he not take the situation of a clerk? He could then compose verses during his leisure hours;'" and he adds, "*I shall never forget the delight with which, on returning home [from his bank to his mansion], I used to read and write during the evening;*" moralising thus: "When literature is the sole business of life, it becomes a drudgery: when we are able to resort to it only at certain times, it is a charming relaxation."

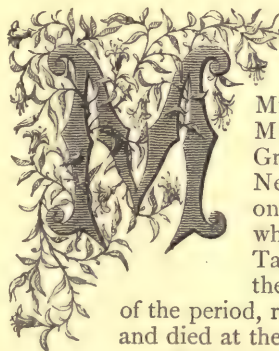
Ah! had he but known what it is to "sweat the brain" not only all day long, but far into midnight; to toil when the hand shakes and the head aches from overwork—when the labour of to-day must earn the sustenance of to-morrow, and not always that; to work, work, and be sent by nature, hungry, to sleep that is not rest; to endure far worse than these physical sufferings—"the proud man's contumely," the consciousness of power while fetters gall and fret; heart-sick from hope deferred; a gleam of far-off glory that scorches the brow; the thousand ills that "unsettle the mind," so that the hand cannot write! Ay, authorship may be "a pleasant relaxation" when it is not a means by which men live; when, well or ill, sad or merry, in joy or in sorrow, prosperous or afflicted—no matter which—there is that to be done which must be done, and which may not be postponed because it *is* "a drudgery."

When Rogers uttered these words in protest against the generous sympathy of Madame de Staël, there were men starving in London streets, whose minds were pregnant with even greater creations than the "Pleasures of Memory" or "Human Life," and who gave them to the world before they left it. Crabbe may, by that time, have found means to buy, and pay for, food and clothes; Campbell may have been on the eve of rescue from poverty by the pension he earned and gained; Southey may have had his home fireside cheered by a remittance from Murray; and Leigh Hunt may have stayed the cravings of angry creditors by aid of some sympathising friend; but there were scores of great men obscurely hidden in mighty London, whose struggles with penury would appal those whom "pleasure, ease, and affluence surround"—enduring "all the sad varieties of woe," some of whom may have made their wants known, while others triumphantly averted the bitter end, though others were voluntary victims before their work was half done.

It might have been the glory of Samuel Rogers to have helped them out of the Slough of Despond.



MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.



MARY RUSSELL MITFORD was born on the 16th of December, in the year 1786, at the little town of Alresford, in Hampshire.* Her father was George Mitford, M.D., the son of a younger branch of the Mitfords, of Mitford Castle, Northumberland, and Jane Graham, of Old Wall, Westmoreland, a branch of the Netherby Clan. Her mother was Mary Russell, the only surviving child and heiress of Richard Russell, D.D., who for more than sixty years was Rector of Ashe and Tadley, and Vicar of Overton, in Hampshire. He was the intimate associate of Fielding and many of the wits of the period, remembered to have seen Pope at Westminster School, and died at the ripe age of eighty-eight.

Three or four years after the birth of his daughter, Mary Russell, Dr. Mitford removed from Alresford to Reading, and a few years subsequently to

* I am indebted for much information concerning Miss Mitford to my valued friend, Francis Bennoch, F.S.A., to whom she was much attached, and who repaid her friendship by useful and zealous service during the later years of her life. He superintended the publication of "Athenion" and her dramatic works. In 1831

that removal he went to reside at Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, in a fine old mansion previously occupied by the great Lord Chatham, whose two sons frequently spent their holidays there. The French Revolution and the great continental wars, with threats of invading England, brought prominently out the patriotic spirit of the nation. The militia was trained, volunteer corps were formed, and the yeomanry cavalry was thoroughly prepared to aid in repelling any invader of the sacred soil of England. Dr. Mitford, at his own cost, raised, equipped, and maintained a troop of yeomanry cavalry at an expense that few could bear, and he was not long in discovering that just in proportion as his popularity rose, his fortune fell. In a few years £30,000 or £40,000 had disappeared; his troop was disbanded, and he went to London to "retrench" and determine his future course. His daughter was his companion; and then occurred an incident in the life of Miss Mitford that reads like a page from a fairy tale. The circumstances are related by her in her "Recollections of a Literary Life," accompanied by sundry hints and suggestions leading to the conclusion that much of Dr. Mitford's property had vanished at the gaming-table.

They were then lodged in dingy apartments near Westminster; and, in the intervals of his professional pursuits, Dr. Mitford would walk about London with his little girl holding his hand.* They one day found their way to a lottery office; the child determined she would have no other ticket but that numbered 2,224; it was obtained with some difficulty, and "turned up" the prize of £20,000. The day was her birthday: she was then ten years old.

"Ah me!" reflects Miss Mitford, "in less than twenty years, what was left of the produce of the ticket so strangely chosen? What, except a Wedgwood dinner service that my father had ordered to commemorate the event, with the Irish harp within the border on one side, and his family crest on the other? That fragile and perishable ware long outlasted the more perishable money. Then came long years of toil and struggle and anxiety, and jolting over the rough ways of the world, and although want often came very close to our door, it never actually entered."

Within twenty years of the lottery prize (and notwithstanding that other acquisitions, inherited through the deaths of relatives, had more than once repaired his fortunes) Dr. Mitford had again run through his property, little or nothing being left beyond £3,000 settled upon his wife as pin-money. This, in course of years, well-nigh evaporated also, as well as different legacies left to his daughter, and given up by her on various emergencies. Then they retired to a small cottage at Three-Mile Cross, near Reading, modestly taken for three months, but inhabited by them for thirty years. And there it was that Miss Mitford, finding it needful to turn her talents to profitable account, began those charming sketches which formed the first series of "Our Village." Like many

she gave me some very slight particulars of her life, which I published to accompany a portrait of her in the *New Monthly*. She states there that in very early childhood she printed a poem entitled "Christine, or the Maid of the South Seas." I have never seen it, and I suppose few living have seen it. Her friend and executor, the Rev. Mr. Harness, collected her letters, &c., edited them, and they were published in 1860. The duty of editor, however, principally devolved on his friend, the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. The good clergyman, Mr. Harness, has since died. He added some particulars—but they are scanty—concerning her life.

* The early years of her life were passed at 22, Hans Place, at a school then kept by a French refugee, M. F. Quintin; and there Lætitia Landon, twenty years afterwards, was educated.

other of our now standard works, they were lightly esteemed when first written. They were declined by Campbell, who was then editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and rejected also by the editors of several other periodicals, but at last found favour in the eyes of the editor of the *Lady's Magazine*, where they were published. In 1823 they were collected in one volume, and never after had the author occasion to beg the acceptance of any work from her pen. The first series of "Our Village" was followed by a second in 1826, a third in 1828, a fourth in 1830, and a fifth in 1832.

In 1842 she lost her father (her mother had died in 1830); and in the autumn of 1851 she left her old cottage at Three-Mile Cross (in which she had resided since 1820) for another at Swallowfield, about three miles farther south, where her later works were written. In the immediate neighbourhood resided Lady Russell, who generously ministered to the wants of the aged, but ever-cheerful, authoress. A few miles off in a quiet valley lies Strathfieldsaye, the doors of which were ever open to Miss Mitford, whence, too, by special command of the great Duke, the choicest fruits of the season, which meant all the year round, were sure to find their way to Swallowfield. At Eversley, Kingsley preached and laboured as a country parson, and found much pleasure in his walks to the cosy cottage, and in the lively talk of its occupant.

In her youth Miss Mitford was much in London, with every opportunity of seeing and mingling in the best society, with occasional glimpses of shadow that brought out the brighter points of the picture. Admired and appreciated by a large number of literary folk of

Hail to the gentle bride! the dove
 High-vested in the column's crests!
 Oh welcome as the bird of love
 Who bore the olive-branch of rest!
 Hail to the bride!
 Mary Russell Mitford

5 Great Queen Street
 October 17th 1818.

her own standing, she saw much, spoke freely, and in her later years became the kindly critic and literary adviser of many of the rising and now risen spirits of the age. Her closing years were passed in the serene quiet of a country village, cheered by the kindness of neighbouring families, enlivened by the frequent visits of admiring friends, and keeping up a free, but almost voluminous, correspondence with distinguished people on both sides of the Atlantic.

Miss Mitford—if opinion may be formed from her correspondence and the collected incidents of her life—never had a lover; yet it is difficult to reconcile that belief with the following statement, communicated to Mrs. Hall by Mrs. Hofland, one of Miss Mitford's nearest, dearest, and most intimate friends. Mrs. Hofland's letter is so remarkable that I print it:—



THREE-MILE CROSS.

“Och! to be sure, my dear honey, and it's yer own swate self that is quite ignorant of the most wonderfulest, astonishing surprise that is just come upon a body, and that has done a body's heart good to think about; an' niver a word the spalpeen writers in the *Times* has tould us about it; bekase ye see she commanded her nebour (the father o' them) to hould their black and white tongues, and niver mintion the particular case; but as to not telling you, my dare, all as I just happen to know, why it's out o' the question—so here goes. Miss Mary Mitford is married, honestly married to one of her own kith and kin; a true Mitford, though his relationship is a mighty way off. And he has taken her down to his own fine estate and noble ould mansion, and made her who was a rale lady asy for the rest of her days, and her parents asy too; an' if that isn't good news, what is, honey dear?

“In plain English, my dear Mrs. Hall, this is the fact, not communicated to me by her, for she has not told any living creature—for what reason I do not know, but I conjecture that it may not interfere with the arrangements respecting her forthcoming tragedy. I have no doubt that

the song printed in your excellent magazine was written in reference to this gentleman, who was attached to her in early life, but could not then marry, and whom she had not seen for many years, until within a very few weeks. The marriage and all the arrangements have been kept a profound secret, and they are gone to his seat in Northumberland. They are perfectly suited in age; he is a man of great abilities and proud of her fame; so that there is every prospect of happiness. No woman wanted a friend more, or deserved one better; and I sincerely thank God she has found such a friend."

On the 10th of January, 1855, she died, and was quietly laid in a corner of the adjacent churchyard of Swallowfield, in a spot chosen by herself. There a few friends erected a simple granite cross to perpetuate the memory and mark the resting-place of one of England's purest and sweetest writers.*

The family name was originally Midford: when or why it was changed does not appear to be known. Her father was a remarkably fine old man—tall, handsome, and stately, with indubitable indications of the habits of refined life. All his life long he had exaggerated value of himself, and was the very embodiment of selfishness. That terrible defect in character was encouraged and strengthened by his wife and daughter. They seem to have considered it an honour to be his slaves, and to have derived happiness from any sacrifices that could enhance his pleasure. He was their "dear darling," their "itty pet," their "tenderly beloved," all the while that he was squandering, shamefully and shamelessly, not only the inherited property of the one, but the hardly-earned fruits of daily and nightly toil of the other. They could see no fault in the husband and father. At length his recklessness and heartlessness steeped them in poverty—"want came very near their door"—they seem to have attributed no blame to him, though he was all blame, and he appears to have given no thought to the privations they endured and the misery they suffered. It is a melancholy and very degrading picture—that which brings before us the sensualist at his club in London, and the wife and daughter in their poor cottage, beseeching him to send them if but a pound, which he graciously does, and which they acknowledge humbly and gratefully. He died, of course, in debt; and the friends of Miss Mitford subscribed to raise a fund for the discharge of liabilities she had taken on herself. Considerably more than £1,000 was thus raised.

These are Mrs. Hall's recollections and impressions of Miss Mitford:—

It is a source of intense, yet solemn, enjoyment, that which enables me to look back through the green lanes of Memory, to recall the people and events of the "long-ago time."

"You may break—you may ruin the vase, if you will;
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

They are all, or nearly all, gone, "the old familiar faces," from the old familiar places; but they have been. I can bring them back. I can even hear their voices, and quote some of the sentences that passed from their lips to my mind and heart.

* In 1837 Miss Mitford was accorded, by Lord Melbourne, one of the literary pensions—£100 a year. "The sum is small," she writes; but it cannot be considered derogatory, for it was the amount given to Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Somerville. "And it is," she adds, "a great comfort to have something to look forward to in sickness or old age."

If I remember rightly, it was Maria Edgeworth who introduced me to Mrs. Hofland, and Mrs. Hofland who introduced me to Mary Russell Mitford, in 1828. In those days I had an intense admiration for "Our Village;" and a desire—which I thought most presumptuous, and hardly at first dared confess to myself—to do something for my native Bannow like what Miss Mitford had done for "Aberleigh." My natural veneration for genius led me to seek the acquaintance of those who had achieved literary distinction. I was content to be considered insignificant so long as I was permitted to enter the charmed circle. Miss Mitford had visited her old friend, Mrs. Hofland, then living in



SWALLOWFIELD.

Newman Street, to superintend the getting out her play of *Rienzi*—certainly the most perfect of her dramas—at Covent Garden; and Mrs. Hofland invited us to meet her there one morning. All the world was talking about the expected play, and all the world was paying court to its author.

"Mary," said the good lady, "is a little grand and stilted just now. There is no doubt the tragedy will be a great success; they all say so in the green-room; and Macready told me it was a wonderful tragedy—an extraordinary tragedy '*for a woman to have written.*' The men always make that reservation, my dear; they cramp us, my dear, and then reproach us with our lameness; but

Mary did not hear it, and I did not tell her. She is supremely happy just now, and so is her father, the doctor. Yes, it is no wonder she should be a little stilted—such grand people coming to call and invite them to dinner, and all the folk at the theatre down-upon-knee to her—it is such a contrast to her cottage life at Three-Mile Cross.”

“But,” I said, “she deserves all the homage that can be rendered her,—her talents are so varied. Those stories of ‘Our Village’ have been fanned by the pure breezes of ‘sunny Berkshire,’ and are inimitable as pictures of English rural life; and she has also achieved the highest walk in tragedy——”

“For a woman,” put in dear Mrs. Hofland. She had not forgiven our great tragedian—then in the zenith of his popularity—for his ungallant reserve.

I certainly was disappointed, when a stout little lady, tightened up in a shawl, rolled into the parlour in Newman Street, and Mrs. Hofland announced her as Miss Mitford; her short petticoats showing wonderfully stout leather boots, her shawl *bundled* on, and a little black coal-scuttle bonnet—when bonnets were expanding—added to the effect of her natural shortness and rotundity; but her manner was that of a cordial country gentlewoman; the pressure of her “fat” little hands (for she extended both) was warm; her eyes, both soft and bright, looked kindly and frankly into mine; and her pretty, rosy mouth dimpled with smiles that were always sweet and friendly. At first I did not think her at all “grand or stilted,” though she declared she had been quite spoilt—quite ruined since she came to London, with all the fine compliments she had received; but the trial was yet to come. “Suppose—suppose *Kienzi* should be——” and she shook her head. Of course, in full chorus, we declared that impossible. “No! she would not spend an evening with us until after the first night; if the play went ill, or even coldly, she would run away, and never be again seen or heard of; if it succeeded——” She drew her rotund person to its full height, and endeavoured to stretch her neck, and the expression of her beaming face assumed an air of unmistakable triumph. She was always pleasant to look at, and had her face not been cast in so broad—so “outspread”—a mould, she would have been handsome; even with that disadvantage, if her figure had been tall enough to carry her head with dignity, she would have been so; but she was most vexatiously “dumpy.” Miss Landon “hit off” her appearance when she whispered, the first time she saw her (and it was at our house), “Sancho Panza in petticoats!” but when Miss Mitford spoke, the awkward effect vanished,—her pleasant voice, her beaming eyes and smiles, made you forget the wide expanse of face; and the roly-poly figure, when seated, did not appear really short.*

* The portrait engraved at the head of this Memory is from a painting by her friend Haydon. In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall she thus refers to it:—“Now to the portrait: one friend of mine used to compare it to a cookmaid of sixty, who had washed her dishes and sat down to mend her stockings; another to Sir John Falstaff in the disguise of the old woman of Brentford; and a third to old Bannister, in Moll Flaggon. I have not myself seen it since it was finished, but there must have been something very formidable about it to put such comparisons into people’s heads. I dare say that an engraving in which the size would, of course, be diminished, and the colour away, would lose a great part of the odiousness; but I must entreat and conjure that the dress—especially the head-dress—may be amended, and the whole be made as much like a lady and a woman as the resemblance to an ugly original will permit.” This portrait is now in the possession of Mr. Bennoch, and justifies her own description of it; but notwithstanding its “breadth,” there is a sweetness of expression that removes it far away from anything approaching the common or the vulgar. There were many other remarks—complaints, protests—concerning the portrait. Haydon seems to have been proud of it, and jealous of the artist.

I remember asking her if she would go to the theatre the first night of *Rienzi*. She gave a dramatic shudder, and answered, "No: the strongest man could not bear *that*." She, however, had a room somewhere in the theatre, or very near it; her friends ran to her repeatedly during the evening to tell her how the play went, and she often rejoiced in the fact that Haydon, the painter, was the first to bring her the assurance of its unmistakable success. It achieved a triumph, and deserved it.

Miss Mitford, like Miss Landon, was, in conversation, fond of producing startling effects by saying something extraordinary; but what L. E. L. would cut with a diamond, Miss Mitford would "come down on" with a sledge-hammer. I remember her saying out boldly that "the last century had given birth only to two men—Napoleon Buonaparte and Benjamin Robert Haydon!"

She kept her promise to us, and after *Rienzi*'s triumph, spent an evening at our house,—“the observed of all observers.” She did not, however, appear to advantage that evening: her manner was constrained, and even haughty. She got up tragedy looks, which did not harmonise with her naturally playful expression. She seated herself in a high chair, and was indignant at the offer of a foot-stool, though her feet barely touched the ground; she received those who wished to be introduced to her *en reine*; but such was her popularity just then, that all were gratified. She was most unbecomingly dressed in a striped satin something, neither high nor low, with very short sleeves, for her arms were white and finely formed; she wore a large yellow turban, which added considerably to the size of her head. She had evidently bought the hideous thing *en route*, and put it on, in the carriage, as she drove to our house, for pinned at the back was a somewhat large card, on which were written, in somewhat large letters, these astounding words, “Very chaste—only five and threepence.” I had observed several of our party, passing behind the chair, whispering and tittering, and soon ascertained the cause. Under pretence of settling her turban, I removed the obnoxious notice; and, of course, she never knew that so many wags had been merry at her cost.

I valued Miss Mitford far more at her humble dwelling, Three-Mile Cross, than in the glare of London: here she was by no means “at home;” there she was entirely so; and though our visit to her was brief, during “a run” through Berkshire to Bristol, I had opportunities of properly estimating her among the scenes she has made famous. It was very pleasant to make acquaintance with her and her greyhound Mayflower, the familiar friend of all who love her

Lucas, who painted one in opposition to it—with which everybody was content. Haydon lent it to me to engrave, and I published it to accompany a brief memoir of herself: she wrote for the *New Monthly Magazine*. I was not at that time aware of the bitterness to which it had given rise, breaking for a time the friendship that had existed between the author and the artist. It was certainly a striking, though by no means a flattering, likeness.

In another letter to Mrs. Hall, reverting to the subject, she says,—“It is remarkable that the only real likeness of me was taken three months ago by an itinerant cheap portrait painter, who requested me to sit, and who has failed with everybody else (above two hundred) in the neighbourhood, and has only succeeded in one portrait of me, another which he took subsequently being as unlike as possible. I have no doubt that an engraving from Mr. Haydon's picture will be sufficiently like, provided it be re-dressed, and made as pleasing as a due attention to the original, being ugly, will permit.” The last portrait painted of Miss Mitford was executed a few years before her death, by her friend John Lucas, and by her presented to Mr. James T. Fields, the distinguished publisher of Boston, U.S.A. This is probably the most favourable of all the portraits of her. Age and infirmity had subdued the vigour and diminished the rotundity of middle life, leaving behind the shadow of her former self, but characterised by a delicate refinement of expression—even beautiful to look upon.

writings ; to walk in her tiny garden ; and to stroll through the green lanes she has lauded so often and so much.

She was a very Flora among her flowers ; she really loved them, and enjoyed them as flowers are not always enjoyed ; she treated them with a loving tenderness, not because they were the "new kinds," but because they were old, dear friends. One rose-tree I recall now—a standard, quite six feet high, I think—certainly much taller than herself, for she stood under it.

She was deeply read in the old poets, and it was a rich treat to hear her talk and quote from them, filling her small sitting-room with their richest gems. I never saw her after she left Three-Mile Cross ; never at Swallowfield (although I did visit the place after her death), where, if the neighbouring cottagers speak truth, she must have grown strangely eccentric. They say she would not leave her house and garden in the daytime, but that at night she would put on strong boots, and, staff in hand, take long and lonely walks. That must have been some time before her departure from earth, for of late, her unfailing friend, Mr. Bennoch, tells us she became very feeble ; indeed, in some of her later notes to me, she complained of increasing weakness.

So far go the "Memories" of Mrs. Hall.

In Miss Mitford's "Recollections of a Literary Life," a work in three volumes, singularly deficient of interest, and almost entirely free from personal recollections of any kind, she speaks of her grief at leaving the cottage that for thirty years had been her shelter. But "in truth," she adds, "it was leaving me : " the foundations were damp and rotten, the rain came dripping through the roof, and, in fact, "it was crumbling about us." She had "associations with the old walls" that endeared them to her : there she had "toiled and striven," and tasted deeply of anxiety, of fear, and of hope. There, in that poor and dull home, friends many and kind—"strangers also, whose mere names were an honour"—had come to tender to her their homage. There Haydon had "talked better pictures than he painted." Talfourd had to that home "brought the delightful gaiety of his brilliant youth ;" Amelia Opie, Jane Porter, the translator Cary, and a host of others, had been her guests—in that ill-furnished parlour, and in that natural, yet ungraced, garden.

It is pleasant to recall some of them to memory.

She did not go far : from Three-Mile Cross to Swallowfield was but a walk ; she took that walk one autumn evening, and in her new dwelling she lived thenceforward and died.

She calls Three-Mile Cross "the prettiest of villages," and her cottage "the snugest and cosiest of all snug cabins."* Hers must have been that continual feast, a contented mind, to have been so easily satisfied ; for the village is

* In 1820, when she removed from her comparatively grand home to the humble cottage at Three-Mile Cross, she thus described it :—"It consists of a series of closets, the largest of which may be about eight feet square, which they call parlours and kitchens and pantries ; some of them minus a corner, which has been unnaturally filched for a chimney ; others deficient in half a side, which has been truncated by the shelving roof. Behind is a garden, about the size of a good drawing-room, with an arbour which is a complete sentry-box of privet, on one side a public-house, on the other a village shop, and right opposite a cobbler's stall." Yet in this poor abode she dwelt for upwards of twenty years. Truly the light that surrounded her must have been all from within.

one of the least attractive in broad England, and the cottage one of the least pretty and picturesque that could be found from John o' Groat's to the Land's End.

"Sunny Berkshire" may be seen to infinitely greater advantage a few miles off.

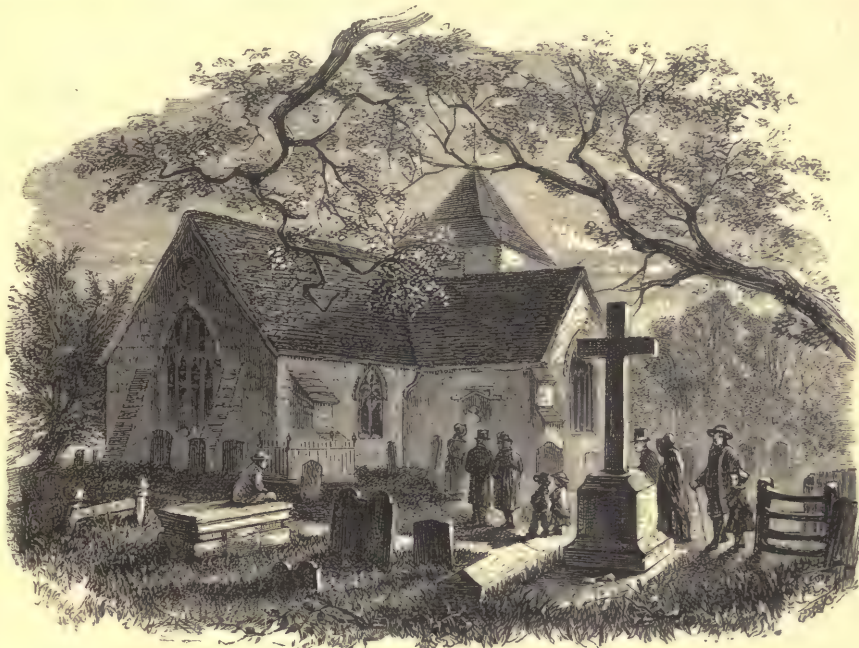
Again I draw on the memory of Mrs. Hall.

Some time after Mary Russell Mitford passed away from earth, finding ourselves in her pleasant county, "sunny Berkshire," we made a *détour* to visit once more her cottage at Three-Mile Cross, and also that at Swallowfield. We fancied we remembered the roads, and even the trees. It was a day brimful of air and sunshine,—no dust, no rain,—every bird in song, every leaf at maturity, every streamlet musical,—a jewel of a day! The rough-coated elms stood boldly and bluntly out from the velvet hedgerows; we were nearing the village; there were the signs of the over-many public-houses, so quaint and un-London-like—"The Four Horse-shoes," "The Fox and Horn," "The George and the Dragon;" there were children clapping their hands, and blooming "like roses;" the jobbing gardener with his rake, his garland of "bass," and his bundle of shreds—"blue, black, and red;" the muscular village blacksmith; the white-faced shoemaker; the ragged, rosy, saucy boys; the fair, delicate, lily-of-the-valley-like maidens—descendants of those who were boys and girls when "Our Village" was written. We arrived, after delicious loiterings, at the quaint village "Three-Miles X," as it is described by itself on a wall to the right. It is a long, lean, straggling hamlet of twenty houses and a half—the "half" being the shoemaker's shop, from which, in Miss Mitford's time, "an earthquake would hardly have stirred the souter." The village shop was there, still "Bromley's shop," just as it was in her day, except that the master and mistress were "elderly," and the children not young; but children still flourished round *them*, keeping the picture "fresh." The master of the shop, a handsome old man, was pleased to talk of Miss Mitford and "the doctor," and of her good-nature and her oddities. "Yes," he said, "that was her house, the very next door: every one called it small and ugly and inconvenient; but *she* liked it—she made herself and everybody else happy in it. He did not know what visitors expected the house to be; he could repeat every word she had written on't." "A cottage! No; a miniature house, with many additions, little odds and ends of places, pantries, and what not; a little bricked court before the one half, and a little flower-yard before the other; the walls old and weather-stained, covered with hollyhocks, roses, honeysuckles, and a great apricot-tree."

Out upon Time! The hollyhocks, the honeysuckles, the roses, even the great apricot-tree, were dead or gone; the flowers, her dearly-loved flowers, had all perished; the trim, neat garden was a mass of tangled weeds; every tree in the garden gone, except the old bay and the "fairy rose."

The house—a body without a soul—was much as she left it, "an assemblage of closets," which "our landlord," she said, "has the assurance to call rooms." "That house," to quote her own cheerful words, "was built on purpose to show in what an exceedingly small compass comfort may be packed." Then, tenantless

and without furniture, it was damp and dreary; we felt the impossibility of imparting to such a dwelling anything approaching the picturesque of cottage life,* and felt far more than ever the most intense admiration and respect for the well-born and once wealthy lady who brought within those "old and weather-stained walls" an atmosphere of happiness—an appreciation of all that is true and beautiful in nature. Who ever heard her murmur at changed fortunes? When obliged to leave "the home of eighteen years," "surrounded by fine oaks and elms, and tall, massy plantations, shaded down into a beautiful lawn by wild, overgrown shrubs," she confesses, indeed, in her own playful way, it almost



THE GRAVE OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

broke her heart to leave it. "I have pitied," she writes, "cabbage-plants and celery, and all transplantable things, ever since, though, in common with them and other vegetables, the first agony of transportation being over, I have taken such firm and tenacious root of my new soil that I would not for the world be pulled up again, even to be restored to the beloved ground." What was this—philosophy or heroism? or the perfection of that sweet, plastic nature which

* Since this visit, some ten years ago, the "cottage" has been still more "transmogrified:" it is now an ugly stuccoed dwelling, which the author of "Our Village" would not recognise, or, if she did, would be ashamed of. Our picture represents it as it was during Miss Mitford's occupancy.

receives and retains and fructifies all happy impressions—which opens to, and cherishes, all natural enjoyments, and adapts itself to circumstances with the true spirit of the practical piety that bends to the blast, and sees sunshine bright and enduring beyond the blackest cloud?

Swallowfield is a pleasant wayside cottage, much more commodious than Three-Mile Cross could ever have been; it is seated on a triangular plot of ground, skirted by roads overshadowed by superb trees; it is the *beau idéal* of a residence for those who love the country; but we think Miss Mitford must have missed the village, missed the children, missed the homely life interests that clung round her heart at Three-Mile Cross. The aged tree had been transplanted, and superior as this cottage is in extent, in beauty, in comfort, in the richness of its close scenery, we believe the roots never struck far below the surface; the “dear father” never sat under that mantel-shelf, “pretty May” never stretched before that fire. To the old, these delicious home-memories are more “life” than the actual life in which others exist: the eye may be closed and the lip silent, but the *past*, the PAST is with the old, ever fresh and young as a blind man’s bride.

It is gratifying to know that when life was drawing towards a close, the world was “shut out” from her heart, except when it opened to beloved friends, and to the high and holy hope that is ever the comfort and the consolation of the Christian. She was not without suffering—much suffering, indeed—but her mind was clear and fresh and *young* to the last.

There has been time, since her death, to place her in the position she will occupy in British literature: it is a high one, though not of the highest; her works have gone out of public favour; her novel was never worth much; her tragedies were but second rate at best, and took no hold of the stage; her fame rests—mainly, if not exclusively—on her sketches of village character, incident, and scenery; and these will delight readers so long as Nature can charm.

On the 7th of January, 1855, she thus wrote—almost her last letter:—

“It has pleased Providence to preserve to me my calmness of mind, clearness of intellect, and also my power of reading by day and by night; and, which is still more, my love of poetry and literature, my cheerfulness, and my enjoyment of little things.”

She sleeps in one of the prettiest of old village churchyards, where the lads and lasses pass, every Sabbath-day, beside her grave—fit resting-place of one who delighted in picturing

“The humble loves and simple joys”

of the Sylvias and Corydons that still gather round an English homestead.

Pleasant is the memory, because happy was the life, kindly the nature, and genial the heart, of Mary Russell Mitford. She had her trials, and she bore them well; trusting and faithful, and ever true to the *Nature* she loved; sending forth from her poor cottage at Three-Mile Cross—from its leaden casement and narrow door—floods of light and sunshine that have cheered and brightened the uttermost parts of earth.

UGO FOSCOLO.



HAVE reserved for one of the latest of my "Memories" that which is among the very earliest of them—a Memory of Ugo Foscolo.

In the year 1823, when I was striving to make my way in London, much after the manner I have described when writing of George Crabbe and Gerald Griffin—sternly resolved to maintain the only "property" I inherited—the name and rank of a gentleman; equally determined to achieve independence, and, if possible, distinction, by my own unaided efforts, and

"no revenue had
But my good spirits,"

it was intimated to me that I could, if I liked, become the secretary of the Italian poet, Ugo Foscolo, who stood in need of such assistance as I might render him. I accepted the "appointment"—if so it may be called, which implied little work and no pay; for so it was, during the six or eight months I was associated with him. He had himself nothing to do; and my services consisted principally in making copies of letters, and transcribing and converting into "better English" some articles he was engaged in writing, with a view to publication in the *Quarterly Review* and the *New Monthly Magazine*.

His manuscripts were partly in English, partly in French, and partly in Italian. His caligraphy was of the worst possible order, and it was no easy task to bring them together, so as to make them readable by the printer, and available for the publisher.

His residence was at South Bank, Regent's Park. The district north of St. John's Wood was not then the huge "city" it is now; it was quite in the country, and there were rural walks in all directions about the locality.

The cottage in which Foscolo placed me was that in which he had resided before he built "Digamma Cottage"—a small semi-detached cottage a few doors off.

Digamma Cottage was not at that time quite finished; the furniture was not all "in;" the garden, that sloped down to the canal, was not entirely planted; but much of the arrangement of taste was there, with many of the appliances of wealth. It was a costly erection, and expensive was all its garniture. Everything, however, was done upon credit. When Foscolo began to build, I understood he had not a hundred pounds of his own; and he could not have had much more at any time during his occupancy. The inevitable consequence was that in due time bills were delivered; there were no means to meet them; and

* He so christened his cottage as a consequence of what he considered his triumph in the warm discussion that had taken place among men of letters concerning the Greek Digamma. Foscolo had written an article on the subject for the *Quarterly Review*.

although a course of lectures that were productive, and a private subscription among his friends, staved off for a time his embarrassments, and enabled him to meet the more pressing claims, he soon became involved in difficulties from which extrication was impossible.

While he was in that state I found him.

It is a long, long vista through which I look back—nearly half a century. I do so with earnest thankfulness to God, who preserved me from the imminent peril to which I was exposed at my entrance into life. I feel a shudder now; for I see the death-pit at the threshold, as the door opens to give me entrance! It was a most unhealthy atmosphere to which I was subjected. Foscolo made no secret of being an infidel. He had no principle to guide him that might have worked in the stead of religious sentiment. He coveted and enjoyed the luxuries of an Epicurean; and his household consisted of five female servants—two of whom were sisters—one of them being his housekeeper; and all of them were handsome. My peril was augmented by the fact that I had intense admiration for his genius, and was enthusiastically devoted to him—so devoted that I think it would have been impossible for me to have refused to do any work of any kind he had summoned me to do.

Providence at that perilous moment led me to know her who, a year afterwards, became my wife—and I was saved!

Our evenings were generally spent in playing chess, but I soon found it was a dangerous game; if he were beaten he would throw the men about, and sometimes tear his long straggling hair, so as to leave much of it in his hands; and I was glad to retire to my lonely home, occasionally to be sent for, and asked to accept an apology—which, of course, I always did.

At least once a week he succeeded in persuading me that he intended to commit suicide before the morning. On one occasion, I remember, I paced up and down the road all night, fully convinced that I should be called in to see him dead: he had shown me a small dagger, which he kept at his bedside, and had told me he meant to kill himself with that, when midnight had passed. I ran off as fast as I could to communicate the appalling fact to John Cam Hobhouse, one of his friends. I disturbed him from a party to entreat his interference, and was horrified when he patted me on the shoulder and said, "My young friend, when you know Foscolo as well as I do, you will have as little faith in him as I have." I returned to keep watch beside his door, and when the house was astir, I entered—to hear the poet shouting for his breakfast! He greeted me without a thought to my agony of the night. Gradually the mist in which he had enveloped me was dispelled. I left his neighbourhood, and saw no more of the man of vast intellectual power, whose life was a waste—if considered with reference to what he might have been and might have done.

He lacked the rectitude without which, after all, enduring fame is obtained but rarely. Of all the productions of his pen, the "*Lettere di Jacobo Ortis*" is the only one known to this generation, and that is nearly forgotten except in Italy.* He holds rank, however, among the foremost of its poets; and Garibaldi

* The "*Lettere di Jacobo Ortis*" is a wild tale of passion, after the manner of "*The Sorrows of Werter*."

is not the only one of his countrymen who has laid *immortels* in profound homage on his grave in the churchyard at Chiswick.

He was born in 1776, on board a frigate of the Venetian Republic, near Zante, the island of which his father was *proveditore*, or governor, and was educated at Padua. In 1797, a tragedy by him, *Tieste*, was performed at the theatre of St. Angelo, from which Alfieri, then living, augured his after fame. In that year Buonaparte delivered up Venice to Austria; and Foscolo, in disgust, entered the Italian army—not for any long time, however. He was a wanderer in many states, publishing here and there; and in 1816 came to England, where he was received with open arms, as an exiled patriot (which he undoubtedly was), by the Liberals of the time, Brougham, Mackintosh, Lansdowne, Russell, Hallam, Hobhouse, and others, whom he soon “wore out;” lived much as I have described until 1827, when he died—on the 10th of December of that year—at Hammersmith, and was buried in the churchyard at Chiswick. A headstone there records his name.

It is certain that he fully valued the house he had built and adorned; elegancies were to him luxuries; he was no epicure in the ordinary sense of the term; of wine he partook sparingly; but his rooms were crowded with refinements of art, and in every corner or convenient space there was the copy of an antique statue: his house was, indeed, his palace. He wrote, in one of the very few letters of which I preserved copies, “I can easily undergo all privations; but my dwelling is always my workshop, and often my prison, and ought not to distress me with the appearance of misery, and I confess, in this respect, I cannot be acquitted of extravagance.”

In another letter, writing of the costliness of his furniture, he said, “They encompass me with an air of respectability, and they give me the illusion of not having fallen into the lowest circumstances. I must also declare that I will die like a gentleman, on a clean bed, surrounded by the Venuses, Apollos, and the Graces, and the busts of great men; nay, even among flowers, and, if possible, while music is breathing around me. Far from courting the sympathy of posterity, I will never give mankind the gratification of ejaculating preposterous sighs because I died in a hospital like Camoens, or like Tasso; and since I must be buried in your country, I am happy in having got, for the remainder of my life, a cottage, independent of neighbours, surrounded by flowering shrubs; and when I can freely dispose of a hundred pounds, I will build a small dwelling to receive my corpse also, under a beautiful Oriental plane-tree, which I mean to plant next November,* and cultivate *con amore* to the last year of my existence. So far I am, indeed, an epicure; but in all other things I am the most moderate of men. I might vie with Pythagoras for sobriety, and even with great Scipio for continence.”†

Ah! his expectations were delusions; his hopes were dreams. Within a year or so after his calculations to die among the blandishments of life, he was hiding

* That tree he did actually plant. It was flourishing a few years ago, when the artist, R. J. Lane, lived in Digamma Cottage.

† Many years ago (in the year 1830, I believe), I quoted these passages in a communication I gave to Mr. Charles Macfarlane, which he printed in his “Romance of History, Italy.” I have been unable to procure the volume, which I much regret, as there was in it other matter I cannot now recall to memory.

from a "bailiff hunt;" all his household gods had been seized, sold, and scattered; he had a poor shelter in an obscure lodging at Hammersmith, enduring penury, and barely escaping obloquy; and one of his creditors obtained possession of the "dwelling," and the "plane-tree" that was to shadow his body when dead. He was not quite deserted by his "friends;" they relieved him from absolute want—that was all; they buried—at the comparatively early age of fifty, him who, be his faults what they may, will be classed high among the Poets of Italy and of the World.

I recall him now as, with a vehemence almost superhuman, he denounced the Corsican, quoting the brave and terribly bitter words he used when face to face with the conqueror of Italy—almost of the world. I wish I could recollect them, for they were grand. No doubt they may be found somewhere.¹

My recollection of him is very vivid. He was somewhat above the middle size, thin, almost attenuated, but wiry, active, and exceedingly energetic, apparently unable to control a naturally irritable temper by any influence of reason. His head was one of the finest, in the intellectual organs, I have ever seen; a forehead as broad and massive as that of Michael Angelo, whom, indeed, he somewhat resembled, even to a slightly-depressed nose; his eyes were grey, deep-set, and quick; shaggy eyebrows overhung them; he wore a beard; his mouth was large and sensual, and its expression was not concealed by a moustache; his light hair was thin and long (it must have been originally red); he was continually tearing it when under the effects of any sudden excitement. In one of his sonnets he thus pictured himself:—

"A furrowed brow, intent and deep-sunk eyes,
Thin hair, lean cheeks, and mind and aspect bold;
The proud, quick lip where seldom smiles arise;
Bent head and well-formed neck; breast rough and cold;
Limbs well composed; simple in dress, yet choice;
Swift or to move, act, think, or thought unfold."

He had all the outer characteristics usually associated with ideas of lofty genius, but a mind ill regulated, and not directed by any thought or care to the exigencies or the duties of life—of life here as a preparation for life hereafter; in that, indeed, most unhappily, he did not believe; he had no superintending, or directing, or influencing Faith of any kind; and the Teachers of all Faiths were to him abominations.

His countryman and friend, Count Pecchio, said that on his death-bed he "spoke of the great mystery of the soul:" may we not hope that as the shadow drew near, and he knew that the "great mystery" would soon be made clear, there broke in upon him a light he had so long wilfully shut out, and that a repentant prayer ascended to the Redeemer he had all his life denied; that,

"Between the saddle and the ground,
He mercy sought and mercy found?"

CHARLES DICKENS.



HE Band of "the Immortals" is thinning fast. Another has been added to the list of the departed since I commenced this book, and I cannot close it better than by tendering homage to his memory.

Charles Dickens was born at Portsmouth on the 7th of February, 1812, and died suddenly, at Gad's Hill, on the 9th of June, 1870.

What a full, brilliant, useful life it was—that which endured no longer here—on earth—than fifty-eight years! What a prodigious bequest he has left; what a munificent gift, not to his country alone, but to all the peoples of the world, "making mankind his debtor to the end of time!" I have applied these words to other great benefactors of the epoch; to none with greater force or truth than to this great master and guide of the hearts and minds of millions.

So it is now, and so it will be for ever!

My Memory of Charles Dickens may be compressed into brief space; within the last few months he has received a hundred tributes, more eloquent, more emphatic, and more powerful than any I might write; and if I could devote sufficient space to the subject, I should fill it by extracting passages, *in memoriam*, from the testimonials laid by his contemporaries upon his grave. And that grave is in Westminster Abbey!

"Ne'er to those dwellings where the mighty rest,
Since their foundations came a nobler guest"

than he who, on the 14th day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy, was laid among illustrious compeers—those who have been famous in war, and those who have obtained holier renown in the victories of peace.

His funeral was not like that of Campbell, or, later, that of Macaulay; no crowd of titled pall-bearers trod the pavement on that gloomy day; but there were millions who grieved for the "going out" of one of the brightest lights of the age; and if the burial had been public, and not private, the Abbey could not have contained the number of mourners who would have sobbed among its venerable and time-honoured aisles.

It is grand recompense for a life of labour—the consciousness that a debt has been contracted, and is paid, not only willingly, but gladly, by, it may be, the half of humankind. They are in grievous error who fancy that such consciousness can exist only so long as the lungs give breath; the "cloud of witnesses" by which we are "encompassed" will testify of us—for good or for evil—long after "this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality."

It is to the accomplished Dean of Westminster that we are mainly indebted for the "honour" that was conferred on Charles Dickens when he was placed in

the Abbey, among the illustrious dead. He had not only not sought it, but indirectly protested against it, for these words were in his last Will and Testament :—

“I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner, that no public announcement be made of the time or place of my burial, that at the utmost not more than three plain mourning coaches be employed, and that those who attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hatband, or other such revolting absurdity. I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb, without the addition of ‘Mr.’ or ‘Esquire.’ I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever.”

It was a good example he thus set to society. May it be followed universally, so that the loathsome display of “trappings” at a funeral may be considered not compliments, but insults, to brother or sister “removed.” He wrote further—

“I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me.”

He might, as he did, safely confide in both ; yet it was well done to show the world that his “friends” and his “country” estimated him more highly than he did himself ; that the loftiest reward they could bestow upon him was accorded after his death ; and I cannot doubt that his spirit was comforted by such acknowledgment of the good he had done—the blessings his works had conferred upon mankind.

“There is no death : what seems so is transition :
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death !”

They are poor reasoners concerning “the hereafter” who reject the belief that happiness as well as remorse is the inheritance of those whose works do follow them when they leave earth.

It may be questioned whether the prayer of the Church liturgy to be delivered from “sudden death” is a wise prayer ; but, at all events, he had his warnings ; he had obviously been prepared for the change that he knew might at any hour come. He was ready—we may firmly believe. The words that have been uttered over his grave have never been applied with more solemn truth. Happy and to be envied are they who, when they “rest from labour,” enter into the joy of their Lord, and receive the greeting, “Well done, good and faithful servant !”

He died in harness—when his fame was at its zenith—before age had weakened power ; and the “sudden death” may have been a merciful reward. No doubt he was another victim to long and hard head-work—another proof that

“The brain o’erwrought
Preys on itself, and is consumed by thought.”

But let us picture the two years and two months of the death-bed of Thomas Moore—the mind gone, or but glimmering now and then, in half consciousness, when he dimly recognised his “Bessy.” Let us imagine Robert Southey crawling along his library, taking down one book after another, in vain search for some long-familiar passage, and sadly murmuring, as he pressed his thin and shaking hand to his early-wrinkled brow—“Memory ! memory ! where art thou gone ?”

We may be thankful that such mournful destiny was not that of Charles Dickens.

I first knew Charles Dickens in the year 1826, when no "shadow before" had heralded the "coming" of fame. His father was a Parliamentary reporter in connection with the *British Press*—a newspaper with which I was also connected. It seems but yesterday—though it is more than forty years ago—since I first saw him, then a handsome lad, gleaning intelligence in the by-ways of the metropolis—taking in rapidly that he might, thereafter, lavishly give out. From his boyhood he had to provide for himself; from the age of thirteen years it was his happy destiny not to abstract from, but to augment, the income that supported his home. On both sides, his family lived by severe, though honourable toil—the toil of the better classes, however, for Charles Dickens was born a gentleman; and if, until within a comparatively recent period, he was not rich, there is no one of his "kith and kin" who cannot, to some extent, give the why and wherefore that it was so. He was never one who thought so much of his public as to neglect his private duties; but his generousities were by no means so limited: if with him charity began at home, assuredly it did not end there.

Yes, it seems but yesterday, at his then residence in Doughty Street, we were present at the christening of his first-born child! What a full life it has been from that day to this, on which we write: since we were startled by the humour and pathos of the pamphlet-book in green cover—Mr. Pickwick heralding a hundred characters, every one of whom rises to memory as I write—every one of whom was a creation of genius, to be classed to the end of time with those that have immortalised the creator!

He became famous at once: he had not long to wait for the recompense of genius—the recompense it does not always obtain, and which is often postponed until the ear is deaf to the voice of the charmer; or, at best, there has come indifference to the reward. The *reveille* had been sounded when the "Sketches" of "Boz" appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*. They were read by many who anticipated fame for the author, in ignorance who he might be. From the issue of the first part of "Pickwick" to the day when the pen fell from his hand, his career was one uninterrupted triumph. For more than a quarter of a century he was recognised as a foremost man of the age. His many works have delighted, and—what is of far greater moment—instructed, millions; and the impress he has left on the page of literary history will endure for centuries to come—as long as the language in which his books are written: a language that is now read and spoken by hundreds of millions, and which probably will be, at no very distant period, the common tongue of the half of humankind.

The death—if the term must be applied to one who can never die—of this largely-gifted and large-hearted man carried deep grief into every circle, not alone of the kingdom, but of the world: the highest and the lowest of society alike felt they had lost a friend—one who not only ministered, and always rightly, to their intellectual enjoyments, but was ever the firm yet genial advocate of Humanity. His sympathies were mainly, but by no means exclusively, with the humbler classes; he was ever on the side of all who suffered wrong—ever the enemy of those by whom it was inflicted. His satire—and he was often a

keen satirist—was never personal, either as regarded himself or the vices and follies he assailed: of him may be truly said what the poet said of Sheridan—in “the combat” his wit

“Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.”

And it is no exaggeration to apply to Charles Dickens the line that was applied to William Shakspeare—

“He was not for an age, but for all time.”

A sermon—we may call it a “funeral sermon”—was preached by the Dean of Westminster, in Westminster Abbey, on Sunday, June the 19th. It was a touching, beautiful, and very eloquent discourse. In the course of it he did not hesitate to record his opinion as to the value of “teaching by fiction,” in allusion to parables, which he in a manner classed under that head—the Bible sanctioning that mode of instruction, as in a special sense God’s gift to our own age.

“In various ages,” he said, “this gift has assumed various forms, the divine flame of poetry, the far-reaching page of science, the searching analysis of philosophy, the glorious page of history, the stirring eloquence of preacher or orator, the grave address of moralist or divine,—all these we have had in ages past, and to some extent we have them still; but no age has developed like this the gift of speaking in parables, of teaching by fiction.” “Poetry,” he continued, “may kindle a loftier fire, the drama may rivet the attention more firmly, science may open a wider horizon, and philosophy may touch a deeper spring, but no works are so penetrating or so persuasive, enter so many houses, or attract so many readers, as the romance or novel of modern times.” “And in proportion as the good novel is the best, so is the bad novel the worst of instructors; but the work of the successful novelist, if pure in style, elevating in thought, and true in its sentiment, is the best of blessings to the Christian home, which the bad writer would debase and defile.”

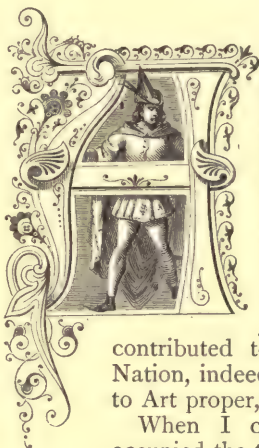
The Dean in the pulpit reviewed the works of the author: those portions, at least, which supplied evidence of his large humanity, his advocacy of the poor, the suffering, and the desolate—the duty of sympathy, unselfish kindness, kindly patience, and tender thoughtfulness; and he concluded by quoting a passage from his Will. That passage, it is scarcely too much to say, may be more productive of good to mankind than all the books he wrote, rare helpers though they be in promoting the cause of God and man. The passage is this:—

“I COMMIT MY SOUL TO THE MERCY OF GOD, THROUGH OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, AND I EXHORT MY DEAR CHILDREN TO TRY TO GUIDE THEMSELVES BY THE TEACHING OF THE NEW TESTAMENT IN ITS BROAD SPIRIT, AND TO PUT NO FAITH IN ANY MAN’S NARROW CONSTRUCTION OF ITS LETTER.”

In this age, when literature—the literature of fiction more especially—is so frequently tainted with scepticism, and writers abound who strive to sneer down the faith of a Christian as the rejected of intellectual women and men—it is a great blessing to know that among its upholders and advocates is Charles Dickens; and that when we read his books we may remember they were written by aid and guidance of that ever-shining Light.

MEMORIES OF ARTISTS

(FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE).



ALTHOUGH they will be necessarily brief, some Recollections of Artists I have known cannot, I think, be otherwise than acceptable to the readers of this book. I have already given Memories of some; I am enabled to supply those of others. Before I do so, however, it may be expedient and useful to review the position of British Art as it was some forty years ago, and contrast it with the comparatively high and palmy state to which it has attained in 1870. I need not go much further back than the year 1839, when I founded the *Art-Journal*—a monthly work which, I humbly hope, has contributed to effect the change upon which all Artists, and the Nation, indeed, may be congratulated. The remark applies not only to Art proper, but to the arts of Industry and Manufacture.

When I commenced the *Art-Journal*, Art was a theme that occupied the thoughts of few. I had literally to create a Public for its support; and I did so. During the first ten years of its existence it never paid its expenses any one year; perseverance, however, made it in time popular, and it has long been a prosperous work.* I have been aided by a very large number of the best and most useful writers concerning Art, a list of whom would be a very long list;† and I have had the co-operation of many eminent artists; to private collectors also I have been largely indebted, more especially to the late Mr. Vernon, who gave me the valuable right to engrave his Gallery; and, above all, to her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and the good Prince Albert, who accorded to me the privilege of engraving their Private Collections of pictures at Buckingham Palace, Windsor, and Osborne.

* The *Art-Journal* was originally published as the *Art-Union*. It was issued as a post sheet, price eightpence. I increased the price to one shilling, then to eighteenpence, then to two shillings, and then to half-a-crown. Each time I raised the price the circulation was doubled; the cost of production, however, was augmented in proportion.

† During twenty-six of these thirty-two years I have had constantly working by my side, as assistant editor, Mr. JAMES DAFFORNE. I should be ungrateful if I made no record of his long and valuable services, for to them I am very largely indebted; and to his zeal and active industry, as well as ability, I must attribute much of the success and prosperity of the work.

I should also neglect an imperative duty if I made no acknowledgment of the liberality of the publishers, by whom I have been sustained and supported—who have grudging no expenditure that could aid the undertaking, or in any way augment its interest and value.

It struggled for bare existence during many years ; and its lamp would have "gone out" but for the thought that I might make it the representative of a class that never had been in any remote degree represented—the Art-manufacturers, and so to show "THE MERCANTILE VALUE OF THE FINE ARTS." To that feature of the work I must entirely attribute its success. As a publication for Artists only, it never would have succeeded.

That is enough to say of this undertaking, although its history might be deemed curious and instructive during the thirty-two years, from 1839 to 1871.

Forty years ago—nay, thirty—there was little or no patronage for native Art. Portrait-painters, indeed, were rich ; but historic-painters rarely received "commissions ;" and landscape-painters had their remunerative employment chiefly from the publishers, as illustrators of books. One of the greatest artists of the nineteenth century, Hilton, never had a commission, and did not sell six pictures of size all his life. Prout, Harding, Copley Fielding, Dewint, Barrett, David Cox—these are names of but a few of the masters in landscape-art, who produced drawings which were paid for at the rate of little more than a shilling for every square inch. Leslie sold his picture of "Sancho and the Duchess," to Rogers, for seventy-four pounds ; it was bought by a dealer, at the sale of the poet's goods, for eleven hundred and twenty guineas. Wilkie's "Errand Boy," a canvas measuring fourteen inches by nineteen inches, brought at Christie's the sum of one thousand and fifty guineas : probably Wilkie received for it the odd fifty.

These cases are but two of hundreds ; every sale at Christie's furnishes evidence of the same kind—not alone of artists who are dead, but of artists who are yet vigorously at work. While he lived, a picture by Stanfield sold for upwards of two thousand pounds, for which probably he received two hundred pounds ; and a picture by John Linnell for twelve hundred pounds, for which I have reason to know he received fifty pounds. It is needless for me to quote more of such cases ; I could furnish them by hundreds.*

I have been present, more than once, at a private view of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, when there was not (excepting portraits) a single picture in the collection "sold ;" and I well remember the sensation created, on another occasion of a private view, when it was communicated by a buzz of astonishment throughout the company that some one had bought a picture for the sum of two hundred guineas !

How is it now ? Not long ago I was called upon by a gentleman at Liverpool to select for him from one of the exhibitions a picture of the value of one hundred pounds—a prize he had gained in the Art-Union of London. I did my best. At the Royal Academy I made notes of thirty-two pictures, which I supposed to be about the value named, of course omitting all I believed to

* So recently as 1849-50, Mr. Linnell had very rarely been able to sell a picture. I called upon him when he was residing in Porchester Terrace : he was in a state of great despondency, complaining that he could not live by his profession as an artist—that he had tried portrait-painting without success ; engraving—and it had been a failure ; in a few words, he said, "Nobody will buy a picture of mine." His painting-room was then crowded with his works. A few months afterwards I saw at the British Institution one of his pictures, small, but very beautiful. I described it to Mr. Vernon (who then lived at No. 50, Pall Mall), and recommended him to buy it. After some hesitation, as he could not see it, being then confined to his bed, he commissioned me to purchase it for him. I did so for the sum of forty pounds. That picture, "The Storm," is one of the gems of the Vernon Gallery, and would probably bring eight hundred pounds at a public sale. Mr. Linnell finds it easy now to obtain eight hundred pounds for a picture not half so good.

have been previously sold. When I consulted the book of the secretary of the Royal Academy, I found that my choice must be limited to three—the twenty-nine others having been disposed of—and I was compelled to buy a picture which the artist had valued at eighty pounds, the only one that approximated to the prize of one hundred pounds. In a word, *now* at any of the Metropolitan exhibitions, and generally in those of the Provinces, there is hardly a picture of merit returned to the artist “unsold.”*

A hundred years have barely passed since the Royal Academy was founded; only forty-four years back there was no national collection of Art-works in England. In 1824 the Government of the country gave some thought to Art, forming the nucleus of a gallery by the purchase of the Angerstein pictures; there was no Government department of Science and Art; no Provincial Art-schools existed thirty years ago. In 1823 the Society of British Artists was established; in 1804 the Society of Painters in Water Colours; the Artists’ Fund was founded in 1810, obtaining its charter of incorporation in 1827; and the Artists’ General Benevolent Fund in 1814, obtaining its charter in 1842. In 1834 the Royal Institution of British Architects was established, obtaining its charter in 1837. In 1826 the Royal Hibernian Academy was founded; and in the same year the Royal Scottish Academy. These are, even now, the only National Institutions for the promotion of Art; for although there are some societies in the provinces, they are essentially of a private and local character.

Art was not considered essential to the education of society, nor important to the well-being of the country. Until about forty years ago, nay, within thirty, there was little or no *patronage* of British Art. The wealthy aristocracy had their houses full of pictures, indeed; and among them were, and are, many of the most glorious achievements of genius; but they were, and are, principally OLD MASTERS; works by modern artists being comparatively few.

The true Art-patrons of our immediate time had not yet felt the impetus now so general. The merchant-princes, the manufacturers, the iron-masters, the ship-owners, nay, the drapers and grocers, were spending much money in buying pictures; but they, too, were impressed with a belief that what was old was good, and what was new was of no worth. Time taught them another lesson, and to that I will presently refer.

I will illustrate this position by an anecdote. Somewhere about the year 1846 I visited an eminent manufacturer, Mr. Charles Meigh, at Hanley, in Staffordshire. Hanging in his drawing-room were two pictures, among others—one by “Rubens,” the other a joint production of Webster and Creswick; for the Rubens he had paid five hundred pounds, and for the Webster and Creswick sixty pounds. I somewhat startled him by saying I would give much more for the latter than I would for the former. Some three or four years afterwards, his collection was publicly sold at Christie’s. The Webster and Creswick brought three hundred pounds (it would now sell for six hundred pounds), and the so-called Rubens was bought in for eighty pounds.

But, in fact, the importation of “old masters” into England (to say nothing

* To the present high and palmy state of British Art the Art-Union of London has very largely contributed; and the gratitude of all artists and the Nation is due to the late Honorary Secretary of that valuable Institution—George Godwin, Esq., F.R.S.

of the number manufactured in this country) was prodigious. Year after year, between 1841 and 1846, I printed in the *Art-Journal* annual returns of such importations at the London custom-house. From these returns I produced evidence that between the years 1833 and 1843, inclusive, 102,269 pictures by "old masters" were imported into England, paying a duty (one shilling the square foot) of £28,260 in eleven years. These "old masters" professed to be the works of Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Vandyke, &c. &c.; and probably of the 102,269, 269 only were genuine; for in one year—the year 1847—a larger number of importations bore the name of "Titian" than Titian had painted all his long life.

I hope I may be allowed, without risking the charge of presumption, to say that for many years I ran a-tilt against the culpable and foul delusion which led people to believe that when they bought a "Titian," or other work alleged to be by a great artist, they obtained a veritable production of the master. I exposed the iniquities of dealers in these frauds; showed where "old masters" were painted, "baked," and received the artificial character of age; told how exposures followed attempts to re-sell them, and that buyers of such works were without any legal remedy; and I placed in juxtaposition the prices, largely augmented, which modern paintings of a high class brought at public sales—such cases as that I have referred to of Mr. Charles Meigh, his "Rubens" and his "Webster."

I warned wealthy, but ignorant, buyers of the snares laid for them by dealers; of concocted stories and certificates; of warrantries that meant nothing; of autographic marks that were the shallowest deceptions; I warned them, in a word, that when they bought pictures they were, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, cheated, but that modern masters could be always tested—reference to the presumed painter being sure evidence; that, in fact, the one was a safe, the other at least an unsafe, INVESTMENT; and that, even regarded as a sound policy of trade, they would do well to reject the one class, and become possessors of the other.

Such exposures, month after month, produced fruit; wealthy men became convinced; they bought modern pictures as, at all events, not a losing speculation, eschewing the old masters as things perilous to touch. The trade was destroyed: nowadays, when ancient pictures are sold (unless there be ample evidence of descent and value), they are bought as furniture-pictures, for little more than the cost of the frames!

Sculpture was in a state no better: perhaps worse. Busts and monumental groups were, indeed, often commissioned; but for sculpture of the higher class there was no demand, or little. Nollekens, indeed, had amassed a fortune, partly by frugal habits and hard industry, but chiefly by making busts and monumental works for the Government; Bacon also prospered under similar patronage; so also did Banks; and, somewhat later, Chantrey found profitable the national love of portraiture—living and dying rich. But although Baily and Westmacott obtained commissions for poetical sculpture, Flaxman worked for miserable payments, which came from manufacturers. He received for his designs for the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*—thirty-nine of one, and thirty-four of the other—fifteen shillings each! and there are bills extant which show that for many of his models for Wedgwood he was paid half-a-guinea each.

Thirty years ago there was scarcely a British sculptor who could keep a house by his labours ; and certainly none, excepting Chantrey, Westmacott, and Baily, who had a "commission" save for busts. The "Bacchus and Ino" of Foley lay neglected in his humble *atelier*. MacDowell had never furnished a work in marble to any "patron" excepting one—Mr. Beaumont; and for the lesser stars there was literally nothing to do. How is it now? I believe there is no British sculptor whose *atelier* is not full of works in progress, and the art of sculpture is as prosperous as the sister art of painting.*

Engraving, unhappily, is now, in England, nearly a vanished art. Excepting the works executed for the *Art-Journal* I believe there are very few line engravings progressing in Great Britain. The mezzotint-scrappers and professors of the mixed style are, indeed, partially employed; but the new art of photography has been fatal to the higher, and, indeed, to the humbler, art of the engraver. The engraver had his palmy days thirty or forty years ago, when sums varying from one hundred to two hundred guineas were paid by publishers for engravings averaging five square inches in size! I paid to Le Keux one hundred and eighty guineas for an engraving of that size—the "Crucifixion," after John Martin; and one hundred and forty guineas to John Henry Robinson for a portrait, no larger, from a painting by the elder Pickersgill.

I have offered some remarks as to the position of the artist in reference to the money-rewards he now obtains for his labours, in comparison with those awarded to him forty years ago. I am, however, by no means sure that this advantage is without alloy, or that the *status* of the artist has advanced in proportion. The dealer is now his patron; he sees little and knows nothing of the collector who buys his work; it has closed the refining and elevating influence that resulted from intercourse between those who created and those who appreciated. A work is purchased as a bale of cotton is bought—because it may yield a profit to those who sell. A name that is known to be "marketable" is attached to a picture, and it brings a high price. As the production of Brown, Jones, or Robinson, it would find no purchaser. The natural consequence is, that a picture frequently leaves the easel, and is sent "home," when in a state very far from finished. The fatal sentence, "It will do," consigns it to its owner, and fame and glory have no share in the contract.

I might enlarge much on this topic, but space limits me to a regret that the artists of to-day have less lofty ambitions than had the artists of yesterday. They are wealthier, no doubt. Some modern painters have made more in a year than their predecessors made in half a century. Nay, some who are living have obtained much more money for their productions within the last ten years—notably John Linnell—than they had obtained for them during the previous fifty; while there is no comparison between the real value of that for which they were paid shillings and that for which they receive pounds.

It may seem harsh and unnatural to speak of such prosperity in a tone of lamentation; that "the commercial element" should enter into Art-products as it

* When I began to engrave works in sculpture for introduction into the *Art-Journal*, I received many emphatic warnings as to the hazard I was incurring. Some over-sensitive persons did actually reject the work, and others cautioned me that society was not yet prepared to receive, without a shudder, pictures of the semi-nude. To the pure all things are pure. I persevered; I overcame the prejudice by contending against it; and now these engravings from sculptured works are the most popular the *Art-Journal* contains.

does into cotton-spinning and road-making ; that greater thought should be given to what a work will bring than to its real merit. Few men make greater haste to be rich, and render more profound homage to the means by which the object is attained. The consequence is that the profession is becoming isolated ; artists associate with artists, but do not often mix in general society, and seldom with the intellectual world. At meetings of learned societies few artists are ever present ; while between artists and men of letters intercourse seems to have closed—to the manifest disadvantage of both.

I hope these introductory remarks will not be considered tiresome or out of place, as the preface to my *Recollections* of some of the older of the British painters—the men who are not dead, but departed, “for the artist never dies.”

I recall first to memory the President of the Royal Academy, BENJAMIN WEST. In the year 1816 I was a schoolboy in London. West's picture of “Death on the Pale Horse” was exhibiting at his house in Newman Street. I went to see it, and some observation I made (I cannot tell what) must have struck the venerable man ; for I remember his laying his hand on my shoulder, and saying, “You are perfectly right, young gentleman.” He was a small, slight man, dressed in a light grey dressing-gown, and wearing light pantaloons—the habit of the time. His white and bald head was singularly fine and picturesque, his forehead very lofty and broad, his manners peculiarly suave and gracious. “His appearance,” writes Leigh Hunt, who knew him intimately, “was so gentlemanly, that the moment he changed his gown for a coat he seemed to be full dressed.” Leigh Hunt describes his “garden” in Newman Street. “It was small, but elegant, with a grass-plot in the middle, and busts upon stands under an arcade.” Though a Quaker, he was a courtier ; and though an American, he contrived to obtain and keep the friendship of George III. He was born in 1738, at Springfield, in Pennsylvania, and died in 1820, at the ripe age of eighty-two.

I may introduce the names of the three successors of West—Lawrence, Shee, and Eastlake. Of Lawrence I have already written.

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE succeeded Lawrence in 1830. He was born in Dublin in 1770. He was a small, active, and energetic man, with the manners of an Irish gentleman—that is to say, courteous, and conciliating, and sympathising, yet easily excited and eager, to unreason, for any cause of which he was the advocate. Moreover, he had that faculty for which so many of his countrymen are eminent—he spoke well, occasionally with eloquence, and was, as few of his countrymen are, a man of business. There were better artists—better portrait-painters even—in 1830 ; but none so fit for the high position he held with honour to himself and to his profession ; none who could have so ably upheld the character or augmented the power of the Academy over which he presided. He was a poet as well as a painter, and a scholar as well as a critic. His “*Rhymes on Art*,” and his tragedy of *Alasco* were read, and may yet be read, with pleasure. Perhaps in his advocacy of the rights and privileges of the Royal Academy he forgot the broad interests of Art, fighting for the Academy as a “private institution” in no

way responsible to Parliament or the country, and resisting all attempts to strengthen, by judicious changes, its power for good while increasing its means of utility. Though fierce enough with his pen, he was gentle and generous in all his domestic relations, just and honourable in all public transactions up to his death, in his eighty-first year, in 1850, when an annual pension of £200 was granted from the Civil List to his widow, and subsequently to his daughters.

There are few who knew Sir Martin Archer Shee—and he was the friend of Moore, Grattan, Sydney Smith, and many other high souls of his age—who will refuse to indorse the compliment of Byron,—

“And here let Shee and Genius find a place,
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace;
To guide whose hand the sister arts combine,
And trace the Poet's as the Painter's line :
Whose magic touch can bid the canvas glow,
And form the easy rhyme's harmonious flow,
While honours doubly merited attend
The Poet's rival, but the Painter's friend.”

As President he was dignified, firm, laborious, energetic, with much strength of character and constitutional vigour. He was accessible to all young aspirants for fame, and is one of the many glories of the country that gave him birth.

SIR CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE, the successor of Sir Martin Archer Shee, died at his residence in Fitzroy Square, on the 23rd of December, 1865, and left a blank in Art, and especially in Art-literature, which it has been impossible to fill up. If not entitled to rank among the great artists of his age, he was a painter of high class, usually selecting lofty subjects, and manifesting with his pencil the profound knowledge he had exhibited by his pen.

To criticise his numerous works with both, or even to give a list of them, is beyond my purpose. He was thoroughly a gentleman as well as a scholar; had “taken in” from every available source of information; had travelled, read, and seen much, and thought deeply. All that his predecessors, of all countries and periods, had written or painted, was familiar to him; and he so brought his own mind to bear upon them as very often to give a new light to the creations of genius in Art.

His personal appearance was greatly in his favour: his head was fine, his expression urbane, his manners kindly; they lacked, indeed, energy and decision, and had a certain tone of timidity—far too much the air of “letting I dare not wait upon I would.” And that was his character. If with his own high probity, his rare scholarship, his gentle “ways,” he had combined the indomitable will of his countryman Haydon, and had, perhaps, possessed a larger allotment of self-esteem, his power would have been infinitely greater than it was to elevate his profession and render its *status* higher than it is. His refinement, which sometimes degenerated into weakness, was no doubt mainly the result of his nature, but it was strengthened by the high society to which, from an early period, he was admitted; it placed him on a pedestal from which he looked down on his brethren in Art—or certainly seemed and was thought to do so.*

* Eastlake was continually supplying evidence of the caution that amounted to timidity. He would risk nothing; the adage, “Nothing venture nothing have,” was distasteful to him. I have several letters of his on subjects the most trite and common-place, but he generally marked them “private.”

But he had never studied in the school of adversity; better for him would it have been if he had experienced its "sweet uses;" they would have taught him consideration—which he did not possess; sympathy—which he lacked; and would have associated benevolence of mind with courtesy of manners.

He was born at Plymouth in 1793, his father being a solicitor in that town of Devonshire; was educated at the Charter-house; and was free to choose a profession, unembarrassed by any of the untoward circumstances that so often beset the commencement of a career. Honours came to him early, and continued with him late. If many have been more loved, none were more respected; and to be respected appeared the end and aim of his ambition.

Of the immediate contemporaries of President West I might say something. FUSELI, whom I knew at a much later period than 1816, was a little, bustling, energetic man, full of movement—apparently irritable movement; he was the *beau idéal* of the vulgar notion of a Frenchman—"not always," writes Leigh Hunt, "as decorous as an old man ought to be." Haydon hits his character admirably:—"To such a temperament as his, Nature was an annoyance, because she is an irrefutable reproof to extravagance and untruth." His acquirements were great, and his vigour in conversation was remarkable. "He could not argue," writes Haydon, "but illustrated everything by a brilliant repartee." The ghastly character of his compositions, generally, requires no comment. He laboured to produce unnatural effects as earnestly as most men do to avoid them; and it is said that he painted scenes and objects he saw in visions of the night—which visions were the results of wanton fits of indigestion, consequent upon eating raw beef-steaks for supper. He was born at Zurich in 1741, and died in London in 1825.

What shall I say of immortal JOHN FLAXMAN? What language can accord justice to that illustrious man? What an example he was—that high, yet humble artist—from the time when, seated on a high-backed chair in his father's image-shop, laying aside his crutches, he dedicated his soul to Art, to the day when, an aged man, he left his holy place on earth for the Celestial City, to which all his hopes had ever tended! An example of earnest thought, patient labour, enduring fortitude; of genius that sought no recompense save the sanction of conscience and the approval of God; of intense toil, otherwise ill rewarded; thinking it no condescension to work for the potter—his best patron, Wedgwood—a kindred spirit, next in greatness to himself; discharging faithfully all the minor as well as the higher duties; and, above all, rejoicing in that pure Christianity which teaches love to neighbour as only next in order to love of the Creator. Ay, his was the true Christian charity that "vaunteth not itself, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth in the truth." His tombstone in St. Giles-in-the-Fields records his death on the 7th of December, 1826, and truly tells us that "his mortal life was a constant preparation for a blessed immortality."

I recall the small, delicate, fragile-looking old man, somewhat bent in form, his head slightly depressed—that head which it would be scarcely profanation

to call "divine," the expression was so gentle, so sweet, so lovable ; it was all harmony, yet strong evidence of strength was there—of work done. He did not live long after I knew him ; but it is a privilege to have seen, conversed with, and touched the hand by which such great things had been wrought.

Not long after he left earth, I spent a day with his sister-in-law, Miss Denman, at the house in which the great artist had dwelt. All matters were much as he had left them : he had been the "idol of a household," loved, revered ! The house in Norton Street was full of relics—sketches, drawings, models : among them a miniature of the sculptor, *painted* by himself. If I had space, I could picture that room, and describe each of the noble "thoughts" it contained. They are scattered now ; the honoured name is borne by no successor ; but there is a glorious monument to his memory in his collected works at the London University ; and so long as Art endures, the name of Flaxman will be imperishable.

I may echo the words of Lawrence over the grave of that man of lofty soul and gentle spirit,—“It is just that you should admire and revere him ; it is just, on every principle of taste and virtue, that you should venerate his memory !”*

If I find it difficult to speak of Flaxman, what can I say of TURNER, of whom so much has been written and said ? There is no Art-lover who will hesitate to offer profound homage to his renowned name ; none will be found to tender respect or affection to the man. He was a singular compound of greatness and littleness. It is scarcely too much to apply to him the line of the poet,—

“The greatest and the meanest of mankind.”

But I am not to criticise either him or his immortal works ; I merely describe him. He was short and thick, singularly ungraceful, with thin lips—ever the indication of a thrift-loving soul—with shaggy eyebrows, but a remarkably brilliant eye, and expressive, though shrewd, features. Whenever he appeared in public—occasions chiefly limited to private views of the Royal Academy—he wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, the creases being palpable, that showed it had but recently been removed from the drawer in which it had reposed for perhaps a year ; and I remember a positive sensation being created at Somerset House when an audible whisper of wonder went round,—“Look at Turner : why, he has a pair of *new* gloves !” He amassed an immense fortune : he had no heart to spend it—he altogether forgot “to do good and to distribute.” It is said, and I believe with truth, that his father was the curator of his large gallery in Queen Anne Street ; but he made the old man account to him for the shillings he received from visitors, and deducted them from his weekly allowance of sixteen shillings ! Prout once told me a story of him that may be worth preserving :—Turner, Prout, and Varley were on a sketching tour in Devonshire ;

* This inscription is on his tomb in the church of “St. Giles-in-the-Fields,” where he was buried :—

JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.,

Whose mortal life was a preparation for a blessed immortality.
His angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver

On the 7th Dec., 1826,
In the seventy-second year of his age.

they had to cross a ferry, the passage charge for which was sixpence. Varley did not happen to have any change, and borrowed the money from Turner—advanced reluctantly. Next morning, Varley and Prout took the Exeter coach for London, leaving Turner behind. But, to their surprised gratification, although the hour was daybreak, and the morning bleak and dark, they saw Turner at the coach-office, waiting to see them off. Varley acknowledged the compliment, and thanked him. “No,” said Turner, “it isn’t that; but you forgot to give me back the sixpence I lent you yesterday.”

I leave this Memory very “bald:” it would be easy to say much concerning him by “borrowing” from books; but very little could be said by any one from personal knowledge, and that little would not be to the credit of the great artist—foremost among the greatest of any age or country.

His memory must have been absolutely wonderful: he seemed also to take in a mass of objects at a glance. Prout told me he had been with him often when a few pencil “scratches” on the back of a letter sufficed as notes for the production of a picture, which picture was also a portrait. He had been astonished when, afterwards—seeing the work produced, remembering the occasion on which the first “sketch” was made, and the very brief period of time expended in gathering the materials—he recognised the accuracy of the details, even to the clouds that were at the moment above the object.

Yes, that was indeed a mighty genius in Art, which, on the 23rd of April, 1775, was given to earth in the poor and narrow street called “Maiden Lane,” and was taken from earth on the 19th of December, 1851.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.—In the course of my Memory of Miss Mitford I had occasion to refer to one of the most cherished of her friends, the painter Haydon. It is impossible to write of that remarkable man without pain—not alone with reference to his self-inflicted death, but to his whole career in Art. It is a mournful story from beginning to end.

I knew him intimately, and had frequent correspondence with him. Personally, he was much indebted to Nature; tall, of fine figure; limbs finely set and well modelled, with a handsome yet manly face, admirably outlined; fresh-coloured; eyes clear, yet searching; a high, intellectual forehead, evidencing large capacity; and manners imposing and attractive, rather than easy and becoming: exacting, certainly, with palpable evidence of self-esteem rather than of self-respect. An overweening confidence in his own powers, and a surprise—generally natural, but sometimes forced—that all mankind did not think of him as he thought of himself, was the great stumbling-block in his way from the commencement to the close of his singular career. I remember saying to him, “Haydon, if you had had a little less vanity and a little more pride, you would have been the great man of your age.”* Pride he had none; that is to say, the pride that makes a mean action impossible. So early as 1812 he speaks without a blush of his having concluded his picture of Macbeth “wholly by dint of borrowing from my friends;” and in 1814 he

* There is a postscript to one of his letters to me, “So you admit, if it were not for my vanity, I should be a great man! Delightful! What more could you say of Alexander or Napoleon?”

records that Benjamin West sent him a draft, which "he hoped would be adequate to keep the wolf from his door." Twenty years later he writes this sad passage: "Excessively distressed; no employment but my landlord's charity." Later still he talks of his "shocking necessities and want of money perpetually blighting his energies;" and in 1832, Sir Robert Peel, ever patient with men in adversity, he had at length worn out. It must have been heavy pressure which, in that year, forced from the great statesman this letter:—"I think it hard that because I have manifested a desire to assist you in your former difficulties, I should be exposed to the incessant applications I have since received from you." Of vanity he had much. He says of himself that he "was always panting for distinction, even at a funeral," and felt angry when at that of Opie—he was not in the *first* coach. Alas, how often was he compelled with shame to take the lower room! His vanity was even tickled when, on landing at Ostend, the *commissionnaire* thundered out his name; he "landed as if under a salute from the batteries."

But his vanity ever kept him from attributing neglect to want of desert. His continual cry was, "I suffer this for the cause of High Art in England." When one of his pictures was purchased to go to America, he exclaims, "What a disgrace to the aristocracy!"

Yet few artists of any age had less right to complain of want of sympathy or lack of patronage. Sir Robert Peel had repeatedly opened to him his purse; Thomas Hope sent him two hundred pounds when he was ill, and insisted that "it should not be considered a debt." Even gentle Talfourd, when struggling onward to the Bench, often lent him money. Indeed, there were few with whom he came in contact who had not, at some time or other, given him aid—down to his "buttermilk," Webb, who in early life had studied Art; to whom Haydon said, "Webb, when you were a poor youth I gave my time to you for nothing." "You did." "I want ten pounds." "You shall have it, Mr Haydon."

And of patrons—purchasers of his pictures, that is to say—there was no lack. At a period when high Art was hardly recognised in England, and high-souled Hilton was vainly hoping for a commission, Haydon could sell his pictures; did sell very many, and at large prices, all things considered.

He could not be described as an "unsuccessful" man at any period of his life. And if fame, the great prompter to, and recompense of, high efforts, be an object worthy of labour, surely Haydon had a larger share of it than had any painter of his age. Latterly, indeed, it had degenerated into notoriety, and he was unable to distinguish the difference; but no artist had been more talked about, more often quoted, more frequently accepted and appealed to as authority; more continually lauded in the public organs in which the public have faith. As a lecturer he was not impressive, although he had frequent engagements in various parts of England. I rarely heard him without leaving dissatisfied; his aim was to intrude his own views rather than to communicate knowledge; he was eager, loud, fierce; now and then stretching himself over the reading-desk as if he meant to strike some one.*

* "He was a most brilliant talker—racy, bold, original, and vigorous. . . . A vanity that amounted to self-idolatry, and a terrible carelessness, unjustifiable in many matters, degraded his mind, and even impaired his talent in Art."—MISS MITFORD.

During his warfare—for such was his life—he found by his side, in the arena, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Lamb, Hazlitt, Godwin, and Keats. Wordsworth addressed to him a sonnet,—

“High is our calling, FRIEND;”

and among other honours accorded to him was the freedom of his native town.

In his domestic relations he was happy. Of his wife Talfourd says, “She was a woman of great beauty, and equal discretion, who, by gentle temper and serener wisdom than his own, had assisted and soothed him in all his anxieties and griefs, and whose image was so identified in his mind with the beautiful as to impress its character on all the forms of female loveliness he has created.” Moreover, he had always cherished a belief in the religion of our Church, and avowed it among scoffing unbelievers; and that belief he asserted even in the wild fragments he penned in his last troubled hour. No one of his many friends anticipated so terrible a catastrophe, so appalling a close to such a life—“the bitter disappointment which brought him through distraction to the grave.” Alas! it was by his own hand he died.

“Yes, at the outset of life, all was auspicious for Benjamin Robert Haydon; during his mid-career he had much to encourage and not much to depress; and in his advanced age he had by no means entirely denuded himself of considerate, sympathising, and helping friends.”*

In the sixty-first year of his age he died, “after twenty-four years of studies, strivings, conflicts, successes, imprisonments, appeals to ministers, to Parliament, to patrons, to the public, self-illusions, and disappointments.”

“The blandishments of life” were not all gone; perhaps he had as many then as at any time of his chequered career; but the consciousness of power had, in a great measure, passed away. He felt what others knew—that, though hardly yet a “veteran,” he was “superfluous on the stage.”

If he had but taken Wilkie’s advice—given in 1812—“to be a reformer with his pencil, but not with his pen;” if even at the early period, in 1807, he had shrunk appalled from, instead of gloried in, the future he draws of himself—“Energetic, fiercely ambitious, full of grand and romantic hopes, believing the world too little for his hopes, trusting all, fearing none, and pouring forth his thoughts in vigorous language”—how different would have been the fate of Benjamin Robert Haydon, how rich would have been the legacy he might have bequeathed to mankind!

He was born at Plymouth in 1786, and in May, 1804, embarked on the voyage of life in London. Very soon afterwards he described himself as “self-sacrificed for a great principle,” but he was “iron-minded, and bent not.” That was the demon that haunted him all his life. His “hopeless ambition created his endless agonies.”

“This is the life of high Art in England!” “This is historical painting in England!” Such were his frequent exclamations, in words and in letters, when any vexation or disappointment chanced to him.

* Even Sir Robert Peel was not utterly worn out, for he sent the unhappy painter fifty pounds only three days before his death, and it was not all consumed when he died. It is a ray of light upon that dismal scene to know that Sir Robert Peel had done so much to avert a calamity from a man of genius and his homestead; but it is by no means the only one that might be placed to his account by the recording angel.

I had frequent discussions with Haydon, and many letters from him—sometimes they were painful—concerning the Royal Academy. He aimed to induce me—I might almost say to compel me—into a course of irrational and unjustifiable hostility as regards that body, which, whatever be its shortcomings (and they are many), undoubtedly upholds the position of Art in England, and gives to artists the rank of a profession. His hostility amounted almost to insanity. It was idle my seeking to point out to him that I was neither the advocate nor the apologist of the Academy—that I had commented so freely on its errors of omission and of commission as to make its members, individually and collectively, hostile to the journal I conducted. He would hear no argument for the defence, refused to accord to it any good thing, and became furious at the bare attempt to excuse, or account for, its alleged transgressions.*

In his own view a mission was confided to him—to create historical Art in England. After he had been thrice refused when he sought admission to the Royal Academy, despair took the form of vengeance, and thenceforward he was implacable and insane in all that regarded all academies—that of England above them all. He became utterly absorbed in self—was incessantly proclaiming himself a martyr; he was not merely the “Sir Oracle,” his motto was *Ego et ars mea*, from the beginning of his career to the close of it.†

There can be no doubt that his disappointment at receiving no prize when the great Exhibition of Cartoons took place at Westminster Hall, in the autumn of 1842, was the drop that over-filled his cup:‡ it overflowed when, soon afterwards, he exhibited at the Egyptian Hall his pictures of “Aristides” and the “Burning of Rome”—appealing from the Commissioners to the public, and finding that, though no more than one hundred and thirty-three persons visited them in a week, during the same six days “Tom Thumb,” who was “showing himself” in the same building, received the shillings of twelve thousand persons!

Yes, it is depressing and humiliating to those who are of his order—toilers in the labour-mart of life—to contemplate the career of a man of genius perpetually degraded by absence of self-respect.

His was indeed a melancholy close to a sad life—sad, although there was no reason why it should have been so: it might have been, and ought to have been, prosperous, happy, and useful.

* Haydon's leading fancy was that it was his mission to found “a school,” and he was continually boasting of the pupils he had created. I have five of his letters in which he refers to them—Eastlake, Landseer, Lance, and Harvey principally. It is not a little strange that neither of them worked out any of the principles of his teacher. The style of Landseer is well known (I believe, however, he studied very little under Haydon); that of Eastlake is the very opposite of his master, if so Haydon can be called; Lance became a painter of still life; and William Harvey a draughtsman on wood.

† Of the VAIN MAN thus wrote Robert Hall in his grand sermon on “Modern Infidelity.” It may be a lesson and a warning to many:—“It forms the heart to such a profound indifference to the welfare of others, that whatever appearances he may assume, or however wide the circle of his seeming virtues may extend, you will infallibly find the vain man is his own centre. Attention only to himself, absorbed in the contemplation of his own perfections, instead of feeling tenderness for his fellow-creatures—as members of the same family, as beings with whom he is appointed to act, to suffer, and to sympathise—he considers life as a stage, on which he is performing a part, and mankind in no other light than spectators. Whether he smiles or frowns, whether his path is adorned with the rays of beneficence, or his steps are dyed in blood, an attention to self is the spring of every movement, and the motive to which every action is referred.”

‡ In a letter to me, dated August 1, 1843, he thus writes:—“I have been treated as all beginners of revolutions always are: this is the third attempt to burke me: first by the Academy of 1810, then by the Gallery, 1812, and lastly by the Commission, 1843. Will they succeed? I defy them all. I am in the hearts of the people, out of which they nor the Court cannot drive me.”

It is the more lamentable to review this life, because Haydon professed to be guided by trust in Providence—that ever fits the back to the burden—and probably persuaded himself that he was so. In his *Life* by Tom Taylor—a just and yet a generous book, in which a wise as well as a warning view is taken of the artist's career—repeated quotations are made from his “prayers.” They were, as his biographer writes, constant “demands for success and personal distinction”—“for glories and triumphs”—in a word, for *himself*: “begging letters, in fact, despatched to the Almighty!”

It was prayer without trust—an appeal for help on the ground of deserving—a continual asking God for assistance as a right.

The life of Haydon need not, therefore, alarm any aspirant for fame in Art—any struggler amid the crowd that presses upward to the temple of fame—any artist who is doomed to bear the “contumely” of either brother or patron—who is willing to “labour and to wait.”

I may have treated the character of Haydon with less mercy than justice. My readers will “hear me speak his good now.” He assiduously, continuously, and with all his heart, laboured to promote the cause of “High Art” in England—to elevate his profession—and to give it power as a source of enlightenment, instruction, and enjoyment. From the first he saw the inestimable value of “the Elgin marbles,” and strongly advocated their acquisition by the Nation; and he earnestly strove to introduce Art into the Provinces—then altogether without it—as a source of education, so as to augment by its aid the mercantile value of Art-manufacture.

In private life he was ever thoroughly right—as regards all the domestic duties and virtues. Moreover, there was no falsehood in him; what he meant he said; what he intended to do he did. His nature, indeed, was transparent; and he was incapable of a lie, or the semblance of it. In a word, the “inner” was far better than the “outer” man.

SAMUEL PROUT.—Soon after Haydon's death I had this letter from his friend and mine—excellent Samuel Prout—truly a great artist, and as truly a good man:—

“I was with him a few days previous to his death; and I believe the last time he took up the port-crayon was to make a profile drawing of himself, which he sent to his oldest friend, S. Prout, as a remembrance of a friendship of fifty-three years: under the portrait were two Greek words, meaning, I understand, *meditating great things*. It is a marvellous head—poor dear Haydon! In our last conversation—little did I think it would be the last—he boasted of his powers of resistance—his delight and happiness to face and fight a foe; but the conflict came, the tempest drew near, and oh, fearful result!”

Dear, good, kind, generous, estimable Samuel Prout! I love to recall a Memory so pleasant and so hopeful. I never knew a worthier or a better man. He was a little man, of sweet, almost womanly-gentle countenance; who loved to gossip of familiar places and familiar faces, and had ever a kindly greeting for the old or the young. It was impossible to know him without loving him: his nature was essentially generous; benevolence was paramount in his heart and mind; he had tenderness for every living thing. Long-continued pain, amounting

at times to agony, never wore out his patience, never lessened his trust in God; and he might have said what Coleridge said as the concluding passage of his last Will and Testament:—

“His Staff and His Rod alike comfort me.”

No member of the profession ever lived to be more thoroughly respected—I may add, beloved—by his brother-artists; no man ever gave more unquestionable evidence of a gentle and generous spirit, or more truly deserved the esteem in which he was universally held. His always delicate health, instead of, as it often does, souring the temper, made him more considerate and thoughtful of the trials and troubles of others. Ever ready to assist the young by the counsels of experience, he was a fine example of upright principles and unwearied industry, combined with suavity of manners, and those endearing attributes of character which blend with admiration of the artist affection for the man.

In a letter I received from him in the spring of 1851, a year before his death, he wrote—

“I cannot be sufficiently thankful that warm weather promises a new creation. I am at an age, with many infirmities, when sunshine and refreshing showers are required to keep alive the spirit of life and enjoyment: activity and vigour are worn out, and, although still creeping on, the dark cloud is apparently not very distant.”

Frequently during the latter years of his life I made my way, always welcome, into his modest studio, where I found him at his easel throwing his rich and beautiful colouring over some old palace of Venice, or time-worn cathedral of Flanders; and though suffering much from pain and weakness, ever cheerful, ever thankful that he had still strength sufficient to carry on his work. It was rarely he could begin his labours before the middle of the day, when, if tolerably free from pain, he would continue to paint until the night was advanced. A finer example of meekness, gentleness, and patience I never knew, nor any one to whom the epithet “a sincere Christian” might with greater truth be applied:—

“Death never comes amiss to him prepared.”

Fame was his reward—in so far as picture-buyers are concerned—after his death, but not while he lived. I verily believe that if the artist could have been at Christie’s when a picture by him sold for fourteen hundred pounds for which he had received sixty pounds, no one present would have been half as much astonished as the modest painter himself. He never valued any work of his beyond the sum I have named; and six pounds was his usual price for one of his smaller drawings.

Poor Haydon! He might have learned a lesson of true piety and confiding resignation from his friend, fellow-countryman,* and brother-worker, excellent Samuel Prout; so, indeed, he might from the example of another of his friends—

WILLIAM HILTON.—The first historical painter of the age—for so I, at least, regard William Hilton—seemed to me always sorrowful and sad; certainly there could have been nothing buoyant, and little that was hopeful in his nature; he had a melancholy expression; spoke slowly, and apparently with reluctance. In

* Prout was born at Plymouth in 1784, and died at Denmark Hill in February, 1852.

person he was tall and slight, with little or no energy, but he was in ill-health all his life, and he had to endure that severest of all mental trials—a consciousness of power of which there was no appreciation. No doubt he mourned that affliction in secret; but he was no grumbler; the world heard no wail from his lips when he saw meaner spirits passing him on the road to fame—helping hands to sustain and guide them. Rarely or never did a patron smile on him. I believe I am correct in saying he was not cheered by a commission all his life; and it was perhaps a dismal necessity that made welcome to him the poor position, with its miserable pittance of payment, as Keeper of the Royal Academy, in which he followed Fuseli in 1827, and which he held until 1836, when death had warned him that further labour, rewarded or unrewarded, was not for him. He died in 1839. How different would have been the destiny of William Hilton had he flourished in 1864! *

DAVID ROBERTS.—An admirable artist and most estimable man left earth when David Roberts died. There is no one to supply the place he vacated. In his particular style of Art, indeed, he stood alone, and has had no successor. I knew him soon after he commenced his life in London—as a scene-painter; but even then it was easy to anticipate the proud eminence he was destined to reach. He was not more modest at the commencement, than he was at the close, of his career. Simple, unpretending, and apparently indifferent to celebrity, he courted society very little; was most at home when before his easel; and accepted the homage of connoisseurs—with satisfaction no doubt, but without an approach to arrogance or self-applause. He was of a nature genial and kindly; prudent and cautious, as most of his countrymen are, but ever ready to aid less fortunate brethren, and one of the most active promoters and sustainers of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.†

As a young man he had a certain *gauche* exterior. His face was round, and not peculiarly expressive: his manner became much more refined as he grew older and mixed in society; yet it was always comparatively rough. It bespoke sincerity, however, and thorough honesty. One would have instinctively trusted him either in Art or business without risk of vexation or disappointment.‡

He was born at Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, in 1796, and was apprenticed to a house-painter, to whom he served a weary seven years. When released from his trammels, he became a scene-painter in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and in 1821 found himself in London, under an agreement with Elliston of Drury Lane. Here, in companionship with his friend Stanfield, were painted many grand and

* One of the best, if not the best, of his pictures, now in the Vernon Gallery, "Edith finding the Body of Harold," was seen for a season in the Great Room of the Royal Academy; no one ever asked its price; it was returned to him. So large a picture was an inconvenience to him; so it was cut from the frame, rolled up, and placed away in a cellar. I heard of the circumstance, mentioned it to Mr Vernon, and it was purchased by that gentleman for the sum of two hundred pounds. It would now bring two thousand pounds at least.

† That admirable Institution does an enormous amount of good—relieving, every year, widows and orphans of artists from utter destitution. The Artists' Benevolent Institution is, rather, a benefit society, but has also a General Benevolent branch. It is not a little strange that during the forty or fifty years that have passed since their foundation neither of them has ever obtained a single legacy, although many artists and Art-lovers have been rich, and some of them have left bequests to other charities.

‡ Evidence of his great industry, as well as practical habits, is furnished by the fact, that among other bequests of his labour (and he died rich) was a journal, in which he had noted every picture he painted, and every journey he made in search of Art—almost every incident in his useful and busy life.

beautiful works, which unhappily were evanescent as the clouds—they served their purpose and were obliterated. They did their work, however; giving to the public that taste for excellence which has ever since kept possession of the stage. The Society of British Artists was formed in 1824, and Roberts was one of its first members. In 1838 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and a Member in 1841.

From that day to the last of his life he annually produced and exhibited many pictures that manifested high genius, and he holds rank among the very foremost artists of his country. They adorn every leading collection in the kingdom, and are eagerly sought for whenever circumstances bring them into what is called "the market."

His grand work, "The Holy Land," is, however, his great achievement. The "track" of our Lord and his apostles has been made familiar to us of late years by photography; but it was not so in 1839, when the fruits of the artist's tour were circulated by the enterprise and energy of Alderman Moon (the liberal publisher of engravings, whose loss has been a heavy loss to Art ever since his retirement from business, for he has had no successor),* in a series of magnificent volumes that have never been surpassed in any age or country. He illustrated other books, and was a persistent and enterprising traveller in many lands, more especially, Spain, Venice, Rome; less fertile of fancy, perhaps, than some of his compeers, but giving poetry to fact, making pictures teachers, and combining delight with information.

He was proud of his country, and his country was proud of him. In 1858 the freedom of his native city was presented to him; and he had other "honours" before his death. That did not take place until the public had fully estimated his genius, and collectors had ascertained the value of his works. He received large sums for his later productions: more fortunate than most of his compeers, who had no advantage from the prodigious "biddings" at Christie's, when works were "knocked down" to covetous acquirers at any price.

Roberts died suddenly in 1865, and was buried in the cemetery at Norwood.

JOHN MARTIN was never a Member of the Royal Academy; why, it is hard to say, for he was certainly a man of genius, albeit his productions may have been objectionable, tried by the sternest rules of Art. Few artists of his age were more popular. His works were always wildly imaginative, wayward, erratic; but they were abundantly rich in fancy, gorgeous in creative display, "bodying forth the forms of things unknown." But, as it will ever be with that which is not based on *nature*, they were for an age only, and not for all time. We rarely now see any of the many engravings from his pictures. He used the *burin*, or rather the mezzotinto-scraper, himself; and, I believe, of all his illustrations to Milton he was his own engraver—sometimes working without any guiding

* Sir Francis Graham Moon, Bart., lives to enjoy the results of a life of most valuable labour. Nearly all the artists he helped are "gone"—all, I may say, excepting the eminent engraver, Doo. They respected the publisher and esteemed the man. British Art owes to him a debt of gratitude; his transactions were always not only considerate, but generous and liberal; and the leading painters of the period were proud to class themselves among his personal friends.

picture or sketch. I have seen him so at work often. He was a handsome man; short of stature, but graceful and attractive in person; with indications, both in his manner and countenance, of that mental irritability which is nearly allied to insanity. His brother, it will be remembered, set fire to York Minster, and died in an insane asylum. The painter, Martin, was one of the few who successfully strove to promote intercourse between artists and men of letters at his house at Alsop Terrace, Marylebone Road. He had "Evenings" weekly, when he brought together many of the more distinguished men and women of his time in Literature, Art, and Science. They were not mere *conversazioni*; each of his guests sought to give intellectual character to the occasion. There I first saw Professor Wheatstone's earliest inspiration, which subsequently became the Electric Telegraph—more wonderful than Ariel's wand, for it "puts a girdle round about the earth in forty" seconds; there I first stared in wonder at Elliotson's mesmeric revelations; there, indeed, many marvellous matters that have since startled the world were in embryo, waiting the call of Time. Yes, those evenings were memorable, and are worthy to be remembered. John Martin has had no emulator in his laudable efforts to make the author aid the artist, the artist aid the author, and to bring Science as an assistant to both.

Martin, like so many other artists, had a terrible wrestle with adversity on his way to fame. I remember his telling me that once he "owned" a shilling; it was needful to hoard it; but being very hungry, he entered a baker's shop to buy a penny loaf. To his shame and dismay he found the shilling was a bad one. "So, long afterwards," added the painter, then at the zenith of his hopes and aims, "when I had a shilling, I took care to get it changed into penny-pieces!"

He was born in 1789 at Hexham, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, and died at Chelsea in 1854.

CLARKSON STANFIELD.—But a short time has passed since this most admirable artist and most excellent man was taken from us. His memory is very dear to all with whom he was associated, either nearly or remotely—those who could fully estimate the high qualities of his heart and mind, and those who, at a distance, appreciated his genius and his works.

He was born at Sunderland in 1798, and died at Hampstead on the 18th of May, 1867.

His birth in a seaport town materially influenced his career in life and in Art. He was a sailor-boy for a time, and the impressions he received in early youth were palpable on his canvas ever afterwards. In 1824 his first picture was exhibited at the Society of British Artists. Although, for a time, circumstances induced him to work as a scene-painter—for then patrons were few, and patronage of British Art* but the shadow of a future—no long period elapsed before his paintings became favourites; and though sold for shillings to those who have since obtained for them pounds, some of the dealers anticipated his worth, and two of his pictures, in 1832, made their way into the Royal Collection—"Portsmouth Harbour" and the "Opening of New London Bridge," commissioned

* In 1832 he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, and, in 1835, a Member.

by the sailor-king, William IV. He had by that time, however, found ready purchasers, and thenceforward never lacked them.

When I knew him first, he was a tall and handsome young man, of agreeable, yet not of polished, manners, liking and seeking society of an intellectual character. There was not one of the foremost men of the age who did not consider it a privilege to know the painter. Few men were more respected as well as esteemed by a very large circle; and, from the commencement of his career to the close of it, he was popular in the best sense of the term. When I saw him last—it was at the private view of the Royal Academy in 1866—he was dropping gradually into the grave; and as he leaned on my arm down the staircase in Trafalgar Square, there was certainty that his toil on earth was nearly done; that very soon he would live only in the memory of those who knew him, and by the works that will place his name among the very highest in the records of the Art-history of his time and country. Yet he was “a fine-looking!” old man up to the last; the expression of his countenance, kindly, gracious, and intelligent, was in no degree lost, although the fire had gone out from his eyes, and his hand shook as he pressed mine. On that occasion he spoke—a subject I of course did not introduce—of a time long past, and of the men we had known whose pictures no longer hung on those walls. At parting, when I had seen him into his carriage, I had said, “Well, we shall at all events meet again next year, if we do not meet before.” I cannot easily forget his look or his words, as he answered, “You will not see me here again!” He lived over the next private view, but he was not present; he was setting his house in order; and although his home had ever been a happy one, before the month of May had ended he had gone to a happier and a better.

I have known few artists I regarded with so much affection as I did WILLIAM MULLER. The world had not quite admitted his claim to the highest rank in Art when he died; the pictures he was always ready to dispose of for small sums, valuing them at his own modest estimate, have since brought sums enormous by comparison: a thousand pounds may be easily obtained for a picture he had disposed of for eighty—the amount he generally required for one of larger size, and I believe he never received more than a hundred for any one of his works.*

The few facts of his life's history are soon told. He was born in Bristol in 1812. His father, a man of sound learning and great intelligence, and universally respected, German by birth and descent, was curator of the Museum in that city. The mind of the son was therefore cultivated early, and he was not an artist only; he had large acquirements in science and in letters, and was a scholar as well as a painter.

When I first became acquainted with him—at Park Place, Bristol—he was a handsome lad, aged about sixteen, singularly modest and unassuming, yet not

* In a letter to me, to which I have just referred, he writes, “I sold my picture of the Camels and River on the first day of the Royal Academy, as an Art-Union prize—£125; the £25 paid into the Committee.” That is to say, £100 was the price affixed to it when sent in. Not long ago, one of his pictures sold at Christie's for upwards of a thousand pounds.

self-distrustful. I felt then towards him the esteem and regard that augmented as he became a man, and he was one of the most cherished of my friends.

His longing desire for knowledge induced him to travel; and he travelled much—in Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Egypt; enriching his sketch-books with subject-matter for work; grounding himself on the best models of the old masters, but more especially on those which Nature everywhere supplies. His latest tour was with the Government expedition to Lycia: he went out entirely at his own expense—and that expense was enormous, in fitting out and costs by the way.*

He returned to England, however, to enjoy its fruits. Alas! they were bitter to the taste, and poisonous to the constitution: he died under their effects.

In 1845 he sent six pictures to the Royal Academy (he was, of course, a candidate for admission). The six were so placed as to induce a belief that there existed a conspiracy to ruin him; they were hung either close to the ceiling or the floor. Accident might have thus condemned one or two, but it was not attributed to chance that they were *all* marked with the brand. His heart sunk when he saw them on the first Monday of May; he had disease of the heart soon afterwards; and although he wrestled with death until the 8th of September of the year following, on that day he died.

I am very sure that if the hangers at the Royal Academy in 1845 had foreseen the consequences, he would have been treated very differently. As it was, however, they were as much accessory to his death as if they had plunged a knife into his side.

I quote on this sad subject a letter he wrote to me, dated the 8th of May, 1845:—

“Despite all that has been done to cast an oblivion on my efforts at the Academy this year, success has attended me: not alone in the sales of the pictures, but by the actual injustice of the situation: more than one of our principal collectors have given me commissions. Among the number is Mr. Vernon (ever the judicious patron and generous friend of talent); and, as one friend writes me, the only thing that surprises him is ‘that they were not hung upside down.’ Such has been the reward I have received for the expenditure of large sums, of great labour, the risk of health, breaking up for a time a connection, the fatigue and exhaustion of a long journey,—such are the rewards a *protected body* affords to the young English artist. But now we must take this as a lesson, and have *patience* (I hate the word, but I will have it); and I will pledge my life that, instead of its tending to do me harm, it shall do me good. I will study to prove to the world that, if *insulted*, I can forgive, but that I cannot forget my love of my profession. I hope my friends will view this affair as I do, and so quietly let it pass. In doing so they will do me a great service; for although I have a table covered with notes of condolence, I should be sorry for the opinions therein expressed to meet the eyes of the all-powerful dispensers of young men’s destinies.”

As I have intimated, though he bore up against this terrible affliction, and was not disheartened, the wound festered and never closed; gradually, but surely, his constitution grew weaker and weaker; he never quite rallied; friends were, indeed, always about him, loving and hopeful; and patrons were seeking him

* During his travels he occasionally sent me articles for publication in the *Art-Journal* (then the *Art-Union*). His description of a visit to the wonderful Mummy Caves of “Mahabdras” he illustrated by a number of sketches, which I engraved.

out. Some of them found him; but another life was near at hand. In August I received from him a letter: I rejoice to quote this passage:—

“I am not one of those weak persons who condemn medical aid: I place my reliance on it next to the Almighty; and then, fully believing it to be under His loving aid, I leave the issue in His hands.”

A previous letter has this passage:—

“To one in the full enjoyment of a profession and a reputation, to have to leave this world in the prime of life is a melancholy subject. But the great question is, ‘How is he prepared to go?’ This, at times, weighs heavily on my mind.”

I have known few men more perfect. He was, in all respects, worthy; in him genius was associated with modesty, independence with courtesy, generosity with prudence; his highly-educated mind and refined sentiments never unfitted him for mingling with the rough and rugged, where was to be found the recommendation of talent, or the elements by which to study character. In all ways he ranked foremost among those whose destiny it is to exhibit the advantage—to the person and to the world—of blending high intellect with moral and social worth. A purer spirit never passed from earth to heaven; his nature was unsullied by a single blot; it was entirely felicitous for good; he left us nothing concerning him to regret but his loss.

JOHN CONSTABLE—whose Life Leslie wrote—lived where artists then “most did congregate”—in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. He was a painter from his boyhood; yet he was forty-three years old when elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. The public seemed as reluctant as the Academy to appreciate his works, for he rarely sold a picture. Any dealer would now give pounds for the works which were paid for by shillings. Yet there were some by whom he was understood. Fuseli is reported to have said that his “rain-clouds made him call for an umbrella;” and a French critic wrote that he saw in Constable’s pictures the absolute dew on the grass. He loved Nature, and painted her as he loved her: it was the home scenery of his native Suffolk, thoroughly English in its simple and gracious beauty.* “I love,” he said, “my stile, my stump, and my lane in the village; and while I live I shall never cease to paint them.”

He was neither rewarded nor appreciated. The pictures now eagerly coveted at any price few or none cared to buy while he lived. He astonished the circles of Art by daring to paint what he saw; despising the hackneyed harmonies of the palette; relying only on the concords of Nature with the immeasurable faith that yielded results more nearly approximating to fact than the works of any other painter that ever lived.

He found it difficult to live by his art, perfect as it was. In 1826, when working at his “Corn-field,” now in the National Gallery, he wrote to a friend:—“I am much worn, having worked hard; and have now the consolation of knowing I must work a great deal harder, or go to the workhouse. I have some commissions, however, and I do hope to sell this picture.” Again he wrote:—

* He was born at Earl-Bergholt, Suffolk, in 1766; and died, suddenly, in 1837.

"The painter is totally unpopular, and ever will be, *on this side of the grave!*" "His art," he said, "flattered nobody by imitation, courted nobody by smoothness, tickled nobody by its politeness, and was without either fal-de-lal or fiddle-de-dee! How, then, could he hope to be popular?"

This lack of popularity haunted him through life; but it was an exaggerated ailment. He was appreciated by the few, although he failed to obtain appreciation from the many. Could he but have foreseen a day when the leading connoisseurs of England competed at a public sale until they "ran up" a picture of his to £1,700 for which he had been paid £100!

Essentially Scottish in features, in habits, and in tongue was the great painter, SIR DAVID WILKIE. He never was a man of polished manners, although associated with all the finer spirits of his age. He was, to the last, somewhat awkward in gait, and seemingly embarrassed by efforts to convey thought. He was, however, honest, earnest, faithful, and true; worthy the respect he received universally, and the affectionate homage accorded to him by all who knew his worth. What a full life it was—from that day, in 1805, when the "Village Recruit" was exposed in a shop-window at Charing Cross, at the price of six pounds—when a peer of the realm was haggling with him as to whether the price of the commissioned picture of the "Village Politicians" was to be fifteen guineas or thirty pounds—to that day (June 1st, 1841), when, homeward-bound from Constantinople, on shipboard, he rendered up his soul to the God who gave it, and was buried in the deep!

He was born in 1785, at Cults, in the county of Fife, a parish of which his father was the pastor. In 1805 he found himself in London; and up to a period very near that of his death was working to produce the many marvellous pictures that bear his honoured name, and are classed with the best productions of the country and the age.*

I knew him well; and, in common with all who had either his acquaintance or his friendship, honoured him as an artist, and esteemed him as a man. I cannot have space to render justice to his memory; but those who desire information as to his career in Art may easily obtain it.

I knew also his countryman, SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, when he was advanced in life. When Art was a profitless calling in Scotland he went to Russia, and painted portraits there, travelling much in countries that were known in England only by name. When he returned to his country in 1814 it was to find there were no purchasers of pictures there—no employment for the artist. When threatened with penury, Scott, Wilson, and Lockhart make a subscription to

* Although no one will doubt that Wilkie studied Nature closely, it was not invariably so. I remember pointing out to him, in his "Irish Whiskey Still," the anomaly of one of the potters distillers tasting the mountain dew out of an uncorked tumbler; and another of the heroes of the scene wearing red-plush breeches. I call to mind also another of his pictures, "The Village Recruit." A print of it was hanging in my room. I observed my servant looking intently at it, and asked her what she thought. "Dirty housemaid," was her reply. I then saw that though the scene was the interior of a neat and well-ordered cottage, there was a mop in the corner that had not been "wrung out," from which the water was oozing. I mentioned the circumstance, and spoke of the critic, to Wilkie.

purchase, for the munificent sum of one hundred guineas, his noble and beautiful picture of "Circassian Captives" (since engraved), which had been exhibited at the Royal Academy, where no one had asked its price. Better fortune, as well as higher fame, at length came to him; he was President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and died in his studio (in 1850), pencil in hand, before the unfinished picture that commemorated one of the great glories of Scotland—the Battle of Bannockburn. Mrs. Gordon describes him as "a man whose intelligence, power of observation, quaint humour, and gentle and agreeable manners made him welcome to all."

He was a small man, and, to speak, "solid;" plain in person; nearing old age when I knew him, but kindly and courteous, with a shrewd yet generous expression of countenance—differing much externally from his successor, Sir John Watson Gordon, who was tall, solemn, yet obviously of sound understanding and "a manly heart."

I knew WILLIAM ETTY well—when he had chambers "high up" in Buckingham Street, Adelphi (the corner house, next the river), and when he was working hard for the fame that came and brought "commissions" more than enough. He was a most ungainly man in form; a head too big for a short and stubbed body, with a forehead very high, and an expression of much benevolence. In person he was the very opposite of the Graces he so often painted. Although his pictures were usually so free in treatment as to convey an idea that they originated in sensuality, nothing could have been further from the fact. He was a man thoroughly pure in his nature, of a lofty mind, and a tender, almost womanly heart, to whom a coarse expression or a libidinous sentiment would have been impossible.

Year after year, in earlier life, he sought admission for his pictures to the Royal Academy; year after year they were rejected. He hoped on and worked on, and at length succeeded. Of that Academy he was afterwards one of the most honoured members. "Despair almost overwhelmed me," he wrote; "I was ready to run away. I felt that I could not get on. But a voice within said, *Persevere*. I did so, and at last triumphed; but I was nearly beaten."

He was born at York in 1787, and there he died on the 13th of November, 1849. His fellow-citizens have honoured him with a tomb in the graveyard that surrounds the old Abbey, and they are proud to name him as one of the worthies ever to be remembered in the venerable city.

I visited, not long ago, his grave, and the house in which he died. He had retired in a great degree from labour, and lived for some years in comparative ease upon well-earned results of industry combined with genius.

In 1848 he gave me for publication in the *Art-Journal* an autobiography. It was a production modest, unassuming, but minute, and of very deep interest. His pictures are enormous in number, but his "studies from the life" may be counted by hundreds. He was always at work; labour was his happiness. I have been told that on one occasion when he returned to London from a long absence on the Continent, he did not go home, but made his way to the model-room of the Academy, knowing it to be a "life evening," and was there seen working away—copying on cardboard the model that had been "set" for the students.

WILLIAM MULREADY died in 1863, in the house he had long inhabited, at Linden Grove, Bayswater. He is said to have been born in 1786, but it must have been earlier. He was certainly more than seventy-seven years old. Not long before his death he showed me a sketch of a gravel-pit, and asked me where I thought it was painted. To my astonishment, he added, "On the site of Russell Square." Now, that could not well have been after the year 1800. It was a wonderful little picture, as full of power as any of his after-works. He began Art early, no doubt—exhibiting in 1806. In 1815 he became an Associate of the Royal Academy, and a Member in 1816—only a year intervening.

He was born at Ennis, where his father carried on the business of a breeches-maker, at that time a lucrative trade, for it implied the manufacture of "buckskins," which every rider of the period wore. His parents emigrated, and William came with them to London when quite a child. It is doubtful if he ever afterwards visited Ireland. His tall, erect, stalwart form—handsome and intellectual features, though somewhat severe in expression, sharply outlined—will not soon be forgotten. He has left his mark on the age—foremost among the many who have elevated British Art, and brought to it honour and homage throughout the world. He was a very old man when he died, yet did not look so, for he was fresh, almost ruddy, in complexion; his eye was not dim; all his faculties were active; he was "sound wind and limb," for he spent an evening with me, a year before his death, and walked from his house at Bayswater to my house at Brompton.* He made wonderful drawings up to the close of life, and lived to see himself thoroughly appreciated—in his Art, that is to say; for he was lonely and not happy at home—domestic enjoyment was not one of the blessings bestowed upon him.

He was a student almost to the last moment of his prolonged existence, knowing always that he had yet something to learn. Even in him—upwards of eighty years old—was illustrated the force of the adage—

"Life is short: Art is long!"

FRANCIS DANBY was another Irishman whose name is renowned in Art, and, happily, that renown is continued in another generation. He was born in 1793, and died in 1861. Danby came young to England. He must have been handsome in person then, and of agreeable manners; for both were good in advanced life. He vainly strove to earn some dry crusts in Bristol, and made his way to London, in company with his countryman, O'Connor, a landscape-painter of great genius. The one eventually achieved fame, the other never found it. Danby became a great and popular artist; O'Connor lived wretchedly, and died poor. They worked with but little hope and no reward in the metropolis. The fifteen guineas which Danby had received for his first picture from Archdeacon Hill, of Dublin, and which he shared with his friend, were soon exhausted. I have heard him—and honoured him as I heard him—describe his early struggles in London, enduring penury approaching want. Can we not draw upon our fancy

* I have preserved two letters of Mulready's: one, dated in 1825, accepting an invitation to a party at my house; the other accepting a similar invitation, which bears the date 1862.

for the picture of a youth with high hopes and craving ambition, perhaps born a gentleman (as Danby was), with innate self-respect and consciousness of power, treading the streets of London—"forsaken, friendless, lone"—ay, alone in a peopled desert—the appalling solitude of a great city; hungry, and none to give him food; sick, and none to visit him; seeking the poor attic that was his shelter, terrified by the thought of unpaid rent; disheartened, desponding, despairing; yet cheered by a single glimpse of sunshine into hope, self-reliance—instinctive assurance of ultimate triumph? I have known many cases such as that; the case of Francis Danby is but one of them. Alas! I have known also many who gave way—succumbed—and fell; who had not the patience to wait; who had no faith to keep off despair—no reliance on Providence; who forgot the emphatic and encouraging force of the poet's lines—

"The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

JAMES DUFFIELD HARDING.—There have been few artists whose loss I had more reason to deplore than that of J. D. Harding. He was a valuable writer for the *Art-Journal*: his pen was ever ready to communicate the knowledge he had acquired by long practice in the executive of Art, as well as by extensive reading and the results of matured study. My connection with him extended over many years. We were associated in the production of the "Baronial Halls," a work for which he did the principal drawings by the then new, but now forgotten, art of "Lithotint;" and I ever found him a most agreeable companion, as well as a powerful ally, in the several tours we made together. He was born at Deptford in 1798, and his father was an artist: he had, therefore, the advantage that arises from early training in a good school.

There have been few better landscape-painters, and as a teacher he was surpassed by none: he did much, indeed, all his life long to inculcate lessons in pure taste and faithful study of Nature. His professional brethren owe him much, but perhaps Art-amateurs owe him more, for he guided them wisely and well; and his several lesson-books will be highly valued by all who study them.

To sketch, to draw, or to paint, and to do it well, seemed to him simple, easy, and sure; and he soon wearied of pupils to whom either was a labour. He was, moreover, a thorough gentleman,—in person, in mind, and in heart. Few men had a more commanding or imposing presence. I remember his telling me an anecdote. He was once sketching under a country hedge; a shadow came over his paper, and he heard a rough country voice: "I could do that; first you make a scrat here, and then you look; next you make a scrat there, and then you look. I could do that: any fool could do that!"

They would not have this ripe Art-scholar at the Royal Academy. He quitted the Society of Painters in Water Colours to qualify for admission, put down his name in "the book" year after year, but, I believe, never had a vote.

He died at Barnes in 1863. A great Art-scholar and Art-teacher was then lost to the profession and the world.

America has somewhat persistently claimed the honour of giving birth to the accomplished artist CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE. He was born (in 1794) at

Clerkenwell, but was taken to the States when young ; “ not so young, however,” —so wrote to me his friend Thomas Uwins,—“ as to prevent his having a full recollection of the voyage out, of which I have heard him relate many particulars.” A few years afterwards—in 1811—he returned to England, was entered a student at the Royal Academy, and adopted Art as a profession.

He attained the highest eminence as an artist, and achieved some fame as a writer. His Lectures are very useful lessons ; his *Life of Constable* is a fine example of biography ; while his “ *Hand-book for Young Painters* ” is a valuable assemblage of wise rules for guidance.

Of his pictures it is needless to write ; they are, perhaps, as well known and largely esteemed as those of any painter of the age. The subjects he selected were always attractive, manifesting reading as well as thought, and often commemorating incidents or events that, if not “ history,” had much of its interest and worth. He had a well-stored and richly-cultivated mind, sound knowledge, and active imagination. He died in 1859 ; and happily the nation possesses several of his best works.

In person he was of the middle size, slight and gentlemanly, without being graceful. His features were not animated ; they seemed rather overburdened with repose ; there was neither in the expression of his countenance, nor in his manner generally, any indication of the genius he undoubtedly possessed. He was exemplary in all the relations of life, prudent, upright, and conscientious, respected by his acquaintances, and beloved by his friends.*

I knew THOMAS UWINS well, before he had attained celebrity and afterwards—when, indeed, he was an illustrator of books ; for in that capacity he commenced his career as an artist, and probably thus acquired the knowledge of the best authors : few exhibited more thorough appreciation of the “ classics ” of our language, or more often resorted to them for suggestive help. After his visit to Rome, however, he based his subjects almost exclusively on the scenes and characters he witnessed there and in Naples. Italy was not, in 1827, as open as it has recently been to the painters of all nations.

He was a small man, of no remarkable or impressive exterior, and with little bodily energy ; of calm and quiet manners and homely habits. He loved his art, and it gave him society enough. He had, however, largely cultivated his mind by reading and thought.

In 1836 he was elected a Royal Academician—the great object of his ambition in life. As a partisan of the Academy he was irrational—even fierce ; he would listen to no arguments that suggested its improvement with a view to correspond more accurately with an altered “ state of things,” although while a Member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours he was an advocate for reform. But his is by no means a solitary case. I have known many artists who, before admission into the Academy, were eager advocates of certain changes ; when elected Associates they shook their heads in deprecation of interference ;

* His son has already made a very high reputation as an artist, is an Associate of the Royal Academy, and his works even now rival those of his accomplished father.

and when promoted to full honours became loud in anger at any suggestion for interrupting it in its course, and gave the "cold shoulder" to all who argued as they themselves had argued before they became members of the body.

Uwins does not hold the highest place in Art-annals; but he was a good painter, of sound judgment and intellectual strength. His pictures are characterised by graceful composition and delicate execution. Whatever he did was done carefully and conscientiously, and his works will always be valued as examples of simple, pure, and unaffected Art. In 1842 he was appointed by her Majesty Surveyor of the Royal Pictures, and, in 1847, Keeper of the National Gallery.

He married, late in life, a lady who survived him: he died at Staines, on the 25th of August, 1857 (his birthday), at the age of seventy-five; and in the picturesque graveyard of that town he was buried. Death approached him with slow steps. I saw him not long before he was "called," and was deeply touched at noting the feeble steps and hearing the weak voice of the venerable man as he said, "I have always feared there would come a time when I should look out on the beauties of Nature and see no beauty in them. It is come. I look out this morning, and see no beauty in that beautiful garden!" He was, however, cheered and strengthened by deep religious feeling, had firm and well-grounded faith, and perfect trust in the Almighty.

The last letter I received from Mr. Uwins is dated April 29th, 1856. He writes:—

"Most unwillingly do I add to your embarrassments, but I am obliged to say that my present state of weakness makes it impossible for me to continue my engagement.* The last time I went to the Palace I fell down three times, so feeble am I on my feet; and since that I have become worse. I wish to thank you most sincerely for all your kindness to me through a long course of years. Life is a frail tenure at best, and I have got beyond threescore years and ten, thankful to all my friends who have been raised up to me by a kind Providence, and saying, most humbly and gratefully, 'God's will be done!' The picture I have sent to the Exhibition betrays some symptoms of age and illness: perhaps it is my last."

The sculptor, JOHN GIBSON, was with us, apparently in the vigour of Art and strength, but a short while ago. He died in Rome, where he had been nearly all his long life a resident, and is buried among the glories of his worship in the Eternal City. He was seventy-seven years old, having been born at Conway, in North Wales, in 1789: he died on the 27th of January, 1866. He did not long survive his friend Eastlake, and the widow of the President has written a touching and eloquent biography of the sculptor. Mrs. Jameson, writing of him in 1826, in her "Diary of an Ennuyée," described him as, though with "quite the air of a genius," of "plain features, but a countenance all beaming with fire, spirit, and intelligence."

All who have visited Rome—those more especially who either loved or studied Art—depose to the kind and generous sympathy of Gibson. He was ever ready to communicate information, and to tender practical aid. His *atelier*

* This refers to his engagement to "touch" the engravers' proofs, and suggest such improvements as might occur to his experienced mind, with regard to the prints engraved from her Majesty's private collection of pictures for "The Royal Gallery of Art," published in the *Art-Journal*.

was open to all comers, and he would frequently visit the studios of rising artists who sought his counsel and encouragement. He did not cease to be useful when he died. Among his bequests there were many to old and valued friends; and his munificent legacy to the Royal Academy is, we trust, destined to produce, for the benefit of Art in England, the fruit it has not yet borne.

Of late years he paid many visits to England, and here his society was much courted. He usually gave an evening to us, and was often accompanied by his friend Penry Williams, with whom we had the pleasure to be acquainted so far back as the year 1827.

The manners of Gibson were entirely unassuming, gracious, and kindly: if his exterior was not striking, it was very prepossessing; and no doubt he was handsome when young, for in age there was much of that which takes the place of personal gifts. It was easy to understand that many loved and all respected him, and that he was estimable either as a companion, adviser, or friend.

JAMES WARD died in 1859, at the age of ninety-one. He had been a student of the Royal Academy when Reynolds was its President, and was a Member so long ago as 1811. Ward was one of a family of artists: he was the brother-in-law of Morland, the father-in-law of Jackson; and his son, George Raphael Ward, distinguished himself as a miniature-painter, and subsequently as a mezzotinto-engraver. The daughter of Mr. G. R. Ward is the accomplished lady whose works take rank with those of any painter of either sex which the age has produced. She is the wife of the renowned artist, E. M. Ward (her namesake, but no blood relation), and their children give promise that the Art-faculty will be continued in another generation.

I recall the portrait of "old Ward" as that of a venerable man, with long grey hair and flowing beard; his eye clear and penetrating; and the general expression of his countenance dignified and intelligent. His mind was sound, rational, and inquiring; a religious tone of thought pervaded it and influenced all his actions.

As a painter of animals he stands at the very head of his order. Without the brilliant fancy of some of his successors, he excels them all in portraying facts. It is scarcely too much to say that his famous "Bull," now in the National Collection, may be placed side by side with the renowned work of Paul Potter at the Hague, as sustaining the claim of James Ward to be considered second only to him whom all the world honours.

In 1849 Mr. Ward gave me for publication in the *Art-Journal* a deeply interesting memoir of himself. He was born in Thomas Street, London, and was christened in All-Hallows' Church on the 23rd of October, 1769. At first he was an engraver, being articled to R. Smith; "but," he says, "so far from receiving any care or instruction from Smith, he would not allow me paper to draw upon: like the Israelites of old, I was required to make bricks without straw." When his shackles were removed, he soon became a painter: he found patrons rapidly—for those days; and died "full of years," and also of "honours," esteemed and respected by all who knew him, and revered by the most estimable members of his profession.

I must group some of the other Artists I have known ; for the space to which I am limited is nearly exhausted. Though I give "Memories" of but few, I knew them all—at least, all who achieved distinction in my time : many of them were of my acquaintance when their career in Art was commenced, and I have watched their progress, onwards and upwards, often to its close, rejoicing when the harbour was gained and the reward assured.

SIR AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT was a remarkably handsome man, a scholar, and a courteous gentleman. Although somewhat stately in manners, he was a great artist : all who are familiar with British Art know that. Few men of any profession have been more respected and esteemed. What I wrote of him soon after his death I may quote now that time has tested the value of his works, although it has removed so many who could recall his fine person and intellectual head, and bear testimony to his moral and social worth.

"High was Callcott's character as a member of society. Honoured by the great in rank, he everywhere took occasion to excite in his table-talk the general reverence for Art, in the views of which his mind took a wide scope. To many of his associates, valuable indeed have been the principles and modes of practice which he inculcated ; while the younger members of the brotherhood ever found in him a friendly encourager. When, in addition to these good qualities, we advert to his spirit of charity, and to the warm sympathies displayed in his domestic relations, we have offered an earnest tribute to a man whose memory will be cherished by those who knew him, and respected by all to whom proofs of his genius may happen to descend."

He was born at Kensington in 1779, and there he died in 1845. Among the earliest and happiest of my "Memories" are the visits I often paid to him at his residence at Kensington Gravel Pits.

GILBERT STUART NEWTON—the early friend of Leslie—was a tall man, handsome, and impressive in person ; but, as I thought when I knew him, and as I think still, of a disposition approaching the morose. Perhaps the shadow of a heavy calamity was over him long before the bolt fell ; for while comparatively young he became an inmate of a lunatic asylum, where he died. He was one of the few artists who received large prices for his works forty years ago—finding patrons in nobles, before merchants and traders had learned to value Art. Among those who bought his pictures were the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Marquis of Hastings. Newton was born in Canada in 1794, and died in London in 1835.

A handsome, round-faced, round-bodied man was the renowned sculptor, SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, who "led" the profession for many years in England. He painted portraits when a youth, and when famous and wealthy was not ashamed to acknowledge a piece of carving at the house of the poet Rogers, which he had wrought when receiving, as an artisan, wages of five shillings a day. There was neither in the appearance nor manners of Sir Francis any indications of early contest with restricted means. Probably there had been none. He was easy, even graceful, in manners, and could not, I think, have been awkward, or embarrassed, or out of place, when the guest of the highest noble in the land. He was born in 1782, and died in 1841.

I recall the picture of a venerable man sitting in a confused and overcrowded room in Newman Street (where I saw him often), surrounded by his

sketches—THOMAS STOTHARD. He had a huge head; his form was large and heavy; but, although in appearance he gave little indication of the grace and fancy so prominent in his pictures, he was a very pleasant old man, the expression of whose features was peculiarly gentle and gracious. His illustrations of books have never been surpassed from that far-off day to this. He died, aged seventy-nine, in 1834.

When I knew ROBERT SMIRKE—visiting him at his house in Fitzroy Square—he was a very aged man; he was ninety-four years old when he died, in 1845. He had known Sir Joshua Reynolds—was not young, indeed, when the great painter died; for Smirke became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1792, the year in which Sir Joshua bade farewell to Art on earth. About the year 1830 I used occasionally to sit and chat with, or rather listen to, the venerable man, whose mind and thoughts were with the past. I can recall his white head, and still clear grey eye, and I seem to hear his calm and quiet voice, even now; for he would speak occasionally of scenes and persons long gone by.

None who knew WILLIAM BROCKEDON can have forgotten him. He was not a great artist, though an indefatigable worker: he was that in many ways. He had some half-dozen patents for scientific discoveries that made him rich, but he died before time was given him to enjoy wealth. A stalwart, hearty man he was, full of buoyant and vigorous life: his laugh seemed the echo of his heart's joy. His head was remarkably fine—rich in intellectual and expressive character. His manner was exceedingly frank and cordial. Children instinctively loved him, though his voice was loud and his form massive. "Much had he seen, much more had heard, and in the interval studied mankind." His conversation, therefore, was ever interesting, and always instructive. In a word, he was sound—sound in understanding and in heart. He was one of the men to whom Devonshire, so fertile of artists, gave birth; was born at Totnes in 1787; and died in 1854.

I recall with pleasure WILLIAM COLLINS, an Irishman by descent, and one who loved Ireland. He was a cheerful man—contented with his lot, and the modest independence his professional labour obtained for him. He was truly a pleasant companion; pleasant to look at, to sit with, to converse with; a very lovable man, even to those who knew little of him, and greatly so to the domestic circle—wife, children, and friends. He was a scholar as well as a gentleman, graceful and gracious in manners, considerate and kind to all who approached him. His eldest son is one of the famous authors of our day, his other son being also eminent as a writer. Collins died in 1847, but lived to see the "shadow cast before" of the son who has made renowned a name which the artist had previously given to fame.

SIR WILLIAM ROSS—who is said to have painted two thousand two hundred miniatures—began his Art-life as an historical painter, covering huge canvases, and giving promise of excellence, having obtained no fewer than five medals from the Society of Arts, when that always useful Society did something for Art. His miniatures—in which he surpassed all his contemporaries in grace, elegance, accuracy of likeness, and minuteness of finish—comprised a large portion of the

aristocracy, and nearly every member of every royal family in Europe. Good Sir William Ross! I seem to see now his gracious and kindly countenance, and to hear his sweet and loving voice. He was essentially amiable, of a gentle and tender nature, doing well all the work that God had called upon him to do. Up to the last, much of his Sabbath-day of rest was passed at a Sunday-school, teaching the very young to read and understand the Scriptures. He was plain and simple there, and plain and simple in the palaces where he was welcomed. I may apply to him Wordsworth's epitaph on Lamb:—

“Oh! he was good, if ever good man was.”

He was born in 1794, became an R.A. in 1843 (not until he was forty-nine years old), and died in 1860.

I remember SIR RICHARD WESTMACOTT as the ideal of a finished gentleman, as far from assumption as from foppery; yet very dignified withal, and fully conscious of the powers of thought, labour, and fancy that had placed him at the summit of his profession—in poetical sculpture.

Some of those who yet live may have known the landscape-painter, HOFLAND, although he was born in 1777, and died in 1843. He was a tall man, of some formality of manners, and was not genial, although he loved Nature, and was a devout brother of the angle. He was one of the founders of the Society of British Artists, and originated the Artists' General Benevolent Society. His name should not be forgotten, even if there were no other cause for preserving it than that he gave it to one of the most useful writers of our time—dear, good, upright, lovable Barbara Hofland.

Many will remember little WILLIAM HENRY HUNT—the artist who painted wonderful transcripts of wild Nature—making primroses, blackberries, and blades of grass, on paper, of greater money value than the acres on which they were grown. That is no exaggeration. I have seen a drawing by him—twelve inches by ten—sold for three hundred guineas at a public sale. A very little man he was, almost a dwarf, with a big head, but with a kindly and pleasant countenance, as pure and simple as the cowslip he loved to paint. He died in 1864, at the age of seventy-four.

GEORGE LANCE—whom all esteemed and many loved for his very kindly nature, suave and gentle manners, and generous sympathies—painted fruit and “still life” as few ever painted them before or since: he sought, in vain, admission into the Academy, although year after year, for very many years, his pictures were leading attractions of the Exhibitions. He was of the middle height, with dark, abundant hair and striking exterior. He died in 1864, in the sixty-second year of his age.

FREDERICK LEE BRIDELL died young. All his Art-life he had been in the hands of dealers. They had his brain, his sinews, the very marrow of his bones; they kept him back from fame, when fame was striving to help him onwards; they gave him the crumbs that fell from the table for which he furnished the feast. He died of that *rare* sickness among men of genius—hope deferred. I saw, not long ago, in a dealer's hands, a picture of his painting, and by no means

his best, for which a thousand pounds were demanded, and probably obtained. He was taken from earth when he saw only—but he did see it—the shadow of the homage his works were to receive. Let us rank him among the leading landscape-painters of the age and country, although that he was so was a secret profoundly kept while he lived, and although just the year before he died his two offered contributions to the Royal Academy were—rejected !

I may class DAVID COX, JOHN WILSON, and JAMES STARK together, for they were landscape-painters who loved Nature, and did justice to her charms when they pictured her. The higher station must, however, be accorded to David Cox, a man of true genius as well as indefatigable industry, who lived to find himself famous, and to wonder what people could see in his works that made them to be considered better than those of others.

A tall and slender and somewhat melancholy-looking man was COPLEY FIELDING ; yet very gentle, courteous, and kindly ; loving Art, and enjoying it as a luxury of life. He preferred green pasture-fields and thorough English lanes, and the sheep-shaven downs of Sussex, to the attractions of London, and seldom visited the metropolis except in the merry month of May, when the attractions of the Exhibitions surpassed, for the moment, those of Nature.

JOHN VARLEY was a brusque and “hasty” man ; stout of person, yet singularly active ; he was all movement ; he dreamed dreams, and saw visions ; was a spiritualist before spiritualism was a theme of talk and thought as it now is ; and was the friend of that sweet man and angel-lover whom I deeply regret I did not know—WILLIAM BLAKE. Varley died in 1842.

Poor wayward RIPPINGILLE ! always struggling against a conviction that Fate withheld from him the greatness that was his right ! His life was a perpetual war with others, but also with himself. A constitutional irritability, a proneness to debate, and that which is very dangerous to artists—a liking to use the pen—stood terribly in his way ; and he never fulfilled, up to a period of age, the promise he had given in youth. I knew him well, and liked him ; for his was the earnestness of purpose that might have achieved greatness, but that a constitutional bias to debate led him perpetually into error.

One of the pleasantest of all our artists was lost to us when, in November, 1859, FRANK STONE died. He was a charming delineator of female grace and loveliness ; and perhaps the most popular of his pictures are those in which he most displayed his peculiar gift, although he essayed, and often successfully, to deal with loftier themes than “fancy portraiture ;” and among his later works, those especially for which he gathered subjects in the South of France, are some of a high order of merit in conception and in execution. I knew him in 1830, when he made his *début* in London, having previously established a provincial reputation. He was then a handsome and gentlemanly man, well educated, and with manners very prepossessing. He was much indebted to the engravers, who made his works popular, and spread his fame over the world. His son, MARCUS STONE, has surpassed the father in the loftier elements of Art ; and, indeed, in its “execution”—already ranking among the foremost artists of the age. His

themes are almost invariably original in conception, though generally derived from history; he reads and thinks, as well as paints; and it is easy to foresee that his destiny is to occupy the highest place in his profession.

JOHN WILSON—whose son also rivals the father, by whom he was educated in Art—was a thorough Scotchman to the last, with manners rough, but kindly; a countenance of much intelligence; and a nature generous and sympathetic. He had been a sailor in his youth, and looked like an “ancient mariner” when he was aged. Few men painted better the ships and boats and wooden walls of England, and the storms and calms at sea to which he had been accustomed. He died in 1855, upwards of eighty years old; yet his pencil had not been laid by, and some of his latest works would be classed among his best. He was a prominent member, and one of the founders, of the Society of British Artists.

AUGUSTUS LEOPOLD EGG is buried on the summit of a high hill overlooking Algiers. He had made a tour to the East in search of health, and died on the way home. He was a mild and gentlemanly man, of pleasant exterior, and full of information, and he has left his mark on the Art-records of his time. He died in 1863, at a comparatively early age; but not until he had achieved high rank in Art, and been very largely estimated.

One of the best of our artists was WILLIAM DYCE, a very gentlemanly man, of attractive exterior, with a fine intellectual head, and expressive, if not particularly handsome, features; wanting, perhaps, in warmth of character and fervour of feeling—disadvantages that affected his manners and influenced his works. He was not an original genius, but he was a learned painter—a thorough “theoretician,” so to speak. None knew better the rules of Art, nor could more effectually deal with its materials; few had a loftier notion of what Art could and ought to do. He was *sound* both in theory and practice—a scholar as well as a gentleman; and it was a heavy loss, that which fell on the profession when he was called away in the vigour of intellect, almost in the prime of life. He was born at Aberdeen in 1806, and died in 1864.

THOMAS CRESWICK was so lately with us that his personal appearance is almost as familiar as his works. He was tall and stout, with a countenance of much intelligence; of manners somewhat rough, although genial and kindly. As a graceful and singularly harmonious painter of landscapes he was largely estimated, and he will continue to be valued as long as the charms of Nature are sources of enjoyment and happiness. He was born at Sheffield in 1811, but was educated at Birmingham, and in 1828 came to London, where he had not long to wait for fame. In that year, or in 1829, he exhibited two pictures at the Society of British Artists. I directed to them the attention of the then publisher, Mr. Hodgson, who purchased them. He died at Linden Grove, Bayswater, in December, 1869.

GEORGE CATTERMOLÉ achieved great success as a water-colour painter; in a peculiar style, indeed, he has not been approached by any painter of his time. I knew him when, as a young man, he was the right hand of good John Britton. As a mere youth he made marvellous drawings for the eminent antiquary—the pioneer of the archæologists. Cattermole made the dealers, but not himself,

rich. He left, indeed, very little wealth to his family—not enough to place a worthy monument over the grave of one of the greatest among the many great artists of whom England has reason to be proud.

The elder Richardson—THOMAS MILES RICHARDSON—was a “country practitioner,” living and teaching during more than sixty years at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he was much respected as a worthy gentleman, as well as an admirable artist. He was but little known in the metropolis, and did not live to find his works appreciated. Recently, however, they have been eagerly sought for by collectors, and they will increase in value; for they are based on Nature, and manifest thorough acquaintance with the capabilities of Art. His son has lived in a time more auspicious, and has achieved fortune as well as fame. I knew the elder Richardson at Newcastle, his birthplace, and the scene of his long and honourable labours.

D. O. HILL has been removed from us very recently. He was born at Perth in 1802, and died in 1870. As a landscape-artist he held high rank in Scotland, and had many admirers in England: his works, indeed, may be classed among the best of either country. He was one of the earliest to make famous the Scottish School of Art: he “helped” it in its infancy, and lived to see it not only respected, but honoured; and it owes him much, not only for his continual and anxious labours for its advancement, as Secretary of the Royal Scottish Academy, but for the example he gave its members as a Christian gentleman, upright and honourable in all things. Few men have been more deservedly lamented. He was married to a sister of my valued friend, Sir Joseph Noel Paton, a lady who is distinguished in the highest branch of art—Sculpture.

Reviewing these Memories of Artists, I cannot help regretting their paucity. My space is exhausted; and I am able to render but insufficient justice to the many I have known who so largely contributed to the delight and instruction of the epoch. They have all passed away; and if, in remembering their works, I am too much impressed by the glories that are gone, I can rejoice that so many remain who will supply great and grand Memories for the Hereafter.

POSTSCRIPT.



THUS I bring these "Memories" to a close. In the Retrospect, although it be somewhat allied to sadness, I had much to gladden and console. For the most part, those I picture suggested only thoughts of affectionate homage—not alone from personal feeling, but for the Works that have been, so often and so long, my sources of happiness. I rejoice that it has been my destiny to place memorials of gratitude on the graves of those

"who rule
Our spirits from their urns."

I have endeavoured to bring before my readers the Men and Women who have made the age renowned ; but I have written only of such as are Departed. Happily, many yet remain to dignify and to glorify earth ; to write of these will be the duty of some one who is to come after me.

But historians of the later half of the nineteenth century will not have such materials as the first half of it supplied. "There were giants on earth" when I was young ; there are few such to excite wonder, as well as reverence, in the existing age, although, for one who was then an "author by profession," there are now a hundred ; while readers have multiplied a thousand-fold.

Chiefly I have directed the thoughts of my readers to the loftier spirits of my time ; others there are—lesser lights—famous in their degree, by whom the world has been enlightened and refined. These are they who, to borrow a figure of speech from one of them, "have left few traces on the page of history, but stalk like gigantic shadows in the dim twilight of tradition."

Yes ; it is a glorious Past to which I look back through "the long vista of years," recalling "Memories" of high spirits who have bequeathed to mankind the gifts they received from God. And although a time is drawing near—has come, indeed—

"When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,"

I cherish the well-grounded hope that I shall meet them again, in humble

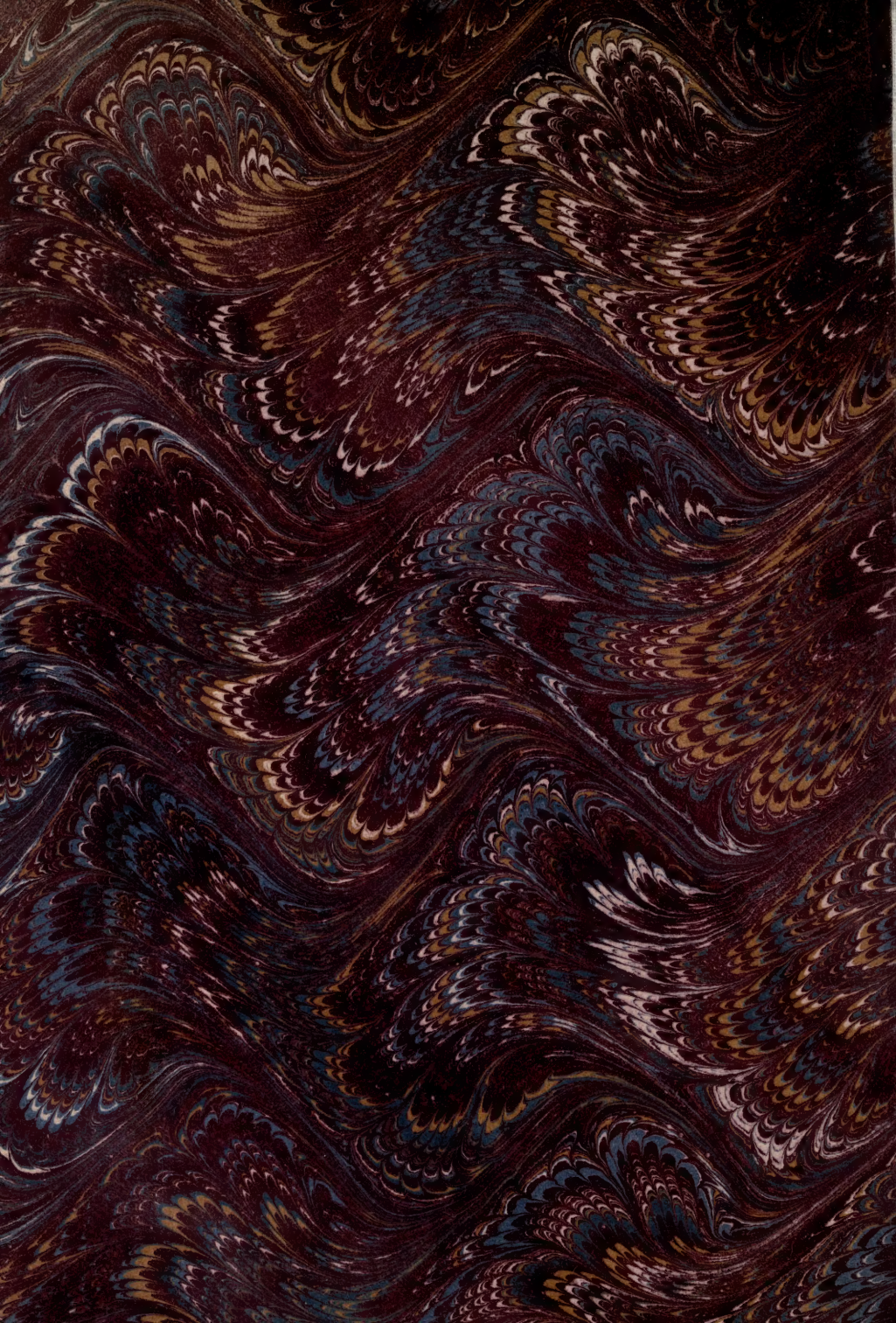
admiration and fervent gratitude, in hallowed communion. It is a belief that Reason justifies and the revealed Word upholds.

It is obvious that the means of acquiring such information as I have endeavoured to supply are "growing every day less and less," and "in a short time will be lost for ever." Those who had "personal knowledge" of the great men and women of whom I have written are fast "dying out;" few, indeed, now live to communicate what they have seen as well as heard. Between the birthday of Hannah More and to-day there have elapsed nearly one hundred and thirty years; more than eighty years have passed since Rogers published his first poem; Maria Edgeworth was born in 1767; and Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey were given to earth thirty years before the nineteenth century commenced.

I may, therefore, hope I have been enabled to do that which few can attempt to do, when discoursing "a little" concerning the great men and women I have known; "their manner of appearance in our World's business, how they have shaped themselves in the World's history, what ideas men formed of them, what Work they did."

Whatever Critics may think and say of this Book, I trust they will believe I have produced it in earnestness of spirit and faithfulness of heart. No doubt they will find in it much to condemn—on the ground of erring judgment, incapacity to comprehend some of those pictured, or insufficiency of evidence and of knowledge in the estimates formed and given; but I trust I have committed no wrong against any; that in what I have "set down" I have been guided by love and charity to all—as I shall answer to God and those of whom I write: those who have sown in Hope that they might reap in Joy.

I have felt—perhaps too much—the solemnity and responsibility of my self-imposed task. I cannot expect my readers to share *that* with me to the full; but I do humbly hope I have contributed something to the future of their happiness, by enabling them better to comprehend and more thoroughly to enjoy the great Authors whose Works will be the glories of our Country to the end of Time.



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